THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Weekly
Foundd Franklin

DEC. 2, '22

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Norman Rockwell

CHRISTMAS

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GOOD CLOTHES
—and a
Kuppenheimer
Overcoat for Dad
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Westclox

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MA PETTENGILL ARBITRATES

He Must of Used His Good Chink Sense, Because These Directions Conflicted Here and There, and Doughnuts Could Not of Been Made From All Three at Once

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN THE chill of an autumn dawn five of us had ridden away from the Arrowhead Ranch, bent on hurrying homeward such stock as lingered to feed a too-leisurely progress from distant ranges. Four of us were paid serfs; myself a mere collaborating guest. I had been told by Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill that I ought to throw in with the boys for a day and see the kind of scrub help she squandered her money on. The cutting speech was uttered in the presence of the four as we started. Sandy Sawtelle confided to me at the first gate that the old lady was sure one grand kidder; a body might think from her face that she was meaning slander. Squat Tyler remarked that there was times when she even kidded herself that she meant it. The other two, Oliver and Fresno, stayed silent; but wore sad, knowing looks.

Five miles down the valley road we began to work the benches and coulées, routing out creatures bearing the Arrowhead brand, bunching them and from time to time turning them through casual gates onto the Arrowhead domain, the fences of which still followed us. As we fared farther we turned the stragglers into fields not our own, to be picked up as we came back.

The dawn chill warmed to midday heat; a high sun beat upon us; dust and the sweetish tang of sage were in our nostrils. I began to lose interest in the adventure. It was work, and lacked variety. Cattle are irritating at best. After frantic rushes to escape us, back toward the hills which they knew as well as we did were no longer a good place for them, they bore the air, when at last headed home, of protesting they had meant all the time to go this way, signifying it with indignant shakings of the head as they ran; only fool men could have thought they wished to go another. The sameness of this behavior, the sameness of the tactics required to correct it, began to pall.

And then in that blistering, dusty, sage-scented desert of ennui loomed a smiling oasis—Kulanche. The smallest possible cow town; but, after seven hours in the dust, jolted on a hard saddle by a cynically indifferent horse, promising all the essential refreshments of a metropolis. Thereupon I issued four cordial luncheon invitations, which were accepted with no polite pretense of hesitation or dubiety. A final band of recalcitrants were yelled through a convenient gateway, and care-free we jogged into the slumbering hamlet and presently relaxed at a table in the Good Eats Restaurant. It was

two o'clock, and we received the exclusive attention of the Chinese proprietor. He brought us each a bill of fare and awaited our commands.

The novelty of this bill of fare—any bill of fare—prolonged his wait. We had to study it minutely, item by item; we had to read and reread the four pages from chicken soup with rice to bread pudding, sauce diplomat, pondering over odd comestibles that would have enticed none of us except in print. At least four of us thus feasted imaginatively for so long that the Chinaman weakened and went back to his kitchen.

I divined the warm emotion produced in my guests by this unwonted array of delicacies. The Arrowhead help feeds abundantly and wholesomely, no doubt, but on much the same stuff the year round. It cannot be denied that sameness marks the diet. Often I had felt sympathetic about this, and here was golden opportunity. Eyes glistened as they read of romantic allurements—fried chicken, mutton chops, pork chops, roast lamb, veal stew, corned-beef hash. These, naturally, would be vistas of ecstasy to unfortunates who day in and day out were compelled to eat beef—beef too lately butchered and too long fried. Small wonder they now hung in celestial throes of indecision. A heavenly latitude of choice was theirs. I felt their childlike delight as they would order novel foods. The eyes of Sandy Sawtelle already flew the gay banner of discovery, as one who has found his heart's treasure, long lost in a wilderness.

To the returned Chinaman he said, "I'll have a nice fried steak!"

In turn, each of my other guests said, flying the gay banner of discovery, as one who has recovered his heart's treasure, long lost in a wilderness, "I guess I'll take the same."

I was conscious of resentment. I had proffered a feast and been rebuffed. But they had been free men; or, if not, they were beef addicts beyond hope. So I said I, too, would take the same. And we had five fried steaks like those we had eaten for breakfast and like those we would eat for supper; and we had familiar fried potatoes and corn from a can and coffee no worse than we were used to.

The meal went forward with a subdued, almost formal gayety. We were, it is true, eating things we sanely ate from year's end to year's end; but we were amid festal surroundings dotted with exotic bills of fare, and this circumstance seemed to make an occasion.

For dessert we took what I knew we would take—apple pie. It was a flat, pallid, soggy-crusted pie that had never even tried to be good. Detecting its lack of merit, I thought of something else. On a counter to the left as we entered the Good Eats had been a glass stand stacked with doughnuts, massive, noble things, sparkling with a hoar-frost of sugar and shielded by a refulgent glass dome. A passing glance had meshed the image remotely back in my mind. It now came forward as I noted the pie's defects of structure and composition—of body and soul. And I unwittingly caused to ensue a tense moment, a moment of portents upheaving some vague but sinister crisis nearly to the surface of what had been thus far an unflawed function. True, this crisis never quite broke the surface; yet was I left in no doubt of its evil character—and all from a careless gesture of hospitality. I merely suggested doughnuts with the second cup of coffee.

Instantly I tingled with awareness that I had released hidden springs. Like a flame blown out, the careless speech of my guests was extinguished for a matter of ten living seconds. There fell a waiting hush, dire with forebodings. At last ——

"Thanks! I wouldn't wish none," said Fresno.

"Me neither," said Oliver.

The glance of each was on his plate, and the refusals were polite, yet grim of tone, clipped of syllable. Uneasily about to make a special proffer to Sandy Sawtelle, I was checked by his swift side glance from under lids that delicately quivered. There was the same quick look from Squat Tyler. To my reading, these looks urged me to drop all talk of doughnuts. The tension had become electric. Invisible filaments ran to me from each of the group; they became incandescent—or, rather, luminescent—with the veritable cold light that science seeks; light without heat, but none the less glowing. The eyes of each man were now severely confined to his plate.

There are times with such men when the prankling jest is ill-advised. This was eloquently one. I abandoned doughnuts. I made no further use of the word. In fact I kept still. Not until we were again in the open air—each man elaborately ignored that aquarium of doughnuts as we passed it—did the brook of our converse purl freely once more. The thing had been inexplicable. As we mounted and rode back over our road of the morning I wondered what particular fuse I had come near to lighting; what shattering explosion might have followed. The chief current had seemed to run between Fresno and Oliver. Sandy Sawtelle and Squat Tyler had been but onlookers, though poignantly concerned about results. But mere doughnuts—how presumptively infertile of mystery, of grave warnings sped by cold looks! Yet mystery was here, and there existed but one source of light; a source, I was now glad to recall, that had never failed me.

So it befell later in the Arrowhead living room that I watchfully awaited the right moment to demand of Ma Pettengill the precise sinister relations existing between common doughnuts and her employes known respectively as Oliver and Fresno. It is no good demanding anything of the woman at any other than the right moment; the exactly right moment. One's timing gear must be truly adjusted. Thus, I prepared a way by reciting that her galley slaves, doomed to a monotony of fried beef for their upkeep, had nevertheless chosen fried beef for their luncheon from a teasing variety of other meats that one would have thought must surely beguile them.

My hostess retorted somewhat snappishly that she fed her help what it wanted; and if it happened to want beef three times a day, this should not startle parties from outside who was used to living on thin soup and cream puffs. Such parties should remember workers needed something that would give 'em a fair fight when they got it between their teeth; also, that not a puncher on the place had imagination enough to think of anything but fried steak. The farthest one of 'em would ever get from beef was ham and eggs, but it took one of these here dreamers or poets to get that far. Yes, sir!

"And by the way," I began with gentle craft, "what's all this scandal about ——"

The woman eluded my wheedling approach with warm chatter about something irrelevant. Irritably tossing from her a copy of the Breeders' Gazette, she removed her reading glasses, pulled viciously upon an after-dinner cigarette and complained that imagination in the cattle business could be afforded only by them that took it up like tatting or fancy embroidery to while away a dull hour. Like this here lady-expert member of a board of agriculture back East that now said cattle had temperament and appreciated courteous treatment.

"Yes, sir! Read it there for yourself. She says she made all her help speak cheerily to the cows in the morning, and she also put in a music machine, and now she gets

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Seems Like He Ain't Got an Idea Where This Jack is Except That it's Kind of Between a Clump of Buck Brush and a Rock That are Close Together

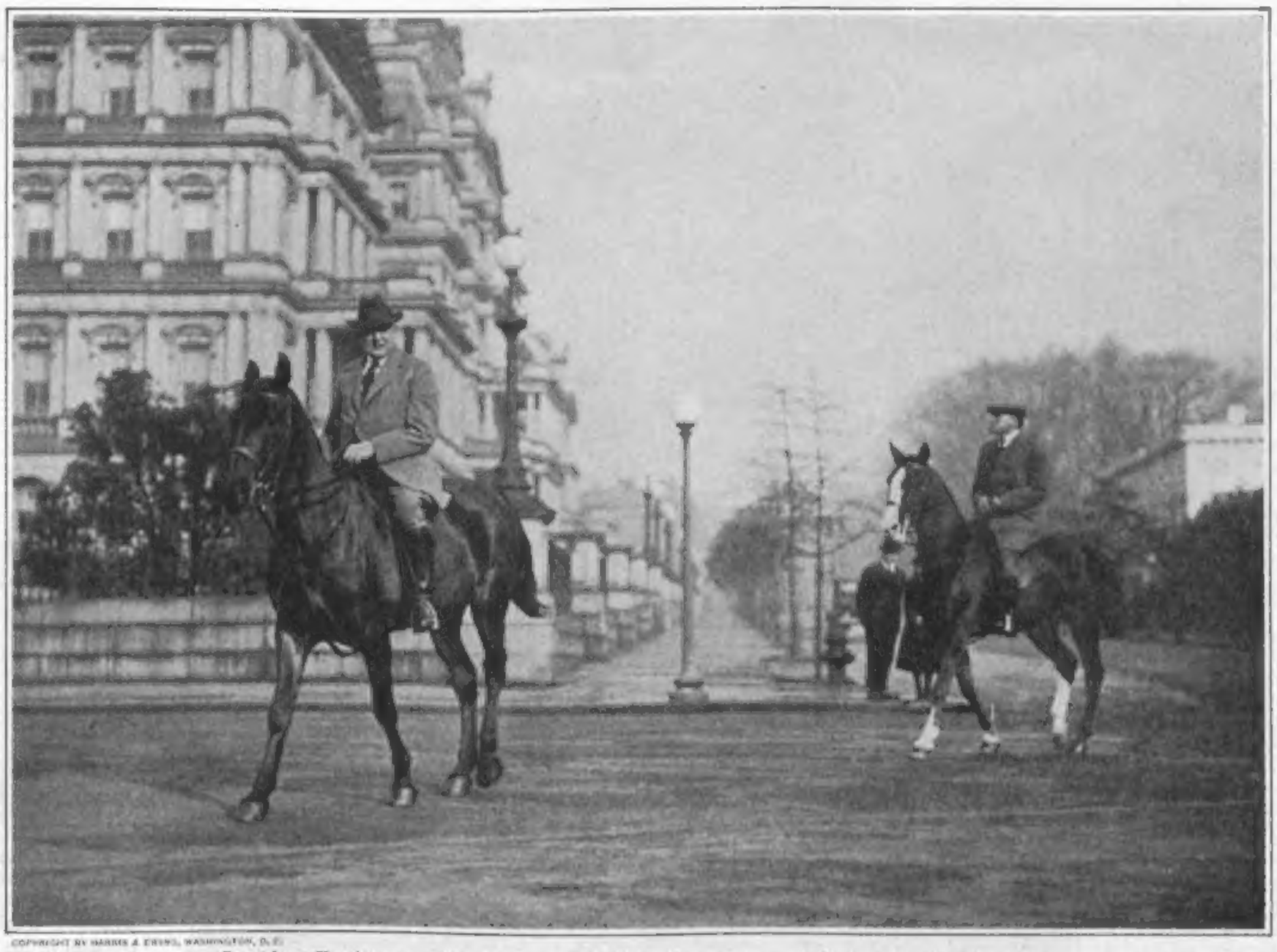
All Four Years are the Hardest

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

AFTER a man —any man— has been President of the United States for ten or eleven months—after the novelty has worn off and the grind is inescapably and inevitably wearing on—there comes an evening, usually following a hard and harassing day, or a series of such days, when, alone in his study on the second floor of the White House, he walks over to the big window back of his desk, looks out at the Washington Monument, standing silvern in the moonlight, and says with that intense and passionate conviction that comes when the very withers of the soul are wrung:

"Old-timer, you thought you had troubles back yonder when you were President, but compared with me you were sitting pretty on the top of the world. You may not know it, but I know you have all the luck, being comfortably dead and everything, with a monument and a tomb. Look at me. I've got to be President for three more years. I've got to fight this game through with my bare fists, stand off this gang of self-seekers, submit to this incessant criticism and abuse, hold this crowd away from the Treasury, satisfy a hundred million countrymen who are insatiable, have every motive impugned and every action misconstrued—I've got to go on being President, and you are through with it.

"Why did I let them saw off this job on me? Why didn't I refuse the nomination, turn down the election, run away before they could inaugurate me? What have I, a decent, law-abiding citizen, ever done to deserve such punishment? What did they pick on me for? Why do the American people hurrah for a candidate until election day and hiss him the day after? What's it all about, anyhow? I haven't even a Chinaman's chance, and I'm exactly the same person I was when the people were yelling their heads off in my praise and exaltation, and now I can't tie my shoe laces, even, without some section of the press and public taking great offense at the manner and method of this action, and becoming suspicious and abusive over the motives they say are behind it."



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President Harding Starting Out From the White House for an Early Sunday Morning Ride. Lieutenant Mathison, His Aide, Accompanied Him

What is There in it for Me?

THOSE are the days when the presidential curve is at its lowest departure from the fixed axis of presidential expectations, hopes, ambitions and realizations. Those are the days when the cheers have changed to demands, when the sordid selfishness of party politics is most apparent, when the politicians put on the screws for patronage and perquisite, when the boys come in for the loot, when the President makes the sickening discovery that hardly a person who sees him, seeks him, salutes him or solicits him but wants something, wants to use him, to exploit him, to profit personally by him, to cash in for himself regardless of public or popular advantage or necessity. Those are the days when he arrives at the crushing certainty that all politics, all public office, all party policies, all individual conceptions of the Presidency by those who come to him are based on the unvarying What is there in it for me? And all concerted and mass conceptions are the same.

The meringue is all off the Presidency before the first year of it is over. The glamour and glitter of it are gone. The President is down to brass tacks, and he has discovered that the brass tacks he is down to have a million points sticking up for him to step on. He finds that the mere labor of the job is incredibly severe, and that the worry and harassments of it are beyond belief, while the rewards seem to be none at all, save a few handclappings when he appears in public. It is at this period that we always hear the stories that the incumbent President does not desire reëlection, that he will be glad when he is relieved of the burden, joyful when he can shed the mantle of power and go back to the peace of his humble home. It has always been so. It always will be so.

Then, gradually, there comes a philosophy. In the second year the President has accustomed himself somewhat to the harassments, and has, to some extent, at least, indurated himself against them; and he begins to realize what is the great, the exalted, the most important phase of the Presidency—of any presidency—of any chief executive position in the world—the power of decision. He, as President, has that power. His is the last and the deciding word. His last and deciding word is more potent than the last and deciding word of any other ruler, potentate, executive or governmental head whatsoever—any in the world—and that is the chief reward.

He begins to reflect over those private declarations of his that he wouldn't take the job again in any circumstances. He begins to feel that, perhaps, it is quite a job after all, and that it will be the part of wisdom for him to await events. Furthermore, he gets the real political angle on the place, as a party man, which is that he, as President, is responsible for the Presidency—the Administration is his—and that he is not a free-will agent in the matter. If he is a failure he must take his licking because of that failure. If he is a success he deserves the reward of indorsement by the people. He cannot delegate his failures or avoid his rewards.

So, after the first year or so, we hear little of this presidential determination to retire to private life at the end of his first term. Nothing, in fact. The presidential neck becomes adjusted to the presidential collar. The load increases or decreases, but he has greater skill in stowing it so that his progress along the road will be easier. He has located a good many of the ruts and the pitch holes and the grades. After all, man was made to labor, and out of a hundred million jobs in the United States his is the biggest job, and he'll do it the best he can. A year in the White House is a great readjuster of values, a great clarifier of vision, a great inculcator of philosophy. Four years work wonders in dispelling the early gloom and despair. The viewpoint always changes. No President in our generation left the White House without regret. They may have said they were glad to go. They may have smiled in public over their relief, but their joy was purely external. Within, they were sorry to go.

Wherefore, let us not take these stories too seriously that say that the cordial and kindly Harding is disgusted over his job, weary and worn over it, harried and harassed over it, and that he will be glad when it is done, and will not try to retain it at the next election. Let us not place too much reliance in these statements constantly cropping out in the dispatches that such is the case. Let us forget them. Whatever the President may have said when depressed over the tribulations of his job—if he has said anything, as he probably has; every man cusses his job—may be set down as due to momentary vexation of spirit rather than to fixed determination of purpose.

They are fleeting emanations. They are mere ripples on the stream. Indeed, in these days, along towards the end of the second year of the President's occupation of the White House we detect a different note.

Reaching the Hard-Boiled Stage

OFTEN, in these days, when he is exasperated by the political importunities of men who seek to use him for their own devious ends; rasped by the lack of consideration of his problems, obligations and responsibilities by his party fellows; irked by the rapacious and continuous pressure for patronage and perquisite; pulled this way and hauled that by predacious patriots who hold that what they want for themselves is the supreme issue of the hour; held up, harassed, harried and harangued—he says things, but he does not say that he is sick of the whole business and intends to quit after his term is over.

Not at all. He probably hasn't said a thing like that since last January or February. What he does now is to slam his fist down on his desk on occasions when the imposition is too great, and say: "No. I won't do it. I will not be imposed on in this way. I'm getting hard-boiled."

And so he is, in some ways. Numerous insinuant persons have discovered that on various occasions. Numerous devious, artful and questionable persons, relying on the widely advertised good nature, kindliness of heart, cordiality of manner and affability of temperament of the President, have deviously, artfully and questionably approached him, and have discovered that he is not only getting hard-boiled but has been cooked full twenty minutes so far as they were concerned. Take that suave and plausible politician who appeared in Washington a time back, and set himself up importantly and influentially as the personal representative of various personages who could profitably be represented, including the President. He did a good

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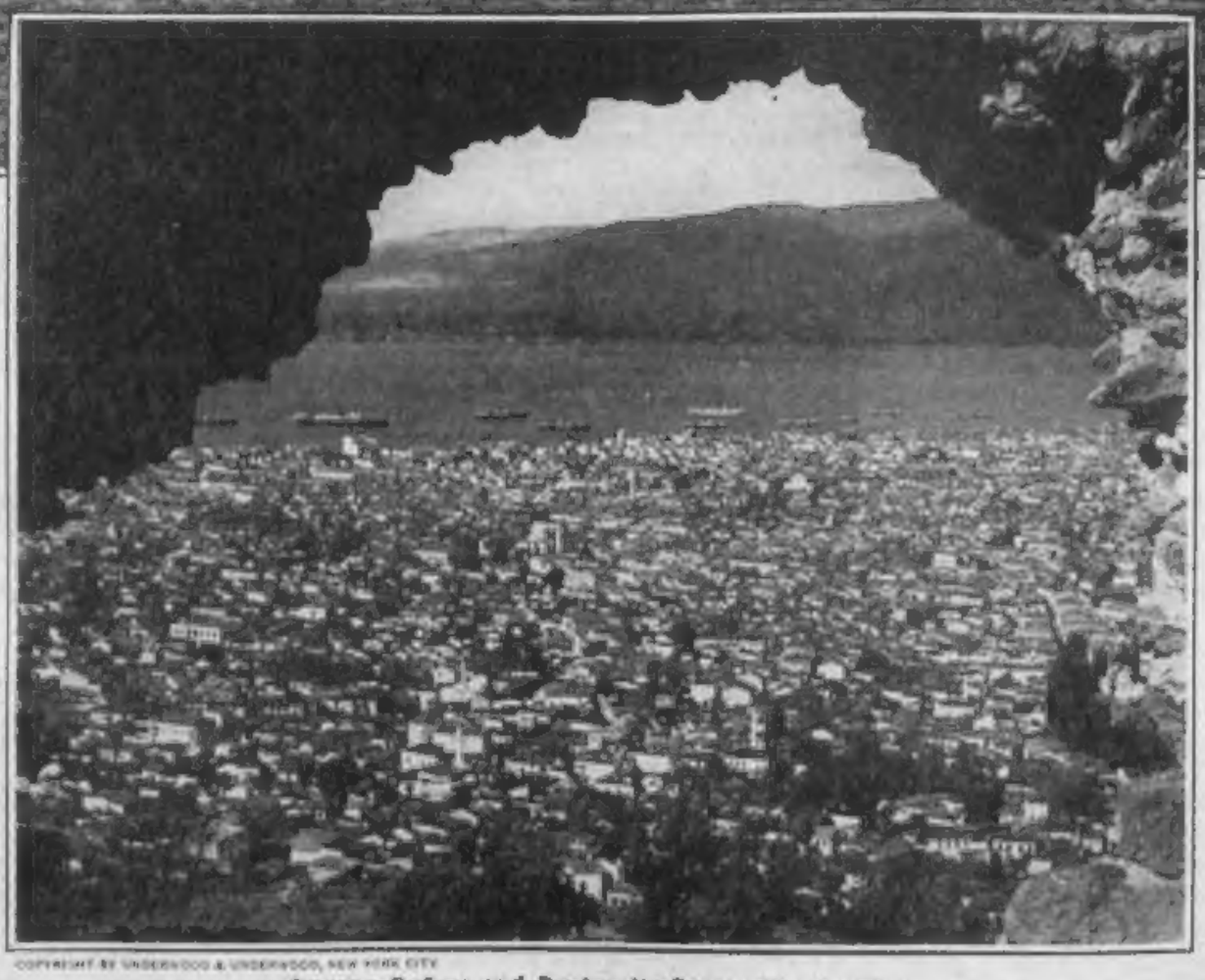
MISS SMITH OF SMYRNA

By PHILIP GIBBS

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



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Smyrna Before and During its Destruction by Fire

WHEN I read in the newspapers that the Turks had entered Smyrna and had celebrated their victory by burning the Christian quarters and massacring men, women and children, according to the way of Islam, I thought of certain people whom I had met there a year before, and wondered what agony they had suffered before their death, or what chance of escape had been theirs.

There was Lieutenant Mazarakis, of the headquarters staff of the Greek army, who had been extremely hospitable to me and taken me to dinner several times at his villa, a mile or more outside the city beyond the Turkish quarter. He had introduced me to his wife, a beautiful woman—rather too plump perhaps—approaching middle age, with two boys and two girls, ranging from fourteen years to five or six, adorably pretty, with their pale faces and black eyes, and charming in their behavior. The eldest girl, I remember, sang little songs with her mother, in Greek and French; and Lieutenant Mazarakis, nervously polite to me, desperately anxious to make a good impression on an Englishman who, as a writing man, might help the claims of Greece by friendly propaganda, was delighted by my sincere enjoyment of his family entertainment.

It was when he was out of the room for a moment, fetching another bottle of sweet Greek wine, that his wife spoke to me in English, which the children did not understand. Turning round on her music stool she asked me a question with an anxiety that revealed a great fear in her soul.

"Do you think my children are safe here?" After a moment's pause she seemed to explain her fear. "My husband is so brave that he ignores all danger, but I am a coward for my little ones. Is Smyrna safe from the Turk?"

I was startled, and a little confused. Even while she had been singing a French ballad, with her eldest girl's hand on her shoulder, and two babies on the floor by her side, and a small boy like a Greek statuette sitting back in an armchair listening and watching with grave eyes—a beautiful group as I remember them now—I had been chilled by a subconscious sense of fear and some foreboding of horror.

The Greek army held a line across Asia Minor, thirty miles inland from Smyrna. The Greek commander in chief, whom I had seen that morning in his headquarters on the sea front—an enormously fat old gentleman in a tight uniform with gold epaulets and a string of decorations—had expressed his confidence not only in the strength of his line but in the ability of his troops to sweep the Turks before them.

"I have merely to give the order," he said, touching a piece of paper with his fat forefinger, "and the Greek army will advance as though on parade." He reiterated that phrase with sonorous satisfaction. "As though on parade, sir! It is only international politics—the intrigues of France and Italy, who support the Turkish Nationalists against the just claims of Greece—which prevents the immediate triumph of our arms."

A band was playing selections from Carmen outside the windows while the commander in chief gave me this audience. Everything seemed very merry and bright along the sea front of Smyrna, where the hot sunlight was dazzling on the white marble fronts of the rich Armenian quarter. Young staff officers of the Greek army, in waisted uniforms, with highly polished boots, laughed and chatted in the anteroom. A Greek gunboat—the Imbros—painted white, lay off the quay side, between a British battleship and an American cruiser. Smyrna seemed very safe under Greek domination.

But behind the Turkish lines, thirty miles away, were resolute men, under a leader named Mustapha Kemal, who was a great diplomatist and a great soldier. He had, as I had seen in Moscow and Petrograd, agents accredited to Soviet Russia, obtaining money, arms and ammunition. His army was growing in power and discipline and fanatical faith. Every Turk in Constantinople was his supporter and fellow conspirator against the orders of a Sultan who was but the puppet and mouthpiece, they believed, of the Allied Powers. Mustapha Kemal had vowed to take Smyrna and to raise the whole Mohammedan world until the Crescent flew above its harbor.

I had no faith in the character and strength of the Greek army, in spite of the cheery optimism of the fat old gentleman in the golden epaulets. I was conscious, while he spoke, of a sinister shadow lying beyond that sunlight in the port of Smyrna, and of a menace not made less perilous by selections from Carmen played by a Greek band outside headquarters.

So when the comely wife of Lieutenant Mazarakis turned to me and asked her question with immense fear in her eyes I found it difficult to answer. I am thankful now that I was truthful, and not insincere for her husband's sake.

"I would not keep women or children here if I were a Greek officer who could send them away."

At that moment her husband came back with his bottle of sweet resinous wine. I think he saw the look of anguish in his wife's eyes, though she tried to hide it by turning to her music again.

"My wife is a little timid," he said, smiling and putting his hand on her shoulder. "Perhaps she has been telling you that she feels rather nervous in Smyrna? I hope you reassured her. The alternative is Athens, and I cannot bear to be separated from wife and bairns while I am stationed here, perhaps for years."

"Athens is a charming place," I answered. "The most beautiful little city, I think, in all Europe. I should feel happy if my family were there—if I were you."

A slight shadow crossed his face—a look of vexation, which he hid rapidly by a gay laugh.

"I thought I had convinced you that we hold Smyrna as securely as the English have London. And though I love Athens, you must admit that Smyrna is not without beauty. Even this villa is pretty good for a billet in time of war."

He glanced round the drawing-room, elegantly furnished by its former owner and improved by Lieutenant Mazarakis, who had brought from Athens some of his own household treasures—ancient statuettes of Hermes and Aphrodite, found by himself in Thrace; some French paintings, some exquisite rugs and hangings.

I did not argue with him. I could not tell him candidly that I had no faith at all in the power of the Greek army to hold Smyrna. His flamboyant patriotism, his passionate hope that the spirit of ancient Greece had reawakened in his race after more than a thousand years of sleep made all argument futile.

I merely smiled and raised my glass when he poured out some of his sweet wine, and drank to the eternal friendship between Greece and England. Then I said farewell, and going out into the garden looked back and raised my hat to this Greek family gathered in the doorway, through which a yellow light came into the darkness. Mazarakis was by the side of his wife, and she stood surrounded by her four children—the two little ones holding her skirt, the eldest girl with her arm round her mother's waist, the small boy leaning his sleepy head against her arm. I shall

always remember them like that; but the remembrance is darkened by the thought of that night of horror when the Turks came down to Smyrna and bayoneted women and children and tossed their bodies into the flaming bonfire of their houses.

I wonder most what happened in those last hours to Miss Smith. In Athens and Constantinople and Mytilene, and other places of the Near East, I had heard vaguely of this lady, always under the title of "Miss Smith of Smyrna," as though she owned the place, or at least governed it. I had no notion whether she was young or old, ugly or beautiful, but whenever her name was mentioned in casual conversation by British naval officers, commercial travelers, army men, newspaper correspondents and others whom chance had taken to Asia Minor, it was always spoken with a smile and a kind of admiration.

"I wonder what my aunt thinks of the situation," said a friend of mine—young Gerald Tuck, flag lieutenant of H. M. S. Dragon—as we sat one day in the Pera Palace Hotel watching the parade of Armenians, Russians and Turks outside the windows while we sipped cocktails and discussed the pro-Greek policy of the British Government, the troubles of "Tino" and the pro-Turk activities of France and Italy.

"Why should your aunt think anything about it?" I asked, and he surprised me by his answer, spoken with a whimsical smile.

"Well, she happens to be Miss Smith of Smyrna!"

"Who on earth is Miss Smith—apart from being your distinguished aunt?" I inquired. "You're about the sixth man during the last week who has alluded to that mysterious lady as though she were equal in importance to the Sultan."

"More important, in a way," said Gerald; "though perhaps, as her unworthy nephew, I shouldn't say so. The Sultan doesn't count for anything with the real fellows, at Angora. But Mustapha Kemal kisses the hand of my little old aunt, and there are lots of Turks who divide their reverence between the Prophet Mohammed and Miss Smith of Smyrna. Surprised you don't know her, old man!"

When I confessed my blank ignorance of her personality and prestige Gerald Tuck gave me some enlightenment.

In his slang way he began by saying she was a regular old sport, and the pluckiest old thing in Asia Minor, but after these generalities he condescended to a few particulars.

Miss Smith, it appeared, was the daughter of Old Mediterranean Smith, who, away back in early Victorian days, had built up the biggest trade in the Near East—general merchandise, spices, rugs, every blessed thing, said Gerald Tuck, bought or sold between Venice and Persia. Half a century ago he had established a big store in the Grand Rue de Pera—I must have passed it a score of times—another in Frank Street, Smyrna; a third in Athens. When he died, some time in the '80's, he left a fortune of something like six millions to Miss Smith, and his business as a going concern.

Her agents began to play tricks with the trade when the old man's tiger eyes were asleep at last. Armenians, Greeks, Turks and Israelites thought it an easy game with a young woman—she was young in those days—as their new boss. They soon found out their mistake. Miss Smith came to Constantinople with a riding whip in one hand and a small bag containing her wardrobe in the other. After an examination of accounts she flogged her Armenian manager out of the stores—though she was a little wisp of a woman—and promoted a young Scot who had been one of the clerks.

The Great Aqueduct of Smyrna. One of the Finest Remains of Greek Ascendancy in Asia

In Smyrna she used her money to build schools for Christians and Turks, paid her teachers well, and at unexpected times came down from her house in Burnabat—away in the hills—riding on a white camel, to see that the children were getting value for her money. A bit of a martinet? Well, a sort of Queen Victoria of the Near East. Nothing small about her, and with big ideas and a strong hand. Kind-hearted too, as I should find if I were ever hard up for hospitality in Smyrna.

During the war she had saved the Armenian and Greek communities in Smyrna from wholesale massacre, and had ridden out alone to the Turkish High Command to dress them down for the damnable cruelty of their treatment of the Christian minorities. It was owing to her influence, partly anyhow, that the massacres ceased. They knew she was a friend of the Turks when they behaved decently. That was the secret of her pull. Old Mediterranean Smith had been pro-Turk up to his eyebrows, and had spent all his spare time hunting with Turkish pashas and entertaining them at Burnabat. As a young girl Miss Smith had been playmate with their children—among them Mustapha Kemal—and had taught them tennis and other English games in her father's gardens. She'd hunted with them too, killed bears with them up in the hills, shown more courage than any of them. They called her The Rose of Burnabat in those early days, and now the sons of her father's old friends gave her the title of The Aunt of Islam.

"Of course," said Gerald Tuck, "you've heard about her pluck that day the Greek army landed at Smyrna, after the defeat of the Turks in the Great War?"

"Not a word," I told him.

He laughed and said, "Don't you read the papers?" and then agreed that I had been too busy writing chronicles elsewhere at that time of rapid history making.

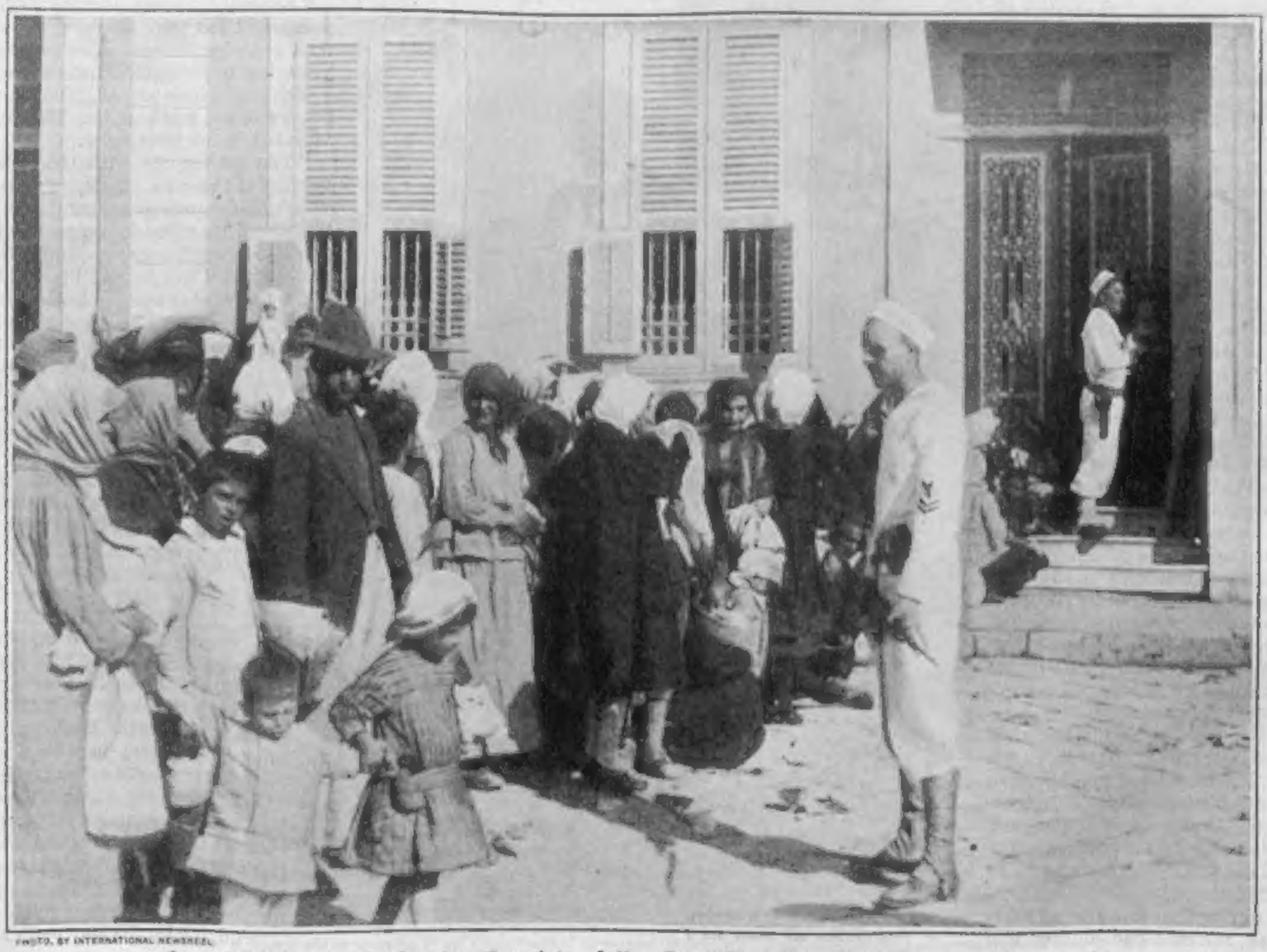
There was an unresisted entry of the Greeks when their transports arrived off Smyrna. The balconies of all the Armenian houses were crowded with men and women waving handkerchiefs as the first Greek soldiers put off in boats for the landing stage, and at the open windows of the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace—what a name!—were British officers, Greek ladies, British and American correspondents, Red Cross women, and so on, all merry and bright. The Turks of Smyrna came out of their quarter, without enthusiasm—poor devils—but without fear. Some of them, the ordinary porters of the quays, helped to draw in the Greek boats. Shrill volleys of cheers and the clapping of hands resounded from all the balconies as the Greeks landed. Then, before the eyes of excited women and in the gaze of Christian children, the Greek soldiers started bayoneting the Turks and flinging their bodies into the sea. It was most deliberate and foul murder. It happened so quickly that no action could be taken by the commanders of the British and American warships lying alongside the quays. It was a little old lady who took action first—Miss Smith, who had been standing on the steps of the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace.

It was she who went down first, and alone, among the murdering Greeks. She wore a white dust coat over her dress, and brown riding boots, as she had come riding into Smyrna on her old white camel, and she carried a little whip, which she slashed over the face of a Greek soldier as he advanced with a bayonet, already dripping blood, against a cowering Turk.

The little old lady called out something in Greek sharply and harshly, and the man halted a moment, staring at her with surprised somber eyes. But then he gave a shout and, raising his bayonet, advanced again towards his victim. Miss Smith stood between him and the Turk. She used her whip again, and slashed the man's wrist so smartly that he gave a squeal of pain—he was only a boy—and dropped his rifle and bayonet. Miss Smith put her foot on his weapon and boxed his ears with a resounding whack, first on one side, then on the other.

A group of Turkish women and children rushed towards her and took shelter behind her, pursued by Greeks who saw red and were shouting and laughing in a beastlike way. They must have seen something in the character and spirit of Miss Smith which sobered them. She stood with the Turkish children clinging to her skirts, with one hand upraised, and though she was but a little frail old woman, she seemed to have a terrific dignity at that time. She spoke to the Greeks in their own tongue, and, as Gerald Tuck said, gave them

(Continued on Page 61)



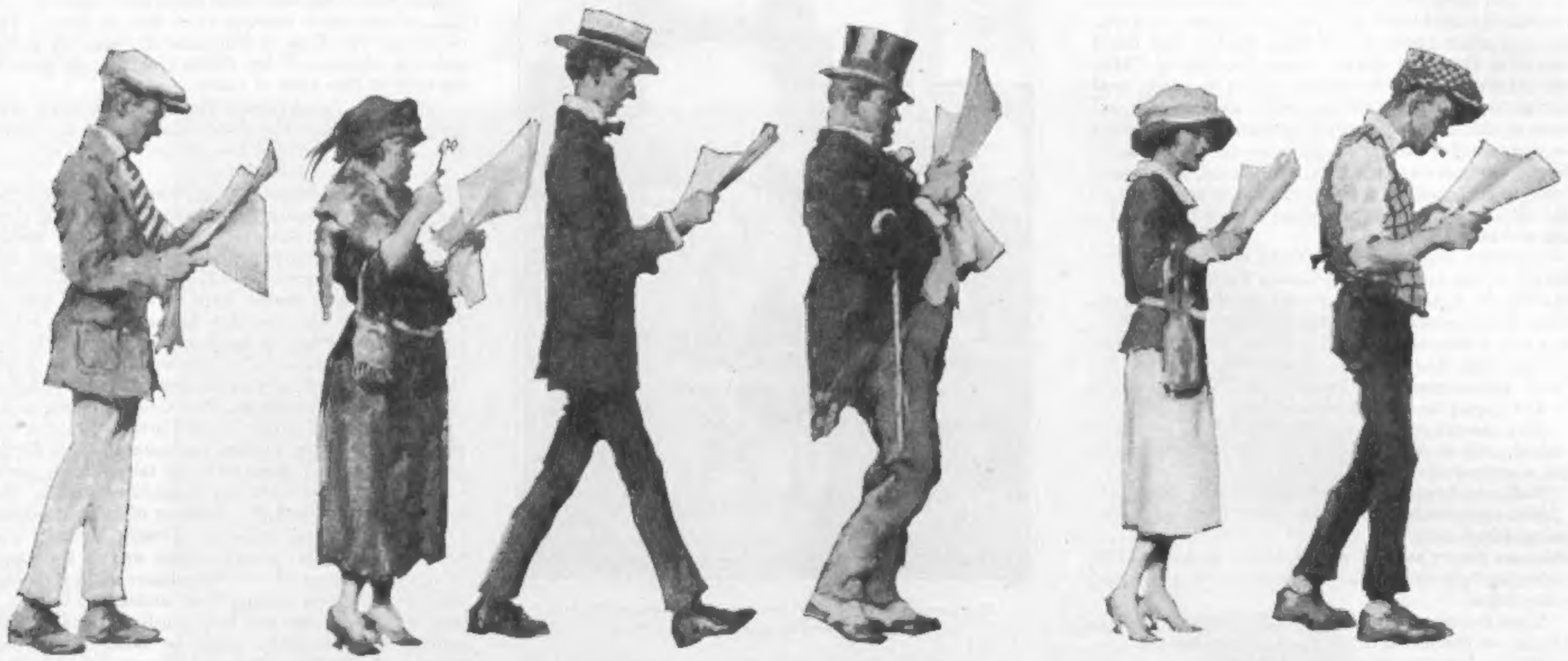
PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Smyrna Refugees at the American Consulate. Sailors From the U. S. S. Litchfield are Standing Guard

OLD BEETHEAD

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



MERRICK looked at his watch. The two whispering waiters irritated him.

"But she's his secon' wife, unnerstan'? Twenny years younger."

"Who's this bird Boxford?"

"You know. Han'les deliv'ry auto Union Groc'ries."

"Go on!"

"That's him. Li'l' black mustache. White teeth. Laughing. Hangs round the Majestic Bowling Alleys."

Later Merrick was to see the significance of this tag end of a scandalous conversation. At the moment it served only to annoy. He decided to complain to the house committee about waiters who sniggered together in the dining room.

It was twenty-five minutes past twelve, thus making Rocknall already twenty minutes late. Through the window he could see the gilded tower of the News Building where its editor and proprietor had his office. The tower shone with the ardors of the early June sun.

Twenty-six minutes.

Then flushed and beaming, red-skinned and red-haired, stout with the stoutness that defies calisthenics, J. L. Rocknall hurried into the dining room of the Platt Run City Club.

"Couldn't help it, Gene. A molder of public opinion has his troubles the same as common folks. I spent five minutes trying to talk to my wife, and when they finally put the call through she wasn't there. Then I ran into Old Man Kittleson, our venerable 'change editor, with a big cherry splash of Press Club Special Omelet on his weskit. The old man fixed me with his glittering eye and told me the story of a New Jersey gentleman who'd escaped from his grandchildren to elope for the fifth time. Then two little old ladies in black popped up out of nowhere at all. One of 'em wanted her son's name kept out of a police-court story and the other was after some sort of a free ad. Gene, little old ladies in black are going to be my everlasting ruin! I can't make 'em understand that Warrus is the managing editor and is running one half of the paper, and that down in the business office Simmons is running the other half and wouldn't print a kind word about his own grandmother unless she paid him regular rates in advance. Well, I was almost inside the front doors here when a high-school civics teacher got a hammerlock and wouldn't let me go till I'd told him all I knew about the eight-hour bill the News is pushing. So you see!"

He settled back in the chair, radiating the glow of a man who has found life good. In spite of his choleric appearance J. L. was not a difficult person, but a most just, amiable and even-tempered gentleman, as Mrs. Rocknall Number One had testified, and as the three children by the first marriage and the present Mrs. Rocknall did testify. Through fifteen years he had charged Merrick with all the legal doings of the News, and during that time, for an average of four days a week, the men had lunched and reasoned together. They had quarreled amicably over everything worth quarreling about in the earth or the heaven above or the water under it. Yet in all only three serious disputes had risen between them: (1) on the coming of Wells' New Republic; (2) on the purity of professional baseball; and (3) for the last several years on the value of the modern American newspaper.

So much for the enthusiastic but equable Rocknall and the always-under-perfect-control Merrick.

But on this particular noon Merrick was not in his usual state of chilly equilibrium. In New York a very close friend of the lawyer's had tumbled into some newspaper publicity as disagreeably facetious as it was unmerited. Even a paper as remote from the metropolis as the Platt Run News had given a column to it. Merrick felt a blind need of reacting on the newspaper profession. Therefore, with the arrival of the radishes he exposed the case of his friend, and burning with a cold fire he cursed the modern newspaper. At its source and at its outlet cursed he it.

"Lord," I Said, "I'm Running a Newspaper as Well as I Know How. Help Me"

"Hold on; why did he monkey with the buzz saw?" demanded the editor of the News. "Why didn't he avoid the occasions of publicity, as a preacher might put it? Why did he start a liaison with a woman like that?"

"Outside of the man and the woman involved, whose business is it and whose business was it?" retorted Merrick.

Laughter was the great social purge. Laughing fools and their follies out of existence was the purifying mission of the newspaper

"Exactly," agreed Merrick dryly. "Always providing you aren't too busy laughing some wise man and his wisdom out of existence. You've forgotten, I suppose, how your newspapers killed Langley and his flying machine."

Rocknall side-stepped. The newspaper was the conscience of the community. The great chords of humanity vibrated in the newspaper.

"You bet they do. It's the greatest common divisor of the soul of the mob. Meaning that it isn't love that makes your cylinder presses go round; it's hate and fear and envy. Tell them that Smith is a good man and doing well, and you'll never sell a copy. But tell them that Smith is a bad man and has lost all his money, and that Jones is a whited sepulcher and up before the grand jury, and that Brown has just broken his neck—funeral Friday, and that Robinson ——"

The page from the office appeared at the side of the table. "Mr. Rocknall, sir, there's Mr. Warrus from the News to see you, sir."

The editor frowned. "Warrus? Why doesn't he come in? Albert, fix up another chair and bring in a cup of black coffee."

"Mr. Rocknall, sir, I told Mr. Warrus to come in, but he said he wanted to speak to you privately."

Rocknall growled. "What does he think this place is anyhow? The Roman forum?" He crumpled his napkin and rejected it on the table. "Well, old Pete Warrus is a peculiar genius. I give him a free hand and he does mighty well by me. If he wants a closed conference on the top of the Great Pyramid or down in Popocatepetl he can have it. Back in a hurry, Gene. And think up some stingers, because I'm going to knock your alleged arguments into little bits."

The managing editor was waiting in the hall. His face, that of a young man preternaturally aged by life, held a strange look of suppression. At the sight of Rocknall he jumped to his feet.

"Something—is going to break. I don't know whether you know it or not ——"

"Judging by the way you've started, I don't. What is it?"

Stepping suddenly closer Warrus laid a nervous white hand on the older man's forearm. "J. L., I'd give anything if somebody else was telling you this instead of me. But here goes: Check has just come in with a story he heard on the street. There's a man named Boxford who drives one of the Union Grocery delivery autos. The story is that Boxford's wife is suing him for divorce and has named your wife as corespondent."

Rocknall's head shot forward. Then he straightened up.

"Any facts?"

"Nothing definite."

"Who's waiting at the county building for the papers?"

"Rafferty."

"And the lawyers?"

"Check's on the phone and I've sent the Doctor and Old Henry Malmuller out to do some special sleuthing. Boxford left town yesterday. Mrs. Boxford I'm looking for her now. An hour ago at the station Rafferty saw your wife get on the Western Flyer."

Rocknall opened his mouth as though to speak and then closed it.

"J. L., you know what Tolrick and the Record will do with this story. What do you want us to do?"

When Rocknall's fingers straightened from the clenched fists he spoke calmly. "If I were a real newspaper man—one of the big fellows—I'd tell you to play it up for all it's worth. I'm not. Watch it. See what happens. If the papers are filed put it under routine court news and suppress the name of the corespondent. Wait. Call up Check. See if he's got anything new."

Rocknall came back into the dining room still sturdy and colorful, but when he spoke his voice seemed to have gone flat. It made Merrick think of water that has been boiled.

"There's ——" He stopped and drew the back of his hand across the forehead where little beads of sweat had started. "No—I guess I can't bring myself to talk about it here. Let's get out of this and walk."

II

TO CHRONICLE in true scholarly fashion the complex publicity that attended the Platt Run Divorce Sensation—as Mr. Tolrick's Record called it—would demand at least a book. But for the casual student of this our civilization it may be considered as falling into three phases:

1. The announcement of the divorce suit.
2. Mrs. Boxford's revelation of the comical pet names.
3. The publication of the letters.

The first stage lasted perhaps three days and, because of the various quaint angles of the affair, was telegraphed from coast to coast. The angles were quaint. Mrs. Rocknall came of an old New England family cultured up to the nines, while "Delivery-boy Boxford," as the New York Bulletin labeled him, wore baby-blue sleeve supporters, put scented pomade on his hair, and in his youth had been convicted, though with suspended sentence, for stealing an automobile tire. But the real kick to the story lay in the fact that, with his newspaper campaigns, his two books on municipal government, his niche in Who's Who, "Editor Rocknall"—New York Bulletin—was a national figure. The presence of Editor Rocknall in the story justified the telegraph tolls from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

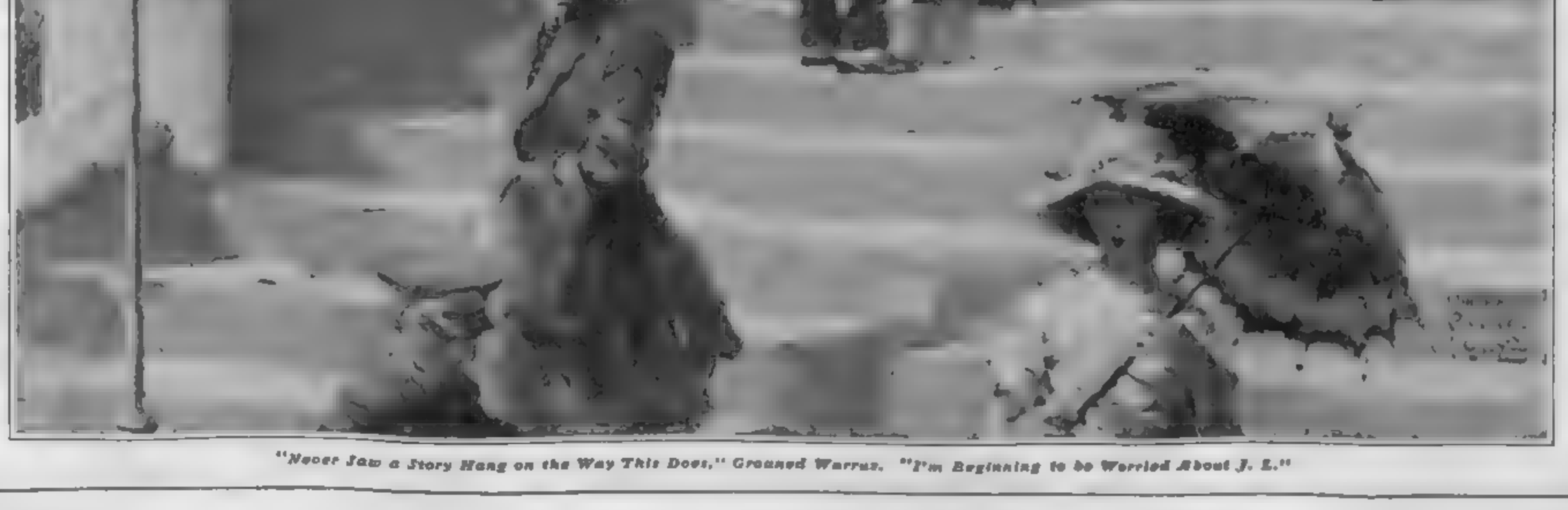
Yet it was the comical pet names, revealed to a reporter by Mrs. Boxford, that turned a rather commonplace happening into a knockout. Mrs. Boxford had found an unsent letter written by the amorous delivery boy and only imperfectly scrapped. She had discovered that the lovers were in the habit of giving themselves and their legal partners names from the Union Grocery vegetable list. Mrs. Rocknall was Lettuce Heart. Delivery-boy Boxford—first name Arthur—was Artichokes Very Nice. Mrs. Boxford was Turnip Tops. But for red-faced, red-haired Editor Rocknall was reserved the crowning triumph of the nomenclature—Old Beethead. Old Beethead!

Retold, the story of the vegetable lovers touched every hamlet in America and even leaped the barriers of language and ocean to sparkle in alien news prints. Then, to the great delight of everybody—or at least almost everybody—the New York Bulletin announced the publication of the letters written by Delivery-boy Boxford to the wife of Editor Rocknall.

Why, and three times why, had Mrs. Rocknall saved those extraordinary missives? Or had she saved them? Were they stolen from her at Pinedale, where she had taken refuge with her ailing patrician mother, or did they reach the Bulletin by a different route? Merrick believed that she had returned them to their inspired author, and that the delivery boy had pocketed an honest literary penny by selling them himself to the Bulletin. At any rate, there they were, almost forty in all; and in blocks of four, each block decorated with jolly line drawings, their publication began in the Bulletin and its affiliated papers. Number one may be taken as a fair sample, including the orthography:

Dearie Sweetie Lettus Heart: Well, yesterday I was going down to see my own L. H. when I see O. B. coming down the street.

(Continued on Page 40)



"Never Saw a Story Hang on the Way This Does," Groaned Warrus. "I'm Beginning to be Worried About J. L."

What is Happening in Germany

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

BETWEEN revolutions, periodic collapses of the mark, reparations tangles, political upheavals and general calamity howling, Germany has pursued a stormy way. Every time I go there I find her in the throes of one of these upsets. Yet she not only persists but presents the astonishing paradox of apparently prospering while she despairs. Obviously the republic seems to have as many economic lives as the traditional cat. How does she survive? What will the ultimate outcome be? What is the great mass of the people thinking about?

These are the questions that even the most casual visitors to Germany are asking, and they are echoed by everyone who reads the newspapers. Like the puzzle of the panic-stricken mark, they almost baffle analysis. At best—or worst—you can only report what you see and hear, and let it go at that, convinced that the conviction of today, like a forecast of politics in China, will probably be discounted tomorrow.

Despite tension in the Near East, the overthrow in Greece, the destructive by-products of self-determination in Austria, Hungary and on the Baltic, to say nothing of the commercial plight of France and England, Germany remains the vital sore spot of Europe and the key to Continental stabilization. She enters significantly into any consideration of the three principal problems that still confront civilization—namely, shortage of production, harassed international relations and the destruction of money and credit.

You apply the phrase "destruction of money" to Germany with something of a smile, because her printing presses are turning out on an average 5,000,000,000 marks a day. It is really a case of quantity output that threatens a paper shortage. Likewise, the prevailing currency famine in a money-ridden country is another bit of irony But all inconsistencies are possible in the land of the Teuton today. The Germans have lost all confidence in the mark, which becomes more worthless all the time. Here you have one reason for the fiscal turmoil. This, however, is in passing, as the whole mark question will be fully dealt with in the next article. The important fact to be remembered here is that Germany, with her vast industrial potentialities, coupled with the acute necessity for economic self-preservation, must be reckoned with in any survey of this persistently distracted world. She remains what theatrical managers would call a headliner in the confused pageant of events.

To get the picture of what is happening in Germany today you must swiftly visualize the Germany of a year ago. It will help to explain what might be called the riddle of her survival amid the tumult of tottering values.

When I reached Berlin, early in June, 1921, the first decisive step in reparations had been registered. After waiting for two and a half years, Germany learned the financial price of her folly. The country was at once divided into two camps, one headed by Hugo Stinnes, who insisted that the indemnity was not only excessive but unpayable; the other sponsored by Chancellor Wirth, who maintained that it could be met. The plain truth of the matter is that Germany was in no mood to pay, although the sheriff was at the front door.

The Vicissitudes of the Mark

THEN, as now, thoughtful men who viewed the situation dispassionately were convinced that the reparations total was excessive and the system of payment in cash a menace to the normalization of Europe. The joke in the whole indemnity business all along has been that Germany's capacity to pay has never been established, and until it is definitely fixed chaos is bound to reign. If less time had been spent in political capitalization of the indemnity issue and more attention devoted to a sound economic solution of it, all Europe would have been further advanced today.

The moment Germany began to pay in cash her troubles started, because, as I have frequently pointed out in these columns, she had to buy dollars, francs and pounds with newly printed marks. This is what first put the mark on the toboggan. Reparations, however, are not entirely responsible for the slump. The Germans themselves, through mad speculation in it, have contributed largely to the debacle of their money. Cash indemnity payments gave them from the start a good reason to explain the acrobatics of the currency. Every time a payment fell due there has been a reparations crisis. This type of crisis, along with the abdications of King Constantine, the French threats to invade Germany and the bickerings in the Balkans, constitutes the chronic sources of discord in a Europe still in the throes of the horrors of peace.

Hugo Stinnes, From a Painting by Richard Scholtz

A year ago Germany was on tiptoe over the outcome of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia. Wirth told me at the time that if Germany lost her rich mineral holdings there, not only would his government fall but a panic or worse would ensue. As a result of the decision handed down by the Executive Council of the League of Nations, Germany surrendered a part of Silesia. Yet the Wirth government did not fall, and the country went on about its business, and even had an industrial boom. I rehearse this episode merely to emphasize the point that too much significance should not be attached to the constantly recurring crises in Germany.

When the Silesia loss became known the mark dropped to 263 to the dollar. Then there was a concrete cause, because the country viewed the loss of productive territory with dismay. Early in October of this year the mark crumbled to 3150 to the dollar with practically no provocation at all. France had made no new threat of invasion, the reparations installment had not fallen due, the professional preyers on well-known politicians had temporarily gone out of business. It simply meant that the mark mongers were on the job, without regard to the results of their gambling.

If I were asked to state the fundamental reason for the moral and financial let-down in Germany, and the principal menace to her future, I would say that it was largely due to the absence of patriotism among a considerable mass of the people. Whenever you find a country with a demoralized currency you also find a demoralized state of mind. You have only to look at Russia and Austria for further confirmation. It explains the orgy of mark manipulation, which has been nothing more or less than a phase of the so-called catastrophe policy devised to create disintegration at home and terror abroad. The present depreciation of the mark is not justified by actual economic conditions, and—it is worth repeating—is largely due to speculative selling, partly inspired by political fears. It also illuminates the series of assassinations which have robbed the country of some of her most constructive officials, including Walter Rathenau and Matthias Erzberger.

The murder of Rathenau will illustrate. Although he was an idealist, he was one of the few men whom I met in Germany last year with any sincere appreciation of the German financial obligations to France and Belgium. I merely register another commentary on Germany as she is when I say that he was too honest and too consistent for his time. Nothing was gained by his ruthless removal save that it emphasized the well-known desire of the reactionaries for revenge. They are precisely like the people who have discredited the mark, in that their sole purpose is to gratify selfish desires. The economic value of hate is, in the American vernacular, always a total loss.

But German murder as a fine art, when applied to the human being, pales alongside the murder of the mark. In this desperate and destructive performance the German sense of abandon is revealed at its worst. The whole policy of reckless inflation—and Germany's middle name today is inflation—is without a parallel in Western Europe since the fall of the French Directory. It has not only practically destroyed the whole national financial system but it has wrought widespread havoc and suffering among the German people themselves. Where a few profiteers, industrialists and speculators have become enriched, the great mass of salaried persons now face not only a winter of discontent but the real test of their stamina. By that inevitable irony which so often makes the innocent bystander suffer, these salaried people are the only ones in Germany who are really paying any taxes.

Wabbly Hands at the Helm

THE swollen fortunes are out of the ken of the tax collector because a considerable portion of them has been removed to England, Holland, Switzerland and even France, and converted into real money. On the other hand, as you shall presently see, the German worker, and by this I mean the artisan, is in a better position than the class on whom he looked with envy and admiration before the war. It lies in the fact that his wages are automatically increased with the rise in prices.

Germany's deficiency in patriotism—and she is without any standards to speak of—is matched by a corresponding lack of cohesion throughout Europe. Every time I go back I realize to a greater degree that no nation has apparently learned a constructive lesson out of the Great War. Delay and compromise, abetted by politics, continue to be the obstacles to progress. Almost at the very moment that Hugo Stinnes concluded his historic arrangement with Senator de Lubursac for the restoration of the devastated area of France, which made even the most cynical observers realize that at last something like accord was at hand, the British-Turkish imbroglio developed. It not only threatened the peace of Europe but put another dent in an already battered Entente. England maintained that France had let her down in providing the Turks with aid and comfort and in withdrawing from the Dardanelles in a crucial hour.

No wonder the Germans became infected with indifference to consequences. I am not exaggerating the situation when I say that the mood of millions of them, like the state of mind of a certain French king, is expressed in the words "After us the deluge." Knowing this, you can understand the nation-wide riot of extravagance, the debauch of mark speculation and the crumbling of the fiscal structure.

Let us now take a look at the Germany I found late in September, 1922. There is so much ground to cover that it will be possible to touch only the high spots. Perhaps it might be best to consider the republic in three phases—that is, the political, the social and the economic. We will take the political first.

With nations, as with corporations, the same fundamental rules obtain. This means that the personnel, as it were, takes its cue from the top. The German Government today is about as weak, futile and footless an aggregation as you could find anywhere in the world. President Ebert is simply an unæsthetic figurehead—he is without figure, for his girth increases all the time—while the cabinet is irresolute and almost mediocre. It lost both its soul and its purpose when Rathenau was killed. Like the mark, it is panicky.

With wabbly hands at the helm, it has naturally followed that the national course is uncertain. Fear seems to have clutched at the heart of nearly every administrator, and the principal fear is of offending the big industrialists. As a result, Germany is fast marching to a dictatorship by what can only be called the privileged classes. It is almost as copper-riveted as that exerted by the old imperial order. How is this possible, you may ask. I will illustrate with the all-important item of taxation. Although

an elaborate system of taxes and supertaxes has been in effect for several years—theoretically the national income is taxed to the extent of 43 per cent—it constitutes one of the many jokes of present-day Germany One reason is that the machine devised to collect it is typically German in that it is complicated, unwieldy and largely incomprehensible. The mechanism is imperfectly understood even by the agencies created for its administration. Evasion is therefore easy and collection of taxes inefficient. The government is drastic where it should be lenient, and vice versa. My stenographer in Berlin told me that her income tax was taken out at the source and she only received a net income each month. The government knew exactly what she was making and took its toll. No such exactions apply to the incomes of the very rich, and they can wangle their tax returns so that they escape lightly.

Many people in America wonder how and why so many rich Germans have been able to conserve their fortunes in other countries. It is simply due to their ability as tax dodgers. A highly informed Englishman, who has lived in Germany since the Armistice, made this explanation to me:

"One of the best proofs that the German business world has not paid its taxes, which the law lays down, is that it is in a position to buy and sell freely, to enter into extended foreign undertakings and has plenty of money over for investment. If German industry had paid the taxes which appear on paper it would be struggling to make both ends meet. Thus, while the workingman, the official and all those with fixed incomes pay too heavy taxes, the trader, the manufacturer, the banker and the speculator do not pay enough.

"Another fruitful source of revenue which is at present wandering into the pockets of the German manufacturer and exporter, but which should fall to the exchequer, is the large difference between the German inland price and the foreign-sale price of goods. By the German system of foreign-trade control the exporter is often compelled to raise his price far beyond what he originally wished to charge, or to invoice in foreign currency, which amounts to the same thing.

"This superprofit should obviously go to the state in the shape of a substantial export duty, levied on a sliding scale based on the dollar rate."

Speculation in Currency

THE failure to collect taxes is only one evidence of delinquent administration. Mark manipulation affords another. Every two or three months the government issues an edict forbidding exchange gambling, the introduction of actual foreign currency or the exportation of marks. No one seems to pay the slightest attention to these decrees, for the gambling mania, and with it a kindred squander mania, go merrily on. A rigid enforcement of any one of the many laws promulgated against reckless speculation would have gone a long way toward stabilizing the currency. The defect is that government officials themselves, like their cooks and housemaids, are infected with the virus of gambling Everybody is doing it, and no one apparently wants it stopped.

When you ask government officials why the country is so loosely run, you invariably get the same answer, which in substance is this:

"How can Germany conduct her own affairs when she is supervised by the Allies, especially by France, wherever she turns? We not only have to feed and house the Armies of Occupation but support endless inter-Allied missions, whose principal business is to roll up expense accounts and do nothing. On one hand we are afraid of offending the sheriff who has camped on our premises, and on the other we frankly do not want to antagonize our big business interests, because these interests are vital to our future If the Armies of Occupation were removed and a less drastic supervision established by the Allies, we could enforce our laws. With a huge reparations debt staring us in the face, both the government and the people naturally become indifferent"

Allied supervision, incidentally, does not supervise When Germany made one of her chronic near-defaults on reparations payment last summer, what amounted to a technical control of German finance by the Reparations Commission was instituted. Instead of being relieved, the situation only got worse, because the mark went to what up to that time was its lowest ebb.

The Marquis de Lubersac, Who Concluded the Reparations Pact With Stinnes

Alanson B. Houghton, American Ambassador to Germany

No man can study the German situation without realizing that stabilization of the mark, and with it fiscal order, cannot be achieved without a strong government and a drastic house cleaning. The really efficient men in Germany shrink from public office because of a dread of assassins as well as of the vicissitudes of public life.

It seems almost unnecessary to say that first and foremost among the essentials to normalization must be a balanced budget A balanced budget, however, is as illusive a will-o'-the-wisp as a fixed value of the mark. Take a look at the German budget and your head reels with billions

For the fiscal year ending March 31, 1922, the deficit was 110,000,000,000 marks. This, I might add, when the mark was only about 200 to the dollar. While I was in Germany the budget figures for 1922-1923 were announced. The estimated total expenditures were 350,000,000,000 marks, while the estimated revenue was only 114,000,000,000 marks. This makes the deficit for next year 236,000,000,000 marks. These figures were based on a mark that was worth considerably more than the current value at the time I write. Since 1,000,000,000 marks is a mere bagatelle today, the budget must continue to be increased by a whole new flock of zeros. Of course, 95 per cent of the German expenditures are to fulfill the conditions of the peace treaty. When Germans discuss the budget they say sadly, "Without indemnity we could almost make our budget balance."

Reparations in Kind

THIS leads me to a vital matter affecting the fiscal, and with it the political, destiny of Germany, which might as well be disposed of here. In discussing the German situation it is impossible to get away from the reparations problem. In the preceding article, about Hugo Stinnes, I dealt with it in detail, so it is only necessary to say now that Germany will not be able to see financial daylight until the indemnity is reduced to her capacity to pay. The Stinnes-Lubursac agreement for reparations in kind and similar arrangements point the only intelligent way to a solution. If Germany can be relieved of periodical cash payments in foreign exchange, bought with a flood of new marks, there is no doubt that, with an honest and rigid collection of taxes, she can begin to make both ends meet. Reparations in kind will help to put the mark gambler out of business, because he will not be able to capitalize the mad scampering after dollars, francs and pounds every time a cash payment is due

In the face of the maelstrom that has paralyzed the money situation, one thing, however, seems certain—that is, as certain as any condition can be in Germany at this time. It is embodied in the answer to the oft-repeated question, "Will the German Republic endure?" This reply, to quote the phraseology of the House of Commons, "am the affirmative."

When the Hohenzollern régime fell in that fateful November of 1918, and a republic was literally wished on Germany, the sudden birth of democracy was almost entirely due to war weariness Anything was preferable to the hideous grind that only turned out defeat and misery. Unionism came to the fore and it has been the bulwark of republicanism ever since. For twelve months after the Armistice there was a lingering hope among the monarchists that the medal-and-brass-button era might be revived The Kapp Putch of 1919, which was the last abortive

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THE JONAH

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

WHEN H. Wade Kingfield went into the advertising business for himself he had a clear idea of the kind of stenographer and typist he would need. Or rather, perhaps, he was sure of the kind he wouldn't need.

In his five years as a copy writer for the Atlantic Agency young Mr. Kingfield had come very little in contact with stenographers and typists. He knew nothing to the discredit of any of the young women employed in the Atlantic Agency. He had heard gossip, and he had turned away from it as being cheap gossip. Yet, somehow, he had come to have in his mind, at the end of five years, a definite generalization about stenographers and typists—to wit:

The expert, reliable, intelligent women stenographers are not beautiful; they dress in black or some subdued material; they are inclined to be angular; they wear eyeglasses and maintain a sort of myopic reserve; they put their hair up instead of leaving it on the hairdresser's floor.

All good-looking stenographers are frivolous and flirtatious; they are slaves of the powder puff and the lip stick, and they can't keep their feet still when they hear cacophonous music; they are inaccurate, slovenly at the machine and possibly disloyal; at any rate they are enemies to office discipline and good work.

H. Wade Kingfield knew as well as any man that generalizations, besides being unfair, are usually untrue. The fact was, he hadn't consciously drawn this dead line at all. It merely reflected mechanically all the driblets of cheap cynicism in the business world that had leaked into his ears during those years at the copy desk. It amounted to no more than what we call a hunch. But people do follow hunches. Kingfield followed his.

As a result of his first advertisement Kingfield faced, one Monday morning, a muster of eleven young women, five of whom were chewing gum. Being twenty-six years old, and having all the humorless severity that trails along with that age, H. Wade Kingfield led the five masticators to the door and invited them forth. That left six. Of the six, two were good-looking enough to be snapshotted for the Sunday papers. They followed the chicle specialists into the open air. That left four. Two of the four admitted to having just graduated a few nights before from a commercial college, and were looking for a nice young employer like Kingfield to practice on. Avaunt! This left two. One of the two was homelier and more angular than the other, and looked faded and had sad eyes and was the most all-around uncheerful person Kingfield had seen for months. She got the job. Her name was Hannah Mudge.

"That Desk There Is Yours, That Typewriter's Yours, and if There Is Anything You Think You'd Need to Make You More Comfortable Ask for It"

Miss Mudge, whose age, though not essential, was self-advertised, started in on the hour to disprove Mr. Kingfield's generalization. With a name like Hannah, she should have been the best speller that ever won the spelling bee in Rochester Lower Village. She ought to have known Webster's Unabridged backwards and forwards and browsed in the Britannica merely for light reading. She should have been at the office ten minutes ahead of time; her desk should have been a model of upright order; and she should have executed Kingfield's orders before he had time to mention them.

That's the way it should have been. As a matter of sober, undraped truth, Miss Hannah Mudge was a false alarm. She wasn't even a brush fire. She was the decimal that used to represent the Russian ruble before the muzhiks got tired of counting so much money and resorted to a currency of carrots and onions. She not only couldn't spell but she didn't want to, and she looked upon neatness and dispatch as symbols of a greedy commercial age that should be discouraged if not suppressed. Also, she had a bad temper. She flared up on the third Friday, when Kingfield quietly asked her to rewrite a letter instead of sending it out pale with erasures.

"I guess you don't need me any more," said Hannah tartly.

Kingfield had been thinking that since the first Monday. Being a new employer, he hadn't known just how to express it. But this gave him a chance.

"I agree with you," he replied.

Then there was a vacant chair.

H. Wade Kingfield's generalization had received a slight nudge, but he didn't respond. He still felt that his office routine would be safe in the hands of a lady who had cultivated brains at the expense of a complexion. It didn't occur to him that pretty red apples are sometimes flavorous; and that, on the contrary, many a wizened windfall is just what it looks like—sour. He had heard that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. As poetry, that sentiment is good. As fact, it just isn't. If they didn't meet there wouldn't be any city like Budapest. However ——

Mr. Kingfield tried again along the same lines of least attraction. This time her name was Parkin. Maybe it was Phœbe, maybe it was Lucy. She didn't last long enough to carve her given name on the tablets of memory. She came in with a middle-aged look of bleak determination, and she went out with a week's wages in advance, which was perhaps what she had come in for. She stayed two days, just long enough to lose two important letters, damage the typewriter, bawl out a prospective client over the telephone and put two d's in "advertisement." She went away leaving the impression of an antique sateen skirt freshened up with ten cents' worth of cheap perfume. H. Wade Kingfield again took thought and wrote another classified advertisement for Help Wanted, Female.

The next time it was not so bad. Her name was Jones, and she was a vast improvement on her two predecessors anyway. She was not gifted with charm in face or figure, but she was loyal to her last breath—her last breath, however, showing signs of being too long deferred. The trouble with Miss Jones was that she was willing to do anything, even to scrubbing the floor; but she needed a good deal of time to do it in. Kingfield's business was not as yet one that made great demands on a stenographer, but Mr. Kingfield had conservative notions about it, such as it was. One of his fetishes was that a letter should go out the same day that it was dictated, and not on the following Friday, if no holidays intervened. Miss Jones did not palpably loaf. She was the sort who wouldn't think of loafing. But she didn't get anything done either. The man in the office next door asked Kingfield if he had installed a noiseless typewriter. Kingfield said no; he had installed a motionless typist. So she went away.

There followed a period of four months when Kingfield, in the intervals when he wasn't scurrying after business, formulating sales letters and plans, writing copy and doing his own letters direct on the typewriter, pondered the employment situation sadly and wondered whether merit had gone out of the world. He was forced to believe that there were good stenographers somewhere; somebody had them. Evidently those employers who had them weren't letting them go. Evidently, too, no more were being produced. The inventor had made a certain number and then pettishly smashed the mold.

Kingfield was discovering that it isn't a question of what you pay; it's a question of whom you pay. He was willing to pay better than the going price. But that didn't get him anywhere. They came and went like elevators, stopping at the floor of the Kingfield Agency long enough to hang up their hats and take them down again.

Of course, there were capable ordinary stenographers among them. Some of them would have been perfectly appointed to do the work of an employer whose highest flight of discourse began: "Yours of the 16th inst. received and contents noted. In reply would say that we hold your invoice of the tenth but goods have not yet arrived ——"

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EASY MONEY

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

HIRAM CLAY was a good dresser. He had an instinct for the proper thing in attire; and, being in that business, the instinct had become cultivated until it was an art. It was because of this guinea stamp, and possibly the expensive cigars, that Hiram fell heir to a partnership in nearly half a million.

The Pall Mall is perhaps the most exclusive hotel in Atlantic City, so you can understand that Hiram must have carried some front when the room clerk relaxed enough to say:

"Here is a ticket for your location in the dining room; the head waiter will show you to a seat. I think you'll like the table; it's quiet—nice people."

Clay, as I have said, was a fastidious dresser; and by the time the mirror in his room had assured him that further improvement was out of the question dinner had progressed to what might be called the halfway house.

At the table to which the captain took Clay were three men. Opposite Hiram sat a clergyman; on his left a handsome youngish man in evening clothes; on his right a man of affairs, the type that dominates American industries.

Clay's advent, the scraping back of the chair, had thrust a hiatus into the conversation of the three. Now it was revivified by the cleric who was astride his hobby and talking with a smooth, gentle, earnest simplicity that claimed the respectful attention of his companions.

Hiram, studying the quaint, almost ascetic face, felt that the speaker's heart and soul were in his work, the Y. M. C. A. and the Boy Scout movement. A humorous suspicion flitted through his mind that perhaps the reverend gentleman had designs upon the philanthropy of the evident plutocrats he dined with.

With the serving of the coffee the clergyman, with a benignity pertaining to the cloth, said:

"Gentlemen, we are all strangers; but seemingly the brief companionship is not unpleasant. I would suggest that we go through the formality of introducing ourselves."

He rubbed his thin, nervous hands together somewhat apologetically and smiled. "I am," he continued, "the Reverend Doctor Gore, of the Christ Reformed Church of Harlan."

The three men bowed in acknowledgment of the confession and the man in evening clothes said, "I am D. C. Rowe. I live in Worcester, Massachusetts."

The minister's forehead wrinkled. "I knew some Rowes in that part of the country," he said diffidently. "Might I ask what business you are engaged in, sir?"

"Father and I run a stock farm," Rowe answered. "We breed standard trotting horses."

"Ah!" This was followed by a little cough, and Doctor Gore stirred the sugar in his coffee.

Clay ran his eyes over the breeder of horses in a closer scrutiny—the plain pearl cuff links, tiny pearl studs, no visible watch chain. He absolutely yearned for closer acquaintanceship with this man who was possessed of a *savoir-faire* that suggested Harvard; that violated none of the canons of clothes, and yet bred trotting horses.

Rowe, with a playful smile hovering about his lips, submitted addenda. No doubt he had sensed the horrifying shock the reverend gentleman must have experienced with the knowledge that he was hobnobbing with a trotting-horse man.

"We breed standard horses," Rowe was drawling, "but we do not race them. We have half a dozen sires, chiefly Patchen strain—good, stout, honest stock, that; horses with hearts like lions; they'll battle to the last stride. I love them; so does dad."

An angelic softness crept over the minister's lean face. He extended a thin hand to Rowe, saying:

"Well spoken, sir. A man who loves animals is a Christian. I have, myself, a gentle old mare that I drive to a buggy, and no money would buy her, poor as I am."

"I've got a kennel of English bulldogs," the heavy man interjected, displaying an unlooked-for humanity. "I darned near swept the board at Madison Square Garden last year; carried off three firsts, a second in the novice puppy class —— Pardon me, sir," he interrupted himself; "when I get talking dogs I forget I'm alive. I'm Caspar Dorkins, president of the Eagle Industrial Insurance Company, South Orange, New Jersey."

It was Clay's turn at bat, and Hiram, though only a high-salaried attaché, announced with seeming modesty that he was in the wholesale clothing business in Toronto; that his name was Hiram Clay. It wasn't so much swank on his part as a desire to play out the game and let the other fellows do the guessing.

There were curious little touches of magnificence about Clay; they were absolutely spontaneous. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to lug from a pocket a monogrammed leather case, and for the case to contain cigars that were invented for the purpose of helping Coal-Oil Johnny get rid of his money.

The big man lighted one with an air that suggested habitual familiarity with regal weeds, and Rowe held the cigar under his nose like a rose.

There's a boatload of maxims—perhaps they are axioms for all I know—proving that endeavor is the fifth wheel. "Fate shapes our footsteps," and so on. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and so on; "Kismet," *et al*; and these little touches, the clothes, the cigars, were a magic carpet upon which Hiram sat on a journey to the romance or the reality of half a million.

As the evening wore on individuals became eliminated, effaced themselves. First, the big president of the insurance company; later, the Reverend Doctor Gore, who, by a system of attrition, had brought Hiram into a rabid state of hatred against the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A. and all good movements. Hiram had an ambition to cut some of his good clothes loose on the Boardwalk, put some of the other sartorial champions down for the count of ten.

It was with a feeling of holy thankfulness that he heard the Reverend Doctor Gore declare that he must take himself away to the humble room he occupied in a humble

"Headquarters Declares That You Must Prove to Us That in Case You Had Lost This Bet You Could Have Made Good. It Isn't a Question of Money at All, for We Lose Nothing"

apartment. As to living in the Pall Mall—the doctor smiled tolerantly over this idea as advanced by Hiram.

When the worthy divine had departed, Clay said: "It's a spiritual night, isn't it, Rowe? Let's go up to my room and hold a séance. I've brought a medium with me—all the way from Canada."

With a touch of Scotch, the floaty incense of cigars, the two men, seemingly attuned to each other's way of thought, progressed miles down the turnpike of friendship, Clay's big wardrobe trunk, with its holding of rich-textured suits, proving as attractive to Rowe as a cabinet of porcelain might to a devotee of oxblood cups and bowls.

Entirely invisible, on an apocryphal alabaster Pallas, sat a gloomy bird chuckling sardonically, occasionally drawing the lean toes of a splay foot through a topknot. It was just one of Fate's lieutenants watching things; and he knew of the half million that these little things, the clothes and cigars, were pinning to the coat tails of Hiram.

The two men parted with arranged plans for the next day—butterfly plans, with a villainous scheme sworn to, cross-my-heart, to sidetrack the Boy Scout movement and to duck, if possible, the reverend crusader. It was ingratitude of the deepest dye, for it had been the cleric who had reunited Damon and Pythias.

The bird clutched at the skull of Pallas to preserve his perch, from which he had nearly fallen in an exuberance of mirth over this

Next day was Friday. To have chronicled it as the thirteenth lunar spasm would have been a delightful accessory to the devilish thing that happened; but it was really a day celebrated in history as one of bedevilment, for it was the fifth of November, invented by Guy Fawkes. I'll bet the bird on the bust of Pallas remembered this.

Damon Rowe and Pythias Clay, having lunched, emerged from the side entrance of the Pall Mall; behind them scuttled a porter with two bags of golf clubs. As they waited for their taxi a big limousine swirled up to the walk, a negro chauffeur popped out, swung open the door, and a large, red-faced, well-dressed man emerged and waddled hurriedly into the hotel.

"By hooky!" And Rowe, placing a hand that trembled with excitement on Clay's arm, asked, "Did you see that man?"

"Couldn't very well miss him."

"Unless I'm mistaken," Rowe continued, "that is the man I saw in Worcester about a month ago. He cleaned up the pool rooms in that burg for two hundred thousand. That chap's name was D. W. Moran, and they say he represents a big New York racing syndicate. Judge Kelly, of Worcester, who is a great friend of dad's, was in on it—now he has bought up a lot of mortgages in our town."

The portly figure of Moran was now thrusting its way impetuously from the entrance, and Rowe declared, in an excited undertone, "That's the man—that's Moran! I'll speak to him."

Just as the big man reached his car Rowe said, "Pardon me, sir, but didn't I meet you at the Royal Hotel, in Worcester, a month ago? Aren't you Mr. Moran?"

"You might have," Moran answered gruffly, eying the other with scarce-concealed suspicion. "I often go to Worcester; in fact, I get pretty well all over. Who are you?"

"I am D. C. Rowe, a son of Mr. Rowe who owns the Mambrino Breeding Farm, and he is a great friend of Judge Kelly, who spoke very highly of you, sir."

Moran thrust out a big hand, saying, "I've heard of your father, and I'm glad to know any friend of Judge Kelly's."

"And this gentleman," Rowe said, "is my friend Mr. Hiram Clay, of Toronto."

Moran eyed the golf clubs and asked, "You fellows going or coming?"

"For want of something more exciting," Clay answered, "we were going out to the grass to shove the little peanut around."

Moran whisked his watch from his pocket, looked at it and exclaimed, "Damn it, time butts in always! I've never got a minute to myself"

"Just a second, Mr. Moran," Rowe interjected. "If it's—well, like the Worcester investment, I would like to cut in in a modest way."

The big man frowned, drew a hand contemplatively across his heavy lips three times, then said:

"Look here, Mr. Rowe, I guess you ain't played the ponies much, or you'd know that to ask a betting commissioner for information is like going to Rockefeller for a tip on oils. But as you're a friend of Judge Kelly's, it's kind of different. If you two boys want to have a little

A Pasteboard Was Shoved Through the Wicket, Reading, "$338,000 to $144,000"

pikin' bet on the first race at Pimlico, scuttle along and put it down on Pitter-Patter—he'll win. I've bet five thousand on him, and I'm just on my way to the club to collect when he goes across. You've got to hurry."

"I don't know a bookie here," Rowe answered dejectedly; "and time we got a steer from one of the clerks inside we'd be too late."

This seemed to fluster the big man. He flitted his watch in and out of his pocket as if asking its dial what he was to do. He tickled the gray hair at his temple with irritable fingers. "I hate to half do a thing," he exclaimed, "but I've got to get to the club quick! The next race is a nice juicy melon. Here"—he swung a big hand toward the tonneau of the car—"you two fellows chuck your bats in the door of the hotel, pop into the car and I'll see if I can bulldoze the manager to let you into the club. If we're too late for the first race you can get cigar money out of the second"

"Thanks awfully," Clay said, grabbing the two bags and darting for the hotel door.

In the tonneau Moran explained matters as they whizzed along the beach road to the south.

"I ain't never been in this clubhouse before," he said. "It's a branch of a syndicate of clubhouses scattered through the country. They've got a main office in Atlantic City, but business for the public is done at these clubhouses in the way of security from the police. I've been here a couple of days getting the lay of the land to be all set for wash day, and today the clotheslines'll be full."

"There's a big killing on then?" Rowe queried.

Moran nodded his heavy head solemnly.

"My people bet big money," he declared, "and to feed it into the iron men at the course means their playing against themselves. My people've got horses that their form is known and they ain't never long odds, so they most generally bet a hundred thousand."

"Whew-w-w!" The whistle was Hiram's. "Some bet, I'll tell the world!"

"'Tain't nothin'. Gates would flip you a coin for that much, and one of my men could buy out, cash on the nail, half a dozen Gateses. I'm trusting you two fellows," Moran admonished, "and don't you ever repeat what you see today—if I can get you in. You don't see in the papers headline stunts about John Ralston winning half a million, bustin' the books and the like, because if it ever was published he'd fire his betting commissioner. It's on the q. t."

The two men promised fervently to preserve a deadly silence.

The limousine had now swirled up to a large, respectable-looking bungalow.

"Come on—on the jump!" Moran commanded.

It was an extraordinary bungalow, Clay discovered, the wide front door being protected by an iron grille such as he had seen in New York.

When Moran pressed a button a small square of heavy plate glass swung open behind the iron grille and a black face appeared in the opening. Moran made a sign with his fingers, somewhat after the manner of curb brokers on Broad Street, and held to view a card. The door was opened, the colored porter came to the grille, looked at the card and drew a heavy bolt, swinging the grille open.

"I am D. W. Moran," the big man said, "a member of the Consolidated Turf Club; this is my membership card"

"Dis am foh one, sah," the porter said, eying Clay and Rowe.

"These are my friends—I'll vouch for them; it's all right."

"'Scuse me, sah, it ain't all right; it am not 'cordin' to rules."

"Guess you're right. But I'm in a devil of a hurry. I've got a bet down on the first race. Will you let me see the manager?"

"Mos' sartainly, sah. You-all jes' stan' heah an' I'll reques' Mistah Steinah for to appeah."

In a few seconds the manager of the club, a striking-looking man of Semitic cast, approached, saying, "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

"This is my membership ticket, Mr. Steiner. I've got a bet of five thousand on Pitter-Patter in the first race: it was laid uptown at the main office. I was afraid I couldn't get down in time."

"Pitter-Patter won," Steiner advised.

Moran produced a pocketbook and exhibited a ticket which showed five thousand dollars bet on Pitter-Patter at even money—five thousand to five thousand—asking, "Can I cash this here?"

"I'll have to call up headquarters first," Steiner said.

"Now, Mr. Steiner," Moran continued, "I'm all right, of course, with my membership card; but I wish you'd extend the courtesy of the club to these two friends of mine for the afternoon. They are men of standing."

"It is unusual," the manager said reflectively, "but under the circumstances there can be no harm in it." He turned to Clay and Rowe, adding, "You can make free use of the club for the afternoon, gentlemen. Mr. Moran will write your names in the book as sponsor for you."

Inside, Steiner went to a phone, and then returning to the three men announced, "I called up headquarters, Mr. Moran, and it is O. K. You can cash that ticket at the wicket."

As Moran was cashing his ticket Clay and Rowe had leisure to observe the room they were in. At one end of it was a blackboard on the wall, and a young man was writing in chalk from a slip of paper in his hand the odds against the names of the horses for the second race. A dozen men stood about the room, or sat on luxurious leather-upholstered chairs and lounges. A few paintings of fair value hung upon the walls, and at the far end was an officelike inclosure protected by a heavy wire screen such as is used by banks. Behind the cashier's small inclosure Clay could see a heavy safe. In the next inclosure was the ticket writer, and behind him a man sat in front of a desk upon which were half a dozen telephones.

Moran returned, holding in his hand two bundles of bills, bank wrapped, each marked five thousand dollars.

"Now, Mr. Steiner," he said, "could we have a den? I've got some real business to do with you today."

"Certainly," the manager answered, and he ushered the three men into a small room very richly furnished. On a mahogany table lay a writing pad, blank-check books, and in the pigeonholes of a small cabinet were notes, drafts, in fact all sorts of forms associated with the business of money.

Moran, pulling a leather chair up to the table, carelessly tossed the ten thousand dollars on its surface.

Hiram felt a thrill at this indifferent handling of so much wealth. He picked up one of the sheaves of notes and riffled the end contemplatively. It was such a lot of money to be picked up without toil.

Curiously Moran said: "Easy money, eh, stranger? You know, once upon a time I worked hard—worked like the devil; and say, the other fellow always got the mazuma. I had the sweat and the toil, and perhaps a dinner; but gad, the gilt-edged cake was on the other fellow's table! I was a boob, a good, strong, husky boob!" He laughed bitterly, bit the end off a cigar with his strong teeth, shoved it between his lips aggressively and lighted it as if he were setting fire to Rome. Then he spat: "I'm out now for the kale, the easy money; and you watch me burn 'em up today, boys—that's only a starter!"

He dived a hand into a capacious inner pocket of his coat and drew forth a code telegram, which he flattened on the table; he swatted it heavily with his big hand.

"Four races," he declared, "and when I've done with 'em their strong box will be like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. I've got to get busy."

Moran touched a button on the table, and when the door was opened by an attendant he said, "Bring me the odds against the runners in the second race."

In a few seconds the attendant placed a slip of paper upon the table, standing as if waiting to hear some comment; but Moran's big hand waved the air, and he said, "On your way, son."

Moran compared the slip with the code telegram in front of him. "That's right," he said presently; "it's Earlocker. They're laying even money against him here—they're afraid of him. But this is one time that my people at the track'll get two to one, for, you see, none of this money I'm betting'll get back to the track. It'll go on at the last minute. I'm going to bet this ten thousand on Mister Earlocker's nose."

"Well, sir," Clay said, "if you don't mind I'd like to have a trifle on for myself," and Hiram drew from his pocket a purse that contained six express checks for one hundred dollars each. Moran looked at the checks curiously:

"You've got to sign them; that won't do at all," the big man objected. "I'm working for other people—betting their money, and I don't want a leak."

He unbuttoned his vest and from an inner pocket drew out a roll of hundred-dollar bills. He peeled off ten, saying, "You two fellows look good to me, and you just let me run this."

He handed five bills to Clay and five to Rowe, commanding: "You follow me out to the ticket writer. When I bet this ten thousand you each bet the five hundred on the same horse. Get me? Come on!"

Clay, looking over the leader's shoulder, was surprised at the nonchalance of the contracting parties.

"Ten thou on Earlocker," Moran said in a lowered voice.

The man behind the wicket riffled the ends of the two bales of money, tossed them indifferently into an open tin box behind, and repeated the bet to the sheet writer who sat beside the box; then with an indelible pencil he scribbled the figures on a card and thrust it to the bettor with a bored expression on his face.

Clay and Rowe each received a ticket for their five hundred, and the three men drifted to a corner of the room from which they could scan the blackboard.

Moran was explaining: "Personally, I don't like to mix my private money with the money of the owners. I'm under a hundred-thousand-dollar bond to them."

At that instant a well-modulated voice back in the office compartment said, "That's all, gentlemen. They're off!"

A breathless hush settled over the room; the heavy Turkish rug might have been the grassed sward of a lonely valley at midnight; there was no sound except the click-click-clickety-click of a telegraph machine as though cicadas rasped in the trees of the valley.

Moran leaned his heavy frame against the wall, puffing indifferently at a big black cigar; but Hiram's finger tips were beating a tattoo against his thumbs in nervous tension.

Beyond the walls, away off somewhere in the southwest, thoroughbreds were galloping, rising with the sweeping stride of antelopes at the jumps, for it was a steeplechase. One boggle, one crash of the hoofs against the bars of the jumps, and twenty thousand dollars would be burned up. Clay felt that he would be held to an account for part of the losings; shrewd betting men didn't throw away five hundred dollars on a comparative stranger; it was essentially a loan that had been thrust upon him; the compelling force of the big free-swinging commissioner had left him plastic clay in the latter's hands. He could feel the soles of his feet clammy; he was chewing the end of his cigar into a rank bitter fragment. Ten or twenty years passed by, years of torture.

Then an attendant slipped quietly from the wired inclosure and handed a piece of paper to the knight of the chalk, who had been sitting on a high stool, smoking. The boy glanced at it, stood up, and with a graceful sweep of his slim arm ran a white oval around the name of Earlocker.

"By gad, he's won!" Hiram gasped.

The big man nodded his head placidly.

The boy had written the figure 2 on top of the name Houdini and 3 on Harlan.

The room was buzzing with voices; men had risen from their chairs to pace back and forth and then sit down again, letting off steam. One, a slim, dark, small man with a face like a hawk, was cursing in a low, rasping voice. It appeared from the monologue that Houdini, his trainer and jockey were proper candidates for hell.

When they had cashed and were back in their little room, the commissioner tossed the money on the table. There was something terrible about this certainty, it appeared to Clay. The big man sat there in his chair like an obese Buddha, a god of events; one who had but to stretch out his huge paw for bales of easy money. Work, toil seemed distasteful—petty things; grub and grub and figure for months over the possibility of buying an ordinary car.

"We'll wait for the last betting on this race," Moran said; "my people won't plank the money down at the track and the odds'll go out longer."

It was a full fifteen minutes before Moran, looking at his watch, touched the electric button, and when the attendant answered, asked for the prices on the third race. The slip before him, he said: "My boss, Jack Ralston, has Pampas in this race, and he'll win. My instructions are to parlay the Pitter-Patter money on Earlocker, and all on Pampas; but he didn't expect that Pampas'd be more than even money, and here he is 2 to 1. I guess the syndicate is springing the odds to get the money in. It's a big field of two-year-olds and they figure that the favorite'll go down.

"Now I'm going to cut this twenty thousand in two and bet half of it. You two boys had better do the same, I think. Then if anything does happen—s'pose Pampas runs wide at the turn, or gets hung up in the webbing—we've still got a stake big enough to make a killing on the fourth race."

At the Last, With a Rushing Sweep, the Big Wave, Pampas, Crashed to the Front and Passed the Wire, the Strip of Gleaming Sand

Hiram rubbed his thin hands together in appreciation—he smiled. Surely he was in the protection of a Buddha, a dispenser of gifts.

Moran, taking advice from his timepiece, said: "Rowe, you bet this ten thousand for me on Pampas to win, and then bet your five hundred, and let Clay do the same. You've got about three minutes before post time. But go now; I'll sit here. I saw a plunger, Dick Riley, watching every move I made out there last time."

When the two men returned with the betting tickets Moran advised, "We'll just sit here and let the crop grow; what Dick Riley doesn't know won't hurt him none."

There was a tantalizing wait—that is, to Hiram. He paced up and down the full-plushed rug, rubbing his thin hands together; stood at the window and watched the breakers rear their creamed crests and fall with sullen boom on the broad stretch of gleaming sand. He named them horses. There was Pampas far out in the deep blue, racing, racing, overtaking the steeds in front of him, smothering them one by one; and at the last, with a rushing sweep, the big wave, Pampas, crashed to the front and passed the wire, the strip of gleaming sand. His heart was pumping; he was riding the sea horses himself, urging them.

He wiped perspiration from his damp forehead with a delicate linen handkerchief. His cigar had gone out, forgotten.

The man who had brought the betting odds opened the door to announce indifferently, "Pampas got the third."

Hiram let out a yelp of joy, of relief.

"You boys take the tickets and cash in," Moran said. "Bring the money here, and we'll then play the last act; the fourth race is where the villain gets killed—get me?"

"There you are," Rowe announced as he dumped on the table the sheaves of bank notes after the cashing in. "There's thirty-four thousand dollars," he added; "leastwise, the cashier says so, but you'd better count it, Mr. Moran."

The big man rolled the bales of money over on the table as though they were rag dolls, looking at the bank band that bound them.

"I guess it's right," he declared. "They can't afford to cheat here. They figure they've got percentage enough in the game playing it on the level; and, by gad, they have! They shave the odds, and if they lay off any part of a big bet they get 5 per cent."

He rose heavily from his chair, saying, "I'm going to take a peep at the board -you two boys sit tight." Presently he returned. "It's a three-cornered race," he announced. "My boss, Ralston's got two in, Sir Barton and Billy Kelly. They're coupled, of course, as an entry. Hilton's starting Mad Hatter, and the other starter is Sennings Park. The Ralston stable is 7 to 10, Mad Hatter 7 to 5, and Sennings Park 4 to 1. We'll wait for the second betting; then we'll get busy."

Moran blinked his big eyes solemnly at Rowe and Clay, rubbed a fat hand down his capacious paunch and yawned.

"Gee!" he resumed. "When I think of the days when I used to take a racing form and dope out what was going to win I chuckle. Gad, it was funny! The handbook man would come around at noon to the factory where I worked, and we'd pass over to him the grimy bills got by the sweat of our brows, and mostly it was down on dead 'uns—horses that was out there for an airing. I'm hornswoggled if it wasn't funny, the faith we had in the devilish thing."

His heavy hand slapped the telegram on the table in front of him. "Here's what'll romp," he declared, "and when we get the second betting I'll have the proof of it. The second betting ought to be in now," he added, touching the button.

This time the attendant, having been tutored by his former trips, brought the slip with the last betting on.

When he had gone Moran said: "The Ralston entry, Sir Barton and Billy Kelly, is 1 to 2; Mad Hatter is 2 to 1; and Sennings Park stands pat, 4 to 1. It's Mad Hatter; the very betting would show it if the public wasn't a big boob. Do you think that these big racing men can carry a stable on wind? Does the public feed their horses and pay their enormous training expenses? Not by a jugful!

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The Gate of Mighty Dreams

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN STUART CURRY

IT WAS in the small hours of a graveyard shift that I decided I must fight Tom Cotter. At night the rock trains and the paving gangs were gone from the vast faces of the dam; only the steady thunder of the flumes went on, pouring mud and rock along its craterlike summit. Then the heavy mountains grew nebulous and kind. The keen, beautiful beams of the searchlights leaped up, wavering in the high blue dark, fanning out, narrowing, crossing like swords of gods in battle, finding their focus; settling to isolate the dam, one looming island in a sea of night. And stars came out; and sometimes, then, the shift boss or the pit foreman, drifting along the flume, would sit with me and smoke a while and forget to call me Alice.

Sometimes, then, my faith restored, I could summon Effie's face and think long thoughts with her.

But a man can't stand always to be afraid; and so I scrawled a note, my teeth set hard, bearing heavily with the pencil to hold my purpose firm, and sent Ygnacio with it to the pit. The little fellow—he was eight years old and stunted like all his breed—swarmed cheerfully up to the high gangplank of the flume and trotted off. I saw the lanterns of the flume watchmen move to let him by. After a long time, in the distant cone of light that flooded Tom Cotter's pit, the white stream of Tom Cotter's monitor wagged curtly, O. K.

And I sat down, shivering in my wet oilskins, on the path at the top of the great upstream face, wondering if it was I, Howard Pressley, who was going to fight a man.

The dump, under the muddy cataract that beat down from the flume, was piling up. I shouted and my stolid brown Nacos attacked it with their long hooks, tugging at the rocks. It broke—outward, toward the face! A wild sluice ripped within inches of the path before we turned it. A wild thought hammered in my brain. Let it go! Let it all go!

If it once broke over no man could stop it. It would cut the face like cheese, ripping down the long slope to the river, deepening, widening, grinding swiftly through this outer shell of earth and rock.

How all the lights would dance: "Shut off! Shut off!" In all the pits the ponderous monitors would lift and swing, spilling their streams down the valley's banks; in all the flumes the mud and rock would cease to flow, but it would be too late.

The whole core of this man-made mountain was fluid clay. The face would crumble and collapse, the core burst out, gutting the dam to the bottom.

In the American quarters up yonder on the mesa, in the native quarters across the valley, how lights would blaze, and then go dark! Far off the city would go dark and still. Tomorrow men would come to gaze on the vast wreck of six years' work, but no man could blame me. I had protested that it was time to abandon this flume; and the shift boss had grinned at my fears, calling me Alice.

But we turned it. The dump, melting, went grinding violently, safely into the bottomless core of clay; vanished.

Ygnacio, returning, reported cheerfully, "He says it is well, senor."

Imagine that! Ygnacio did not know I was going to fight a man. He squatted on his bare heels beside me and prompted me with questions concerning that fabulous country, the United States. I heard my voice, foolishly hoarse, shouting, telling the men to bring rock to guard the danger spot; urging them to haste before the dump should break again. Something cold ran down my face. Of course it was the fine spray of slime from the beating cataract, but it felt like sweat.

I Think I Never Saw the Hills So Sweet, the Sky So Deep and Clear. How Long a Time Elapsed—Seconds or Minutes—I Shall Never Know

II

ONCE I had known a dream. Distance and space and color, the sweep of wide horizons, somehow calling! In Milo, Indiana, it had come to me. There was a vagabond who knew.

A lean, brown fellow he was whose words were like the murmur of deep quiet water, the mark of far countries on him and in his eyes a dream. It was in me too; and formless discontent became a longing, great and sweet and wild and—unattainable?

Here, I remember, the day I came, it all seemed realized. Here were the mountains heaped green and blue under the sun; bronzed, careless white men and a country peopled with the strange, half-savage remnant of an ancient race; the dam itself, so big that I approached and crossed it without seeing it. I wondered why they were paving that tilted slope where rock trains shunted and tall flumes stood against the sky; but it didn't occur to me that anything so big could itself be the work of man. I wondered where the dam was.

Nobody was much excited over my arrival. I found the office and was delivered to a personage whose white side whiskers moved with unhurried calmness, chewing gum.

"'Mph!" said he. "Yeah. Report to Duncan in the morning."

"Who's Duncan?"

"Mr. Duncan," he corrected, "is the dam superintendent. Needs a dump foreman on Number Six flume."

"You understand I don't know anything about flume work?"

"Well, Duncan does Bunk in with Tom Cotter, fourth house as you go out. Got any baggage?"

Thus early I learned that a dump foreman is a lowly thing. I was hardly even expected to own baggage. I wandered out, found the house, knocked. Shallow echoes answered. I knocked harder, but the echoes died just as soon.

Silently the sun continued to scorch the back of my neck.

Then, all at once, a cheering thing happened. A lady came along the dusty street; a lady young and fluffy and absurdly—no, delectably small. Her hands, holding a pongee sunshade, were dainty. I took off my hat. I smiled I have been told I do it rather well.

I said, "I beg your pardon ——"

"Are you looking for Tom Cotter?"

Her face was quaint and round, her voice a droll, absurdly maternal contralto. It made you feel like laughing.

"I'm supposed to bunk here," I explained humorously, "but there seems to be nobody home. I've knocked and knocked——"

Oddly she murmured: "There's no sort of use in knocking, and that for two reasons: First, I'm on the same side of the door . . ."

I suppose it hadn't occurred to me that Alice in Wonderland was read so far from Milo, Indiana. My wits were a little scattered, I admit.

I demanded literally, "You live here?"

"Oh, no! That's just a sort of thing that says itself. I mean ——"

"Oh," I said, coming to. "O-ho! Why, Frog Footman, how you have changed!"

And the girl cried, dimpling, "Why, Alice! So it really is you!" and I felt better and better about the business of building dams. Funny, eh? Millions of people know their Alice, yet when two of them discover each other it seems a special and intimate coincidence.

With great presence of mind I told her, "My name's Howard Pressley. I'm to be a—a dump foreman, I understand."

"Mine's Maring—Effie Maring. I'm the school-teacher."

"School-teacher!"

"But yes," she assured me quaintly; "indeed we have a school. There are many white families here. Didn't you know?"

"I mean," I ventured, "they must be making 'em better now than in my day. You look almost human!"

She said with polite uncertainty, "Pardon?"

There was a piquant, almost foreign accuracy in her speech.

Rather disconcerted, I asked her, "You're an American, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes! Though I've not lived there much. My father is an engineer, you know." Wistfully, I thought, she added, "Do I not seem like an American girl?"

I couldn't tell her how much more delightful she was than any mere American girl. I remember we laughed a good deal.

When she had gone I entered boldly, exploring. One room was littered with untidy clothing and muddy boots, plainly Tom Cotter's; but I was not depressed. The exhilaration of Effie Maring's laughter lingered with me. The other room contained one bed, one chair, one table, nothing else; but I was not depressed.

Her eyes, warmer than gray, deeper than blue —— That tiny thing, going up and down the world with her adventurous father! How rich her memory must be!

My trunk arrived on the neck of a native porter. I strolled out, and that was when I really saw the dam.

Now, looking down, I could tell it was a dam because on one side lay water, on the other a dry cañon astonishingly deep. But it was not a wall, as I imagined all proper dams to be. It was simply a hill set crosswise in the valley, its flat flanks sloping quite gently up stream and down—a hill so broad through the base that it seemed not very high at first. Maybe it was the towering bulk of mountains that deceived me; I was not hardened then to the scale of things.

It was a curious sort of hill; from end to end its summit was a long and narrow crater filled with mud.

Across the valley, in scarred pits in the mountain above the far end of the dam, were thin graceful plumes of water that curved and swung, sweetly blue in the hot sunlight. Yes, I remember thinking of them as gracious plumes—the monitors!

I thought they were probably as big as fire hose. It struck me as an ingenious way to build a dam—washing down material from the mountains to make a hill between them. From each pit a slender line of wooden troughs ran out along the top of either face of the dam, and looking closely I saw mud pouring from the ends of these. I saw it pile up and break into the crater lake on top of the dam, while pygmies scurried for their lives.

Then I saw trains that crawled on the sloping faces of the dam like toys that children drag with strings; I realized that those thin lines of troughs were the selfsame flumes that I had seen so great against the sky; and I stood there and dwindled, dwindled until I felt like something under the wrong end of a telescope. Mud! I had not known there could be so much mud.

And going down toward the dam I came out suddenly on the brink of a monitor pit.

Plume? A rushing, roaring column stood out from the black nose of an iron monster that squatted on a high rocky shelf, snouting up, across a vast amphitheater, a rumbling geyser of clay and rock. It touched a laminated ledge; I saw thick rock swell at the seams, burst, lift and go slithering, somersaulting down. Clay rolled after it, enveloped it, bore it on. Far below, at the mouth of the pit, half-naked brown pygmies poked and raked, guiding the flood into the flume. They were indifferent to the spectacle above them; even when the column swung roaring over their heads they did not look up.

"My word!" I breathed.

Gingerly I clambered down for a nearer view of the monster. Its body was a bowl at the end of a twenty-inch pipe line. Its tail, comically upreared, was a box filled with stone, plainly to balance the weight of its tremendous tapering snout. Its nose had a movable tip as thick as a man's leg, controlled by a short bar in the hand of its master. The tip moved; smoothly the monster dipped and swung, impelled by the mighty kick of its own stream.

"How do you do?" I offered civil greeting.

How was I to know I stood on sternly forbidden ground? I thought the fellow had not heard, and I spoke again. With a giant whoosh of irritation the monster reared, lifting the stream away from the men below; its master turned on me a blue and sudden stare.

"Well, who the hell let you in?" said he.

I wasn't, you understand, exactly frightened; I admit I was confused. He was red and square and solid, with eyes curiously vivid in his immobile face.

"Fascinating thing, this," I stammered. "Is it—is it hard to control?"

That touched the fellow, it seems, in his one vulnerable spot.

"Handles like a kitten," he boasted. "Here! Want to feel?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I don't know how."

"Just shove the trigger the way you want her to go."

I braced myself and gripped it. But there was no resistance, only a gentle trembling. The water, twisting smoothly from the muzzle, looked hard and still. I touched it; a little spray flew, but I could not penetrate the stream. It felt like warm ice.

"Easy there! She'll rip your finger nails off."

I snatched my hand away. Alarmingly a ripple passed out along the column and it began stealthily to swing toward me. Instinctively I thrust. The muzzle leaped; the monitor man, watchful, caught the trigger from me.

"All right. Try her again. Don't jerk. Charley Lucas killed eight men that way last year. Reachin' up for some clay and his foot slipped. Barrel came down on his arm and smashed it, and he lost his head and shoved her off into the gang. This same old girl right here. Go easy with her."

He stood back. Released, the old girl began to rise.

"What's the matter? Scared?"

I set my teeth and gripped the bar. The stream was roaring at the rock; I held it there. Tremendous!

"Reach up and git a little clay. You got to have a certain amount to float your rock."

That was how Charley Lucas had slipped!

"You do it," I muttered.

But he did not seem to hear and I was ashamed to say it again. I lifted the bar ever so little. The old girl

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"Just Glimpses. Porches With Vines, and Children Playing. Men in Shirt Sleeves and Suspenders," She Said, Dimpling So Whimsically That I Knew I Had Been Mistaken

THE DIARY OF A PROBLEM

By Sam Hellman

She Points to Me and Says This Is Linda and She Is Our New Maid; Ain't She Got Funny Hair

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JUNE 27—And here I is with the Nugents for 40 dollars a month and if I lasts out a whole year I get 200 dollars more at the end besides my wages—a bone-us they calls it. I will now describe the family. The missis is a dark kinda stoutish lady some place around thirty which ain't no bad news because she won't have no more birthday parties. Then they is her mother who looks kinda snoopish and I gotta idea one of my jobs is gonna be to shoo her outta the kitchen. Besides they is a coupla kids, one of them being about 6½ years old and the other about half that size. Both is girls. I cannot describe Mr. Nugent one of the reasons being he ain't here. He is outta town and will be back tomorrow to see the treasure I guess. Servant girls is always treasures till they starts coming in the front way.

I gotta nice room and the missis talks nice but new brooms comes clean and it is too early yet to say how she will satisfy me or not. I will give her a fair trial though on account of the bone-us which I hopes ain't the kind they is going to give the soldiers when their beards is seven feet long and snow white if ever. That'll be about all tonight. I is now going to my virtuous couch which is swell for hay and looks nice when wrote in a dairy.

JUNE 28—Got up this morning at six. I set the alarm clock for half past but somebody's fixed it so it will jazz at six no matter what you wants it to do. The missis is around, too, to show me things. Nothing much happened except that I finds out that one of my jobs is to make them kids eat breakfast which is the way all kids is. They eat all the times only not at meal times so the missis says Linda you mussent let the children go and play until they eats all their breakfast and I says if they don't eat no better than they is doing this morning they will be at the table all the time and they will never go out and play and I won't never have the pleasure of washing no dishes, which is a kinda joke because I don't really get no pleasure washing no dishes believe me.

Then I goes around cleaning the house which is a apartment with six rooms and the closet where I sleeps. They is some nice furniture and they is a talking machine outta which I may get some pleasure sometime if ever. The missis says Linda I'm a pill about my house and I likes to have it clean like driven snows. You know how children is and you will have to pick up after them all the time but they is sweet darlings and you will love them I'm sure. Yes, I says, maybe they is sweet kids but dirt is dirt no matter what kinda kid leaves it around, so the missis changes the subject and says they will have lamb chops for lunch and if I knows how to grill lamb chops, which kinda makes me smile because you can't go wrong with no lamb chops. It looks the same no matter what you do to it.

Well, about nine o'clock the big kid whose name is Betty Ann and whose got more freckles than they is straws in a broom busts into the kitchen with about every kid on the block and she points to me and says this is Linda and she is our new maid; ain't she got funny hair, which makes me kinda mad because they ain't no joke about my hair which is real soft and wavy and besides I don't like to be handed the oh-look like no new animal in no zoo. I tells them to beat it which they does with a broom in my hands.

I Shall Now Go Into the Arms of Morphine and Dream of Being a Ice-Man's Bride

But my troubles ain't over. The missis ma comes in and starts telling me something about cooking which even an upstairs Fifi would know. For a while I don't say nothing she being a old lady but when she begins sniffing into the pots and pans and making crikital remarks my goat is got.

Say I says do you know why I quits my last place. She just gives me the fish eye so I says well I was holding a can of hot grease in my hands when the old hen I was working for comes into the kitchen and it makes me so nervous when people who ain't got no business back here butts in that I got fidgety and splashed it all over her. How awful says the missis ma. Awful I comes back I'll say it was. Were you fired, asks the missis ma. No, I tells her, but after two weeks I couldn't stand the way she was screaming from the pain of them burns and I quit. To make sure the old lady'll get me I drops a pan I was holding and she takes a running jump outta the kitchen. I guess she thinks I'm cuckoo. Train 'em early if ever is my motter. I shall now retire graceful-like and get rested up for another day of grudgery.

JUNE 29—First I must describe the missis husband who I did not describe when I described the rest of the family and I did not describe him because he was not here then. He is a tall thinnish guy but a merry old sole. He is always saying something funny. Lots of it goes over my hatrack but he must be funny because he makes the missis laugh and they been married going on eight years and believe me it takes a regular Charlie Chapman to do that.

Well, when Mister N sees me he says hello Linda and how did you leave all the folks in Sweden he not knowing that my real name is Belinda but I comes right back and says I didn't leave them nothing but I maybe will when I gets my bone-us if ever and he says don't you worry you will get it if you are alive and I ain't gone and got bankruffed by that time. Don't mind him says the missis he is always funny like that and don't mean nothing if anything Let the girl be John she says and Linda you make us a nice omelet, which I does and Mr. N tells me its the cat's fur which I guess is his way of describing something slick. I guess me and the missis husband will get along fine because no man can be real bad who likes good cooking and I don't do anything else but.

I kills the rest of the day massaging the furniture, rubbing the dust off the woodwork if any, picking up Virginia Ruth the little kid every time she falls down which is every time she moves, shooing the Big Freckle outta the ice-box, giving swimming lessons to the dishes and answering the telephone between each dish. The missis uses the telephone like she got a agreement with the company not to let the earpiece stay on the hook over 3 minutes at a time and believe me she don't break no agreements. Here's how she works the hellow racket.

The first thing in the morning she calls up the stores and buys a lotta junk she ain't never seen. Got any good eggs she asks and of course the guy at the other end says no what would he be doing with good eggs. Then she tells him to send over a coupla dozen of hen fruit just pulled off the tree which he does in the cold storidge I guess. Well, after the long-distance marketing is done the missis calls up a friend and gets a lotta scandal and then she gets a dozen other birds on the phone and tells them what the first

friend said and later on she calls them all up again to tell them the news that she got from her friends while she was telling them the news that she got from the first friend. We is on a party line and the missis must think a party line is a line what you give parties on. But it don't worry me much if any and by listening which I cannot help the telephone being so near the kitchen I get all the news and don't have to read no papers not that I can't though. This morning I hears the missis say over the telephone that I looked all right and maybe would be as good as Julia the last girl who caught a broke-down and had to go to a hospital so I drops an old dish on the floor just to wise the missis that if they is any breaking to be done around the house it would be dishes and not me which I thinks is a cute way of showing my feelings.

After dinner she says to me Linda here is a quarter and you should go to the picture show and enjoy yourself which I does and where I just come back from. The show was all about a poor working girl that married a rich guy and he leaves her after giving her a swell beating. I used to have seventy-nine reasons why I wouldn't marry a rich man and now I have eighty but I guess at that it ain't no worse being beaten up by a bird with jack than by a guy that ain't got nothing. Gee I've written a lot in the dairy tonight and I ain't got no more to say so I might as well quit and go to my boudwoir which is a swell name to hang on a clothes closet.

There is Mr. N. Sitting in the Kitchen

JUNE 30—Me and the missis celebrated our first run-in today like this. She comes to me and says Linda I am going to have some friends for lunch and I have a nice apron and cap what I want you should wear so I flares up and says I am a kitchen mechanic and no flossy maid like you see in the movies and I don't like them make-ups and besides its kinda silly to dress up like a horse and act like a swell Fifi when I is a plain servant girl I'll tell the world. So I says I won't do it and then I does because the missis begs so hard and me being so soft-hearted. Well, they is three ladies that comes and they says my lunch is fine which is a compliment with no kick in it the food having come outta cans for which I was in no ways responsible for what went in them and also what comes outta them. Then the four plays a game called bridge which I don't know nothing about except that it is played like this. One of the bunch passes out a lotta cards and when they gets a fist full, each of them, one of the gang looks kinda hard at the cards like she's thinking heavy and says I got a cute dress down at Cohen's yesterday and the lady next to her says something about a new hat she is going to buy maybe if she can roll the old man for the jack which reminds a other lady that Mrs Passazuz is talking about getting a divorce degree after which they all talks at once but once in a while they throw cards down on the table. Its a funny kinda game, a bridge party being a whole lot like a party line.

Well, after the crowd beats it the missis says to me Linda you served nice and you looked pretty in that cap and apron and I says yes but I ain't stuck on that part of the job and besides I had to break a date with a nap this afternoon and I don't like to break dates with naps no more than you like me to break plates and she says don't worry you will get a lotta sleep a hundred years from now and I comes back and says yes and I will need every minute of it if I stays here much longer. Then the telephone which has been on a vacation for ten minutes rings and its the missis husband and he is bringing a friend home for dinner. I see the missis looking kinda scared at me and I says never mind Mrs. N I wont quit this place till you are through with your dinner which makes her look like she is getting ready to pull a boo-hoo so I says I was only fooling and it ain't her fault she has got a wretch for a husband and she says she will give him a peace of her mind and me a pair of stockings which don't quite fit her and so I was Molly-fied. You bet I'm all in tonight and can hardly keep awake to write in my dairy. I'm coming, hay.

JULY 1—Nothing much doing today excepting that the ice-man who robs this side of the street is a fresh fish. Say I says to him this morning is that chunk of ice you just brung in here supposed to weigh fifty pounds when you takes it outta the stick-up wagon or when you gets it here? Who wants to know? he comes back. I does, I says haughty, because if it weighed 50 pounds when you took it outta the wagon you must have walked through the Sarah Desert on your way to this place. What do you care says he you don't have to pay for it outta your five dollars a month. No I tells him but I don't have to get no pay to shoo burglars outta the kitchen and if that piece of ice weighs 50 pounds then I weigh 200 at the leastest. Is that all you weigh, says he. I got half a mind to pick up the chunk of ice and bounce it off his bean, it was that small, honest, but in the nickle of time I remember I'm a lady even if I is a K. M. and tell him to get the devil outta the kitchen. So he goes away and I tells the missis and she says never mind Linda you don't get nothing from no ice man these days excepting muddy feet. Afterwards the man who brung the meat says to me kid when is your day off and I not liking his map says quick I would have to be off a long ways before I would spend my day off with you and he gets mad and says you is a fresh chicken and I says I know you don't like no fresh things you don't never bring none here if ever.

I has no more fights the rest of the day and outside of breaking a butter dish nothing happened. I shall now pound the pillows and dream of my day off which is tomorrow so far as I know.

JULY 2—Not having no place in particular to go I hung around the house like a conductor taking street car rides on his vacation doing a lots of that and this with my wardrobes. In the afternoon I takes the baby out for a walk just for company's sake. Believe me when I dresses up they ain't no K. M. about me and in the park everybody thinks I'm a young matron out with her child and not no servant girl. Well we goes to the zoo where they is a cage with a lotta bears in it. The kid has been pesty all the time and when she pipes the bares she starts bawling good. What do you want now, says I. Baby want bare, says she. Come on home you, says I but she flops on the ground and yells for a bare. So I has to lug her home and the missis says whats the matter and I says nothing only she wants a grizzly bare from outta the zoo and they wouldn't give me none. Then old frosty face the missis ma butts in and says you should be ashamed Linda letting the baby cry so hard she is almost highsterical. What do you want I should do, I comes back, bust into the cage and steal a bare to keep the kid from bawling, besides where would you keep the bare, in my room? You musta hit the child says frosty face or she wouldn't be crying so hard. All right I says to the missis you can put a ad in the paper for a girl what is a animal trainer I'm through and I beats it to the room to pack up. In a couple a minutes the missis comes in and tells me not to mind the old lady and that I should stay and she will give me a waist she ain't got no use for no more so I figures I'll stay long enough anyways to get a months pay me being so broke that if dresses was selling for ten cents a dozen I couldn't buy a button-hole on the installment plan.

JULY 3—Nothing doing outside of work.

JULY 4—This being a holiday for everybody but only Tuesday for me I got up three meals instead of the usual two the missis husband being around the house all day. He was borned on the forth of July and this morning he says to me Linda all them firecrackers and things is because I was borned on the forth. Is that so says I then I wisht you'd tell em to cut out the noise because it gets my goats. I can't do that he says because it ain't nice to butt into a country that wants to give me a celebration. Let Linda be says the missis and can that funny stuff of yours because she is anxious to get through with the dishes so she can tidy up the house, scrub the bathroom and take the baby out walking so with that I leaves the room in a angry walk because I do not like to be reminded of my duties as if they was a chance to forget them if any.

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In a Minute He Comes in With a Chunk of Ice That is as Big as the Whole Box. In His Other Hand is a Big Bunch of Flowers Which He Gives Me

Taking Orgy Out of Organization

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

NEARLY every business man has two or three banquet pictures framed over his desk. But this New York office is fairly papered with them—those flashlight photos of swallowtail affairs that look so much alike, with the distinguished speakers in the far distance and the nobodies looming large in the foreground. Dinner pictures are taken that way, probably, because the nobodies freely buy copies for framing and the distinguished speakers seldom do.

This is the office of a red-headed, resolute Westerner who, some months ago, came to New York with a mission. The pictures are a carefully chosen collection, hung there to remind him of that mission. They are his Do It Now! Besides dinner and luncheon flashlights, there are panorama views of conventions, with hundreds of delegates and their wives pyramided on the City Hall steps.

Each photo represents a separate organization formed at one time or another in a certain big industry, ostensibly to promote it, protect it, increase its teamwork, its production, its trade, do this and that thing for its betterment. Actually, it is a composite photograph of the orgy of organization through which our whole business world has been passing for ten years or more, and which reached its dizziest heights during the war.

You must see the thing materialized in an exhibit like this to realize how they have multiplied—these associations, committees, societies, councils, boards, federations, institutes, foundations, chambers of this, bureaus of that—leagues for everything under the sun. When we entered the war, organization had become a saturnalia on its own energy. When Uncle Sam stepped in and suggested or commanded still more organizations to help win the war it was whipped up to a tarantella.

The Dead Wood in Industry

BIG men, the fellows in those photographs—the industry's executives, department heads and experts. Their time quickly runs into money. Every hour spent away from their desks or laboratories boosts the overhead, if it doesn't slow down production. In the name of organization they have been eating thousands of dinners every year, traveling millions of miles, spending centuries of time conferring, testifying, investigating, reporting. Organizations in that particular industry have become so numerous that they are stepping on one another's toes, fighting jealously for the privilege of doing the same job, and bringing in the same recommendations. Generally, nothing is done about the recommendations after they are brought in. But something has to be done about the expense bills, and the industry pays them.

Taking the orgy out of organization in this single industry will cost pretty close to $500,000 before the job is finished. It will cost the Western gentleman personally $25,000 a year to leave his own business while he tries to bring some organization and order out of overorganization.

"Hit the time-marking, dues-collecting, me-too association that invades the field covered by other organizations or serves no useful purpose at all," said more than one organization man when told that this article was to be written. "There are too many organizations of the wrong kind. But don't forget that good organizations are more necessary than ever."

To illustrate the difference between necessary and unnecessary organizations, the president of a manufacturing corporation who was elected to carry it through the depression told how he had saved his company something over $10,000 by cutting off its membership in organizations that cost anywhere from $100 to $1000 a year and did nothing for the money; associations to promote trade, push legislation, obtain publicity, plant propaganda, make economic researches and many other things that sounded well on paper; good things for the company and the industry, if they could be done. His decision in each case was made simply enough. Taking the original stated purpose of the organization, and measuring it by what had actually been done for the money his company subscribed, he lopped off the organizations that had shown no results. And when he had lopped off these superfluous organizations he found that an efficient trade association was one of his company's greatest needs.

That concern has two different products, both hampered by what he calls insolvent competition. Besides large manufacturers like his own company, there are many small manufacturers constantly cropping up. Even a workman with a little experience and money can become a manufacturer. Saving or borrowing a couple thousand dollars, and buying some secondhand equipment, he begins turning out goods in a small way, perhaps with raw material obtained on credit.

The industry making one of these products has a strong association. The new manufacturer begins turning out a certain staple article that is selling everywhere for thirty cents a pound, factory price. His line of least resistance is to sell it for less—say, twenty-five cents. If he lasts long enough to acquire experience, learning through production costs, he will discover that he is losing money, because it cannot be made to yield a profit at that price. A year or more may pass before he learns that certain cost items are being overlooked—taxes, insurance, depreciation, interest on capital, and the like. They seem trifling expenses—until they pile up and throw him into bankruptcy. Unless he takes them into account he will surely fail.

"And muddy the water for everybody else while he is in business," as this executive puts it. "In the end the public pays for all such failures."

The association meets that problem with a staff of high-caliber field experts. A new manufacturer crops up in a small way and begins muddying the water. One of the field experts drops in and has a talk with him.

"I see you're selling glazed 20's at twenty-five cents a pound," he says. "That is lower than any member of our association can make them. If you are turning a profit at that price, you're right and they're wrong, and it's up to them to find out where their manufacturing costs are too high and bring them down. But are you sure you make money? What sort of system have you for keeping track of costs?"

The new manufacturer may have no system at all, roughly adding up what he pays for materials, wages, rent and other outstanding expenses. He may think costs are his own affair and refuse to discuss them.

"Then maybe you can show me what's wrong with these cost figures," the visitor goes on, spreading out some cost sheets. They are figures relating to these very glazed 20's reported to the association by experienced manufacturers, each identified by a letter or number. "This man's labor costs are so and so; is that more or less than you pay?"

Item by item they go over materials, wages and major-cost factors. The new manufacturer, keeping his own cost figures to himself, sees that these other fellows are paying no higher wages than he is, no higher prices for materials—maybe less. Then they go on into the minor-cost figures that he has overlooked. To his astonishment, these aggregate several cents a pound on that product, so his real manufacturing cost is a cent or two above his selling price. If he sees the significance of these hidden factors it may change his whole business policy, making the difference between success and failure. With association work of this kind, nobody orders him to do anything, or even asks him. He is simply given information upon which he bases a better business policy himself.

The Professional Organizer

NOW, in the industry making that corporation's other product there is no such association. The little new manufacturer blindly goes his way, headed for bankruptcy, and his bigger and older competitors hasten matters by cutting prices themselves. Efforts have repeatedly been made to form an association, but the time has not come; the industry must still learn, through hard experience, the need for getting together.

Sooner or later the time comes when an association is formed to deal with such trade problems. The annual dues are set as low as possible to attract members among the suspicious manufacturers. The new organization begins with a definite object—to go out and clean up actual trade troubles. For several years funds are spent in work that shows splendid results. Manufacturers grow enthusiastic about the possibilities of organization. Dues are voluntarily increased, the work extended, the association has a larger staff and perhaps opens elaborate offices in Chicago, New York or Washington. Thus far a homemade association, run by the enthusiasm and personal effort of the trade's leaders, dealing with real tribulations.

The professional organizer hears about it and is not slow to see opportunities. A professional organizer nine times in ten is a lawyer. Forming an association to create a salaried job for himself comes as naturally to a second-rate lawyer as organizing a new charity does to the unsuccessful parson. He comes—not singly, but in numbers—with suggestions that other associations be formed. The spirit of get-together has done so much for the manufacturer, why not organize the wholesaler, the retailer, the broker?

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents — By H. H. Kohlsaat

XXXVII

THE rift in the relations between President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt was apparent when Mr. Taft finished his inaugural address March 4, 1909. Close observers wondered why Roosevelt broke all precedent by going to the Pennsylvania Station direct from the Senate Chamber instead of riding back to the White House and receiving along with Taft the plaudits and cheers of the spectators who braved the blizzard to cheer the incoming and outgoing Presidents.

I remember one of the Chicago Record staff saying, "It may have been cold outside, but Theodore must have been hot inside about something to forgo the cheers of Pennsylvania Avenue."

The report that Colonel Roosevelt was in a hurry to sail for Africa hardly held water, as half or three-quarters of an hour delay in reaching New York would make little difference in his plans. He could have taken the next train, as they run almost hourly between Washington and New York.

When a new President takes the helm he is beset by officeseekers and their congressional backers. For each one who goes away with a certificate of office ten are disappointed and unhappy. They form a knockers' union and manage to find flaws in every act of the new executive. They organize to get square at the next election.

Mr. Taft had more than his allotted share of disgruntled politicians looking for his scalp. To some extent he was to blame, as he was rather too good-natured and held out hopes that were doomed to disappointment. Many of these men camped on his trail and threw their strength to Colonel Roosevelt, always a popular figure with a big following. He—Roosevelt—was especially strong with the young men just coming to manhood eager to cast their first vote for the red-blooded Roosevelt.

Did you ever know a young fellow whose pulse did not beat faster when he read of exploits with the gun? Roosevelt would be his hero and idol.

Almost any man who can gather one thousand enthusiastic young men who believe in his sincerity and scattered throughout the forty-eight states, can be nominated for the presidency if he has the quality of leadership, and Roosevelt had that to a marked degree. Tens of thousands of young men were ready to follow him anywhere. Early in 1912 he told me he had a vault full of letters from young fellows anxious to have him run for the presidency.

Colonel Roosevelt was fortunate in having several devoted followers who loved him from their hearts to their pocketbooks. Conspicuous among them were Frank A. Munsey, with a full purse and a string of newspapers and magazines; George W. Perkins, full of energy, resourcefulness and the fruitful effect of a Morgan partnership; and Gifford Pinchot.

None of them was in love with President Taft. They pleaded with Roosevelt to announce himself a candidate for the regular Republican nomination in June. He was reluctant to do so, as will be seen in his letter of January 16, 1912, to Mr. Munsey.

Senator La Follette was in the field for the nomination with several Western States backing him, but collapsed physically while delivering a speech in Philadelphia, February 2, 1912, putting him out of the running definitely. Many of his followers turned to Roosevelt, giving him a big lead in opposition to Taft.

A part of Colonel Roosevelt's letter of January 16, 1912, to Mr. Munsey appeared in the Chicago Evening Post. I wrote him as follows:

January 31, 1912.

My Dear Friend: The Chicago Evening Post article was taken from a letter in the hands of Governor Osborn of Michigan, given to Mr. Shaffer and put out as if it came from New York. Osborn says you sent him a copy of a letter written to Frank Munsey—don't give me away, as it might hit a "working newspaper" man.

I am afraid you are drifting on a dangerous rock, my dear friend. The first thing you know your name will be used at the primaries and there will be an active fight for delegates between you and Taft. The La Follette people are sore to the bone because of the shift to you, and your position of acceptance "if the people demand it."

I know you don't want the nomination, but something must be done to keep from smashing everything in sight.

Do you remember the Hanna episode of eight years ago this month—how all the disappointed office-seekers and notoriety-seekers said you were a failure and could not be elected?

Now I love your little finger more than Taft's 350 pounds, but it seems to me that these people are putting you in a position of unfairness.

You see I am still "the brutal friend."

Yours faithfully,
H. H. KOHLSAAT.

HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
The Outlook,
New York City.

Theodore Roosevelt

On February fifth he replied as follows:

THE OUTLOOK
287 Fourth Avenue, New York
Office of THEODORE ROOSEVELT February 5, 1912.

Dear H. H.: You are always a friend, you are not brutal, and I want you to speak frankly; but as to this question, I do not agree with you. I was very indignant that that letter was made public. In it, however, I stated my full and exact position.

I am not in the least concerned with whether either Taft or La Follette is sore, and honestly I am not giving one thought to my own interests in the matter. I am trying to look at it purely from the public standpoint. Have you seen all the letter? If not, I will send it to you. Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, ESQ.,
The Chicago Record-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

I wrote him asking for the entire Munsey letter and received it from the colonel, mailed from New York, February 14, 1912.

January 16, 1912.

My Dear Mr. Munsey: I have received your long and cordial letter, together with the editorial. Permit me in the first place to thank you very warmly for the editorial. It seems to me that in the editorial you have stated the case exactly; so exactly, my dear Mr. Munsey, that to my mind it in itself furnishes the answer to the request you make that I should openly announce that if nominated I would not refuse the nomination. Your great kindness and the disinterested friendliness of your action entitle you to receive from me in full a statement of the reasons why I do not feel that, at the present time, it would be wise or proper for me to make any such statement. What the needs of the future may demand I cannot tell.

You say that my keeping silence leads to misconstruction, and gives opportunity for my enemies to make every kind of false statement about me, and to create in the minds of the people a false impression of me; some good people being led by my silence into the belief that it is useless to try to nominate me because I would certainly refuse, and others being misled into the belief that I am underhandedly intriguing for what I dare not openly ask; so that the impression on the public is detrimental to me.

My dear sir, I entirely agree with you as to the fact that my silence is deliberately misrepresented by my enemies, with the purpose of confusing good people and getting them to take a wrong view; and, moreover, I entirely agree with you that this purpose is at least partly achieved. The trouble is that, as so often happens, this is a case where any course pursued would lead to just such misrepresentation, just such misjudgment, just such puzzling of the minds of good people. Personally, I think that any other course than the one I am adopting would at present lead to even more misrepresentation and misjudgment than actually exist. As I have again and again said, I am delighted to state my position fully and frankly, not only to any sincere and honest supporter but to any sincere and honest opponent. What I have said to you, and am about to say to you, I have, for instance, said not only to other friends who think I ought to be nominated but to friends—and even foes—who think I ought not to be nominated, provided only I could trust their sincerity, intelligence and truthfulness. For instance, I have said the same things to Secretary Stimson, Secretary Meyer and Congressman Longworth, who are supporting Taft; to Mr. Pinchot and Congressmen Lenroot and Kent, who are supporting La Follette. I have said them to editors like Mr. Nelson, Mr. Van Valkenburg and Mr. Wright; I practically said them to the entire Aldine Club Democrats, Republicans, every one. I am not and shall not be a candidate. I shall not seek the nomination, nor would I accept it if it came to me as the result of an intrigue. But I will not tie my hands by a statement which would make it difficult or impossible for me to serve the public by undertaking a great task if the people as a whole seemed definitely to come to the conclusion that I ought to do that task. In other words, as far as in me lies I am endeavoring to look at this matter purely from the standpoint of the public interest, of the interest of the people as a whole, and not in the least from my own standpoint.

If I should consult only my own pleasure and interest, I should most emphatically and immediately announce that I would under no circumstances run. I have had all the honor

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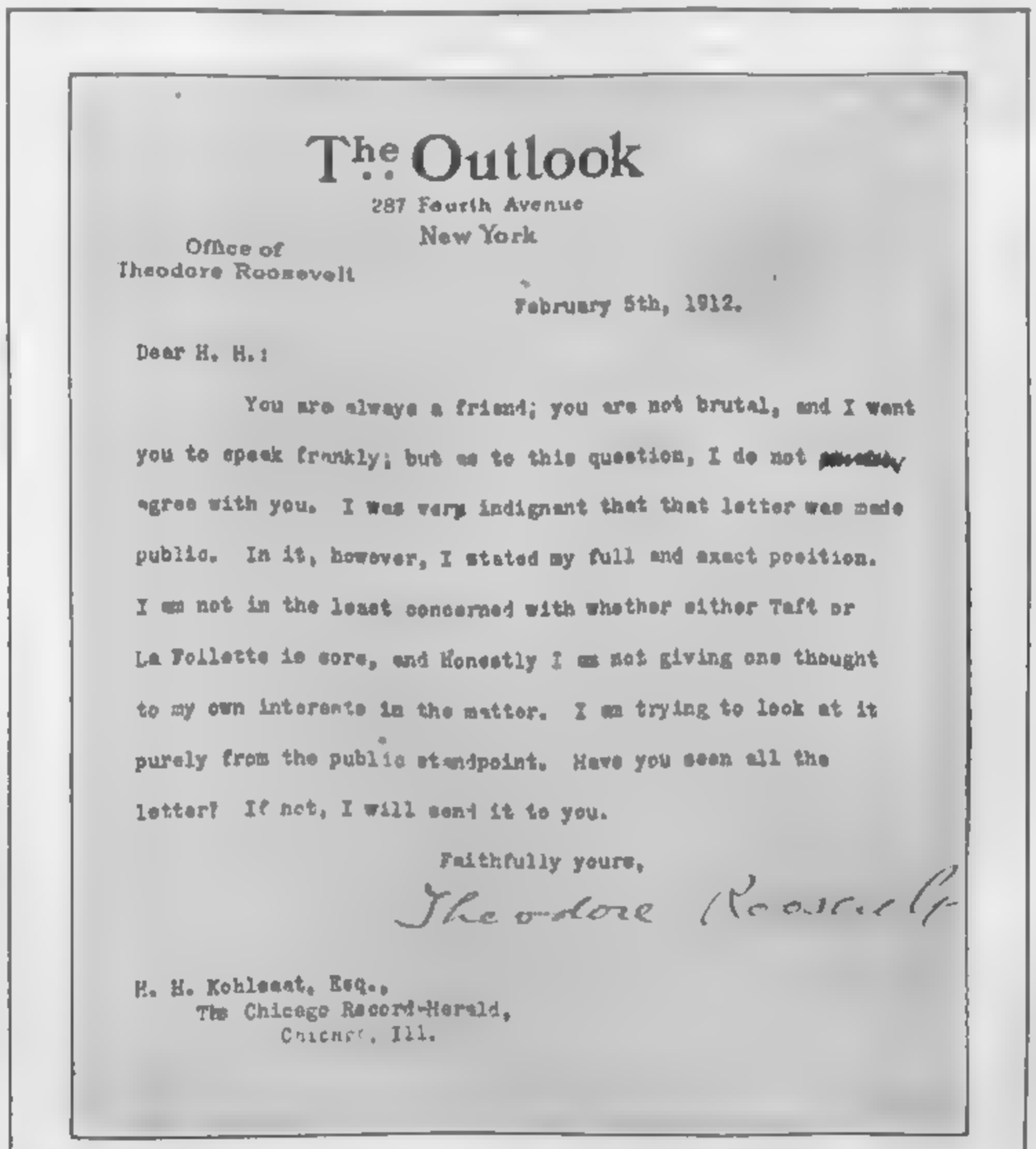

The Outlook
287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

February 5th, 1912.

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Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

H. H. Kohlsaat, Esq.,
The Chicago Record-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 2, 1922

Reform in Our Courts

A NEWSPAPER headline the other day announced: "Murder Trial Proceeds Rapidly—Third Day Sees Ten Jurors Enrolled." The unconscious humor of it provoked the following comment from a British visitor: "Since the war we Anglo-Saxon cousins have been indulging in a lot of frankness at one another's expense. It's been a case of brickbats, not hands, across the sea. You've told us a lot of things about our antiquated customs and business methods, and some of it's been true. But there's one respect in which we, to use your own expression, have it over you like a tent - in the administration of justice. Just consider that headline."

Let us then consider that headline—and the fact behind it. Our British critic was entirely right. Legal dilatoriness and overstraining have brought court procedure to such a pass in this country that it is not at all an uncommon thing for the selection of a jury to consume three or four days. A recent malodorous murder trial, which had to run through three reels before the defendant—we almost said the hero—walked forth a free man, took up weeks on each of its hearings. First there were days of struggle over the selection of the twelve talesmen, then endless examination and cross-examination of witnesses, legal victories and defeats over points of procedure and little odds and ends of evidence, and finally hours of oratory from the legal Big Berthas on both sides before the tired and probably befogged jurors were locked up to reach a decision. It is not strange that they failed to do so after the first two trials.

There is no excuse, particularly, for the time wasted in the selection of jurors. It is no excess of zeal in the cause of justice that leads to the examination of upwards of a hundred talesmen before twelve can be agreed upon. The defense is straining to find types who might be expected to condone violence or to wax sentimental on the score of sex. The prosecutor must be looking for jurors most likely to convict. For the cause of justice all that is needed is twelve honest, reasonably intelligent, run-of-the-mine citizens. The humor of the situation lies in the fact that after days of haggling and elimination the jury assembled probably assays just about the same as the first twelve or so drawn out would have done.

A murder case in a British court will be completed in the time that we take to seat a jury. Even the most sensational seldom takes more than three days. No one suggests that the defendant fails of a fair and adequate hearing in the British courts. In fact it seems reasonable that the jurors can obtain a clearer conception of the salient points in a three-day hearing than they are likely to carry away after two weeks of reiteration of evidence, legal skirmishing and close-range oratory.

There is the same difference in what follows the trial. A stay of sentence or a new trial can be obtained in a British court only for good and sufficient reason—the finding of new evidence, the uncovering of perjury or the demonstration of an error of procedure bearing directly on the verdict. Action is always prompt, and a few weeks' time will suffice to settle it positively one way or the other. Here in the United States legal adroitness can carry a case along for months or even years, from one appeal to another, sometimes based on almost trivial claims of error or misdirection. Granted clever and energetic counsel and the resources for a long fight, and the defendant can stave off the day of reckoning beyond all reason.

It is hard to understand. America is the home of hustle; Americans subscribe to the cult of the short cut; we invented big business and efficiency and fast trains and elevators and nearly everything that tends to expedite and simplify life and business. Why have we, then, allowed what is perhaps the most vital phase of life to become debased by overelaboration and tardiness of procedure and hysteria of method? Why have we clogged our courts with red tape and turned the solemn business of administering justice into something bordering on comic opera?

The remedy lies with bench and bar, and it is gratifying to note that a desire for reform is manifesting itself. Judge Wanamaker's article in a recent issue of this weekly was an unsparing presentation of the truth. But before the gentlemen of the long robe effect the reforms that conditions call for, the public must show its disapproval of the practices that are turning criminal trials into legal three-ring circuses.

The Myth of Equality

MR. WENTWORTH STUART, of Washington, in addressing a recent session of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, made certain observations that are so sound and timely that they deserve a nation-wide audience. He told his hearers what this country needs is education that will "clear up the misrepresentation of equality which has misled, and has established a notion that this is the land where one man is as good as another, even though he is good for nothing. . . . We recognize no other equality except equality of opportunity to make possible equality of being."

This doctrine is "very salt and bitter and good," and it cannot be preached too often or too forcefully; for there is no bar to progress and advancement so effectual as unquestioning faith in the Myth of Equality. There is no popular delusion that more surely paralyzes the faculty of thought, no creed that more blindly gives the lie to all the evidence of Nature and so calmly discredits the testimony of all human experience.

Equality Jack is always in hot water. Many a man wastes his best years boasting with his lips of his fancied equality and proving by his every act that it is without existence either here or hereafter. Nature abhors a vacuum, but equality she simply will not tolerate, unless it be Huxley's equality of zeros. Inequality of organisms and of their reactions to environment is the whole basis of evolution. Without it there would be no biological progress, no slow advance from low to high. Life would still be naught but formless protoplasm and future ages would hold no hope of an upward trend.

The literal-minded pilgrim who is not content with the generalized parities of mathematics or physics, but who is bent upon finding concrete systems of social or physical equality, has a long road before him and nothing but disillusionment at the end. He will not find what he seeks in the most democratic institutions; not in churches, clubs, corporations or political parties; for all these have their perennial deacons, governors, dominant directors or bosses great and small. Power is always wielded by the few, and more often because they have proved their fitness for it than because they have fought for it and by overbearing the weak have wrested it from them. Theoretically churchmen, clubmen, directors and voters are all on one and the same footing; but fate, fortune or destiny always stacks the cards, and a few men hold the trumps and honors—such cards as health, pertinacity, ability, capacity for work, belief in self, faculty of clear thinking, or even reputations for being shrewd, lucky, honest or successful. To him who hath shall be given, saith the Scripture; and we see the prophecy fulfilled in every walk of life, in every age and in every land.

We talk loosely about equality and every other abstraction because we think loosely. Loose thought and loose talk are each the cause and the effect of the other, and so on round the vicious circle that is without beginning and without end. But suppose the seeker is content to define the object of his search as equality before the law, discarding for the time all other conceptions and definition. Will he find the body of his myth at the county courthouse? Not if twelve good men and true are sitting in the box to try the cause in hand. If an accident case against the local trolley company were on trial, and the plaintiff a poor sewing girl, we should know precisely how to lay a wager on the verdict. We shall expect to see the rich man penalized for his wealth and the poor man given more than his deserts unless the facts are too overwhelmingly against him. If a woman were on trial for her life we should forecast the verdict not by examining the law and the evidence but by regarding the defendant's face, figure and attire.

In short, equality before the law in trials by jury is often not only a joke but a joke so familiar that it neither amuses nor shocks us. This is not because juries are commonly venal or corrupt. It is a condition that exists because we, the people of the United States, willingly tolerate it. In effect, we ourselves are the juries, for the twelve in the box are our friends and neighbors, men who think much as we do, who have the same modes of reasoning, the same prejudices, sentiments and sentimentalities for skilled pleaders to play upon.

By and large, the people get what they want. True equality is the last thing they desire; for though as a talking point it is the most popular ever devised, it would ride roughshod over their most cherished convictions if it became a reality instead of remaining a harmless myth or theory. As a rule, neither plaintiff nor defendant has an eye single for justice. What each side wants is a favorable verdict; and if the desired outcome hinges upon some happy inequality, what then? The verdict's the thing.

Within the family itself there is no such thing as true equality. Sons of the same parents are not quite alike. Each has his personal and peculiar characteristics, derived from forebears near or remote. In those mysterious processes of Nature that determine the heredities of the children of one marriage the same dice are always shaken, but only by accident are equal values derived. No two lives come into being as precisely similar entities, and if they did they would begin to draw apart during the first month of their existence. Inequality is the common rule of Nature. It is responsible for the popularity of horse racing; it gives zest to stock speculation, and it makes the Bertillon system a useful institution. Inequality is the common factor of every state of existence.

The acceptance of the reality rather than of the myth does not imply a less just or a less happy scheme of things. Handicaps that seem overwhelming are often richly compensated. Theodore Roosevelt's whole career hinged upon the fact that, being a delicate youth, outdoor life was the only medicine that could promise him a robust middle age. Biography abounds in such examples, and in America it is almost axiomatic that great men spring from humble parentage and thrive upon their very disadvantages.

Man never attains to high achievement or to unusual vigor of mind by drugging himself with the cloying soothing sirups of sweet but vicious fallacies. Tonics of mind, like those of body, have a tang of clean bitterness; and he who has acquired a taste for it will not again crave the sickish sweetness of sugary nostrums.

An American National Theater

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

SINCE my acceptance of the position and duties of executive chairman of the Producing Managers' Association of America, many persons have asked me, "What are your duties?" "What are your plans?" "Can you stop the ticket speculators?" and similar questions. Most of these inquiries have been answered with what looks like press-agent reiteration in the daily newspapers. Generous and stimulating editorial comment has come from every section of the country in a volume that would astonish one unaware of the widespread and general interest in affairs theatrical. The only information in my keeping that I have withheld from these inquirers has been that concerning certain constructive intentions – or so they seem to me.

These plans embrace the establishment of an American National Theater and a National Conservatory of Dramatic Arts. Both these institutions have been hoped for, planned and endeavored more than once before in America, and by able and enthusiastic and fine-meaning men—and the attempts have failed. I am familiar with the history of these attempts. I know about the elements that by their presence or their absence caused them to fail. It is useful at this time to name but two: First, the assumption that New York City was America; and second, the assumption that the help of the professional producers as a class could be dispensed with.

My own idea of a national theater starts directly contrary to these assumptions. I believe that a national theater should be nation-wide, and I believe that the cooperation of the professional and experienced producers is essential. Let me add one other positive belief: Expensive bricks and mortar are not necessary to such a theater, but may on the contrary be dead weight and handicap.

My national theater is where it has always been since I was an informed amateur. It is in the hearts of the youth of America—and that must be its permanent home American youth must provide the very life blood for it; must provide its ideas; the construction of those ideas into written dramas; provide the energy for their production, for their expression, their impersonation, their voice. And in this undertaking and accomplishment this youth of America is entitled to and must have the guidance and help of those who in pioneer fashion precede them; the guidance and help of the men and women now educated, practiced and successful in the profession; of the public-spirited citizens who so commendably in the previous attempts referred to have tried to found this theater; the guidance and help of the many universities already awake to the demands and of those that shall become so, and especially of those universities favorably situated in the several sections of the country; the help and encouragement of the Drama League and various drama societies of America.

Services of the Theater

IT IS wise that I should say here that this idea is no sudden conception born since taking my present job, but has been a lifelong objective, often discussed with able advisers and approached continuously by such indirection only as a sailor makes in a head wind.

Before suggesting a plan for this organization let me tell briefly of the material that is at hand, and tell also some things concerning the forces and influences that have operated to the production of this material, and tell first why the whole subject is worthy of and entitled to such serious consideration as America is repeatedly giving it.

Marjorie Rambeau as Rosalind

My idea of the drama as an institution of a country is that it doesn't belong to the managers or to the dramatists or actors or to all of them combined, but to the people; and that the managers, dramatists and actors are simply most lucky associates. I think the great services of the theater are:

First, to entertain, of course. Every art must do that or it can't hold our attention.

Second, to instruct by stirring our emotions. Every art must do that or it can't hold our respect.

Third, and most important, the theater is an avenue of vicarious expression. By that I mean that the innumerable desires that are in every heart, survivals from our multifarious inheritances, may find relief through their mimic and inexpensive utterance on the stage by people trained in the art of such expression. Now in this third department, which for want of a better term I have called that of vicarious expression, there are two kinds of submerged desires that find their outlet. One is the morbid, unlawful kind that stirs in us from inherited impulses not yet fully inhibited. The other and very much larger class is of the heroic, romantic and ideal.

Goethe was thinking of the morbid part when he said that he had never heard of a committed crime which he was unable to understand. But fortunately for the human race, there is equally no act of heroism that all mankind cannot appreciate and respond to.

We are natural hero worshipers, because the hero does the thing that each of us would have liked to do and which all of us can understand. The theater is a place for the presentation of these heroic and romantic deeds.

It is perhaps a fault, certainly a limitation, of our little neighborhood and community theater attempts that in departing from the commercial kind of play that simply entertains and going definitely for the play that relieves by this vicarious expression, they have too often chosen mainly to relieve only the morbid desires, and have neglected the expression of the idealistic which so crowds the thoughts of our younger generation. In the commercial theater this heroic, romantic and idealistic expression has been systematically and definitely chilled by a smart and cheap cynicism that has tried to grade concept and performances down to the news level of daily life and probability. The commercial manager, paying more and more respect to this kind of criticism, has unconsciously limited his attempts of production almost entirely to the field of entertainment, or has here and there imitated the Little Theater in its offering of principally the sensationally morbid. The greatest and finest field has of late years been almost totally neglected. Of this neglect the public has been increasingly conscious, not because of the critical review of the diminishing offerings but because of an unanswered need.

Monotony of Toil

IN ADDITION to neglect of them by the regular theater, our present industrial and competitive system, hardly a century old, has gathered the youth of the nation into mill and shop and magazine, and under the speeding command of efficiency stilled them during much of the time and left them for the other waking third of the day without the spring or resilience that could mount to the vital level of song.

In 1911 the Cambridge poetess, Josephine Preston Peabody, published her poem of The Singing Man, contrasting the happiness of the toiler before the master steam took control of him with his present condition. Two stanzas from the two sections of the poem give the trend of her protest:

He sang above the vineyards of the world.
And after him the vines with woven hands
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled
Triumphing green above the barren lands;
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,
Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,
And looked upon his work; and it was good:
The corn, the wine, the oil.

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere.
Light was enough, before he was undone.
They knew it well, who took away the air,
Who took away the sun;
Who took, to serve their soul-devouring greed,
Himself, his breath, his bread—the goad of toil
Who have and hold, before the eyes of Need,
The corn, the wine, the oil.

The intervening verses tell of the overlord's encroachments upon the land, and then the yield of the land, and finally the chance even to work in the open. It isn't necessary to adopt the full bitterness of Mrs. Peabody's plaint to grant the grayness of modern industrial application.

There is plainly evident, however, a nation-wide dissatisfaction with the monotony of the modern worker's life. An emotional utterance is being sought. And more than all other artistic calls, the several branches of dramatic expression are claiming the attention of the young people of America.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Sorrowful Tale of McGurk

MARMADUKE Claude Montmorency McGurk
Earned his thirty a week as a pharmacist's clerk,
And though seldom he had any cash in his jeans
He supported his wife as befitted his means.
Now along came her birthday, as sometimes it did,
And he said, "I must buy something swell for the kid."
So he took thirty dollars, his pay, I suppose,
And he blew it all in on a pair of silk hose.

Mrs. Marmaduke Claude almost wept with delight
When her husband brought home those silk stockings that night;
And she tried them on quickly and looked in the glass,
And exclaimed, "Gee, them stockings has certainly class!"
Next morning at breakfast she said, "Goodness knows
But I ain't got a stitch I can wear with them hose."
So as soon as her husband departed for work
She was on her way shopping, was Mrs. McGurk.
From ten in the morning till half after four
She shopped and she shopped, and she shopped then some more,
Until fagged out and tired, she returned to her flat
With a new pair of shoes, a new suit, and a hat.

When Marmaduke Claude Montmorency returned
From his labors that night he was greatly concerned,
For his wife said, "I'm thinking this neighborhood's vile,
And this house ain't no place for a lady of style."
Poor Marmaduke Claude said, "It looks like you're right."
So they went out and hunted apartments that night,
And, soon after, they moved from their humble abode
To a beautiful house—Number Eight Clapham Road.

Then said Mrs. McGurk to her husband, "My dear,
My swell rags will be put on the blink soon, I fear,
For the Subway is dirty, the street cars ain't clean,
And I can't get along here without a machine."
So in two or three days—or perhaps it was four—
A twin-six limousine stood in front of their door.
It was painted bright red, and the wheel spokes were wires,
It had real silver trimmings, and four extra tires.

. . . . . .

Where the limousine stood, bill collectors now lurk,
For disaster has come to the House of McGurk;
And there's gloom in the hearts where contentment once glowed,
For a house-to-let sign hangs at Eight Clapham Road.
As he sits in his cell and he thinks of his plight
Poor McGurk says, "I got what was comin', all right,
For a spendthrift, they say, will get his in the end,
And them stockings cost more than I ought to of spend."

—Newman Levy

The Girl Higher Up

THERE is the ordeal of dancing with a tall girl. It seems to be visited principally upon men of small stature and less foresight—men who have failed to realize what dire events of obligation might occur at a ball following their dining at the home of a damsel standing nineteen hands on the hoof, or subsequent to their borrowing money from the father of a maiden fully four cubits in length.

Thus a short gentleman arrives at a dance to find a lady looming high and duty whispering low. There is nothing for it but to tread a measure. He and she will do the treading, and everybody else in the room the measuring.

The unfortunate debtor advances reluctantly. He utters a distinct invitation to dance, to be certain the lady understands he is about to encircle her waist, rather than tackle her. He prepares to toe dance, she to dip. They spar for an opening in the music. They're off!

The lady has long graceful lines and speed, but the cruise is a rough one. The short gentleman, though he sticks valiantly to the helm and furnishes the motive power, has difficulty making any observations over the lady's shoulder whereby to lay his course. The lady could be a great help if she would. Entering into the spirit of the occasion she could act as lookout, calling "Ahoy, down there! Whirling-dervish couple off the starboard bow. Hard-a-port!" or "Couple of heavy tonnage dead ahead! Full speed astern!" But the lady does not assist. She sails about, serene in the knowledge that she has a partner somewhere about her, and that's more than every girl has.

Meanwhile caustic persons in the stag line are asking audibly which is the tall one, Mutt or Jeff, and giving out that in their opinion she's a better man than he is, Gunga Din.

Brave and intrepid spirits undergo the ordeal of the dance, giving proof of the old saying: You cannot measure a man by the length of his legs. But a tall girl should not tempt Providence too far. In the midst of a dance some evening she may venture some remark on the floor or the music, and receive no answering hail. Glancing down she may find that her short partner, taking cover under her corsage bouquet, folded his coat tails like the Arabs and silently stole away.

—Fairfax Downey.

Gilt-Edged Misery

REGARDLESS of what is the Panhandle State, New York City is its capital—New York City, where the panhandlers live in the luxurious squalor of well-known Broadway hotels; where plugged nickels they collect are no good for car fares, forcing them to ride in taxicabs; where tatters are working clothes and tuxedos bloom after dark; New York, the selfish, heartless city, where a lead-pencil merchant has a tough time making fifteen thousand dollars a year.

See the lowly gutter percher. He sells shoe strings, chewing gum, collar buttons to support his parlor, boudoir and bath. No wine, women and radio receivers for this chap. His charity begins at home.

Being a half-portion cripple has its advantages. Nobody's going to step on your toes. You can wear golf pants while pursuing your work, and if you happen to win a tin cup pursuing your golf ball you can always use it in your business.

But no one should enter the panhandling trade thinking that the business is all peaches and Grade A. It isn't. Although every beggar's cap has a silver lining, don't believe that the going is smooth and sure. Think of the fuel shortage this year that's sent hickory legs to forty dollars a cord. Think of the increased freight rates on pencils, not to mention shoe strings and pepsin gum. And then kindly ponder on the weather that's been cruel to the fakers at Coney Island as well as those on Forty-second Street. Even some of the smartest human wrecks have had to pawn their shirt studs to take out rain insurance for Saturdays and holidays.

And the snappy panhandler must follow the styles. If Paul Poiret announces that armless men's sleeves should be shorter and uglier, what's an up-to-date mendicant going to do but have his begging clothes tailored according to dictum? Patches are never worn the same for two seasons, and the threadbare effects are shifting constantly.

Oh, the life of a metropolitan panhandler is no tea-rose detour. Owning the derelict privilege for a busy street is not the cinch it's reputed to be. Some men are down to their last ten thousand on the road to de luxe misery.

—Neal R. O'Hara.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Say, Mister! Would You Mind Telling Me What Hair Tonic You Use?"

Bunk

A Rimed Editorial

[Speech of the Hon. Josiah Balloon in the House of Representatives, September 8, 19——]

GEORGE WASHINGTON, some years ago,
Ran off a revolution
Whereby—the histories tell us so—
We got a Constitution,
Becoming—so the text relates—
The more or less United States.

With sacrifice of blood and bone,
In lofty exaltation,
Our fathers made these states—our own,
Our great, our glorious nation!
The flag of freedom they unfurled—
The schoolbooks tell us—to the world.

And then, in days of '61,
They poured forth countless treasure
To keep their pledge with Washington
In—see Vol. II—full measure.
From duty's course unswept unswerved,
Our cherished Union was preserved.

Then shall we disregard, my friends,
The message which they breathed us?
And prostitute to sordid ends
The glory they've bequeathed us?
No! No! That's why we all must pull
For higher tariff rates on wool!

—Baron Ireland.

From the Salome Sun

SOME folks take me serious—but I don't; that's why I have to laugh.

The original Fireless Cooker was originated near here by Indian Jack a long time ago when he used to fry his flapjacks and chuckawalla eggs on the hot top of a flat rock lying in the summer sun. Indian Jack is dead—and if he isn't somewhere else I'll bet he is shivering around heaven somewhere hunting the sunny side of the main street. Chiquita Bill, one of our oldest inhabitants, says he can remember in the good old days before the railroad was built and when he was a boy, before marbles were invented, the favorite game among the boys was betting on seeing which could spit and hit the ground first. On some hot dry days, Chiquita says, they would have to try 4 or 5 times, but the summers are cooler now, since they built an ice plant at Phœnix.

Some folks wonder and ask me why I like Salome, when I could live in Los Angeles. Well, I'll tell you. I can do as I please here and that's more than folks in the big towns can do, where they work all the time to get a little money and then go out and spend it all trying to have a good time. They're broke—and so am I, but I don't have to work myself to death like they do and I have a good time laughing just to think what we're both missing, so why work and worry trying to get money to spend trying to have a good time? Quien sabe, sabe Dios?

Jim Polhamus and the district attorney went down into the Dead Man's Tanks country last week trying to find a voter someone told them was camped down that way. They busted the back axle on a bowlder in one of the cañons and the Dist. Atty. walked back to Salome, 35 miles to get water and repairs. Jim, being a good politician, stuck with the machine and the last pint of water they had. 15 miles out the D. A. hit the main road, nearly dead for water, and about 2 o'clock in the morning tried to stop a tourist on the main road to get a drink, but the easterner thought he was being held up and tried to shoot his legal lights out. He finally reached town and a relief expedition went out and rescued Jim. Jim is running for sheriff again. I have forgotten whether he is a Democrat or a Republican but he is a good man anyway and these Yuma politicians are getting so hungry for office it is hard to tell any more which is which. Some of the Democrats are getting so they look almost like Republicans, and once in a while you'll find a Republican—when

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

Step high, step proud and gobble loud
You've only got a minute!
We'll eat to burst, with Campbell's first
To put the sparkle in it!

All set for the turkey!

How good the big, plump bird will taste if you are in just the proper mood for it! There's nothing like a plate of spicy Campbell's Tomato Soup to begin the great Thanksgiving feast. Its steaming fragrance is a delicious invitation. Its tonic flavor is a delightful bracer.

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is so good because it is the pure tomato juices and rich "fruity" parts of luscious Jersey tomatoes, strained to a velvety puree and blended in the famous Campbell's kitchens by chefs who are masters of their art. Choice, nutritious butter and delicate spicing enrich this soup and help to give it such a tempting flavor.

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Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

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Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Return of Frank Clamart

IV

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MINDFUL of his commission to make some sketches of Julius Jedburgh, the multimillionaire promoter, Shane called up his house the following morning to ask permission to execute this order. He was answered by Olivant, Jedburgh's confidential secretary, who after referring the request replied in his pleasant well-bred voice: "Why, yes, Emmet. But Mr. Jedburgh's awfully busy just now and wants to know if you can't manage to sketch him while he's at his work, here in his study at the house."

"That will do first-rate," Shane answered. "Then I'll be up in about an hour."

He then called Cynthia's apartment, to learn that she had returned by train and was none the worse for her adventure. He did not call Clamart or Léontine. He was not at all sure that he cared to involve himself further in Clamart's most laudable campaign, and though he admired Léontine and believed in the sincerity of her reform, she also impressed him as a decidedly high and uncertain explosive. He was worried about the intimacy that seemed to have developed between Cynthia and her and determined to put an end to it if able to do so unobtrusively. As for the bizarre and tragic happenings of the night before, he preferred not to think of them at all any more than he could help. It seemed preposterous to assume that his connection with the business could be more than purely fortuitous.

On his way to the Jedburgh mansion, on Upper Fifth Avenue, Shane reviewed in his mind what he had heard of this *outré* and forceful personality, and the gossip in regard to Olivant's position as his secretary. Jedburgh seemed to be a man who desired to burst suddenly upon the world as a sort of plutocratic comet, blaze his way across its heavens, then disappear from the sight of men, to leave only a memory of splendor. He was an absolute materialist, believed in nothing beyond himself, loved nothing but himself, and with the cessation of his own earthly consciousness his entire firmament would cease to exist. Often he deplored the fact that this material consciousness had not the use of a number of vigorous bodies instead of one, that he might more fully absorb, appreciate, enjoy and revel in his vast possibilities for pleasure.

"You Don't Need Protection," Shane Said, "But All the Same, It's Here. Nobody's Going to Start Anything With My Dinner Partner"

His family consisted of a single daughter, of whom he was fond in the gross appreciative way that he was fond of anything that suited him, his less active appetites. He considered her to be about the finest thing that he possessed, and he recognized with satisfaction the fact that if he had caused this daughter to be constructed to his order in flawless body, in mind unencumbered with the spiritual qualities that he despised, the work could not have been better executed.

Jedburgh was of course a shrewd judge of people within the limitations that were wide enough for his own very distinct requirements of service. He could tell an honest man from a dishonest one, a man who respected and was actually devoted to him from one who was not. He understood the peculiar reactions by which the former might be brought about. And as a result of this power of discrimination he had pretty well managed, so that those men and women who were close to him in service were not only bound to him by strong personal interest but actually liked and admired him and in most cases endowed him with princely qualities that he knew well enough he did not possess.

Of this court was a young man who might have borne the title of first private secretary and chamberlain. His name was John Olivant and he was of good family. Amongst other distinguished considerations he was bound to Jedburgh by a debt of gratitude, and Jedburgh, though he had never felt any gratitude for anybody or anything himself, was yet able to appreciate the value of that quality in others. He had saved John from being indicted and most probably convicted of manslaughter. It had been on Jedburgh's part no more than such an act of common decency and justice as any fair-minded person might have rendered to another. But because Jedburgh, as sole witness to the lamentable affair, had postponed a steamer sailing and taken the trouble to go before the coroner's jury and swear robustly that Olivant had acted purely in self-defense, then gone on to testify in precisely what manner, a finding of justifiable homicide was returned.

It was right enough. A stalwart mendicant had demanded alms of Olivant at two o'clock of a sleeting January morning on Fifth Avenue opposite the Park. Olivant had answered truthfully that he had nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill, and he could not afford to give him that. The beggar had cursed him, when John, a young man of spirit, had cursed him back. Mistaking a modulated voice and rather slender figure for effeminacy, the vagrant had struck at Olivant, who parried, then landed a sharp punch on the chin, with the fatal result that the tramp slipped on the icy pavement, went over backward, struck his head upon the curb and died four hours later in hospital.

Jedburgh's big bulk, afoot, had loomed up through the sleet as Olivant was leaning over the prostrate man. Olivant told Jedburgh what had happened. Jedburgh had not actually seen it, but he believed Olivant, and promptly said he had witnessed the whole affair. Jedburgh was not the person to miss such an easy chance of binding a man to him. When, after the inquest, Olivant went to thank him Jedburgh looked him over, listened to his cultured voice, asked him a question or two that disclosed his embarrassed circumstances, decided that he was precisely the sort of young society youth he could make good use of, then offered him a sort of nondescript position that was gratefully accepted. Jedburgh was pleased to see that Olivant did not seem much concerned about the fact of having unintentionally caused the death of a man. He told Jedburgh, in fact, that if the man had asked him decently he'd have given him the ten, considering the night and the fact that he had himself just passed so pleasant an evening.

Jedburgh had a weakness for well-bred fools, and he believed Olivant to be well-bred and with a fair proportion of folly, if only on the one count that according to Jedburgh's creed any man of Olivant's position and opportunities who could not make money must be something of a fool. Perhaps he was right.

And now, after two years of service, Jedburgh was thoroughly pleased with his secretary. Olivant appeared to possess precisely that combination of good breeding and tact and ease of manner with the lack of any great amount of intelligence or personal ambition that Jedburgh desired in his immediate court, and he had changed his mind about Olivant's being a fool, his or anybody's fool. Jedburgh's lovely daughter, Sharon, appeared to like him too. It had once or twice occurred to Jedburgh that the two might fall in love and wish to marry. That was the least of his care, whether they did or not. He was popularly supposed in their large and curiously jumbled circle to be quietly but profoundly devoted to his daughter. This was not true. He was quietly and profoundly devoted to nobody but himself. Jedburgh was that complete type of supreme egotist who is the generous, magnificent, unaggressive sort. He was thought to be a man of heart because he gave largely and without bothering to investigate the worthiness of the appeal.

This was merely because he had a splendidly developed sense of proportion as to what to bother himself about and what not to. He did not even bother himself about his many self-indulgences. He was profligate in the way that a rich and powerful Oriental potentate might have been. He never sued for favors, seldom even bid for them, merely stepped into the market and purchased what he wanted, not caring, where his personal desires were concerned, whether he was overcharged or not. He was scarcely even criticized; his Jedburghian behavior was a law unto itself. When he desired to break a law of the land he purchased the privilege, and in such a way that there could be no record of the transaction. He hated records of any sort. The bulk of his vast wealth was unrecorded. As fast as he acquired it he stowed it away in unregistered nontaxable securities. Interest did not interest him much except as it compounded, and then he

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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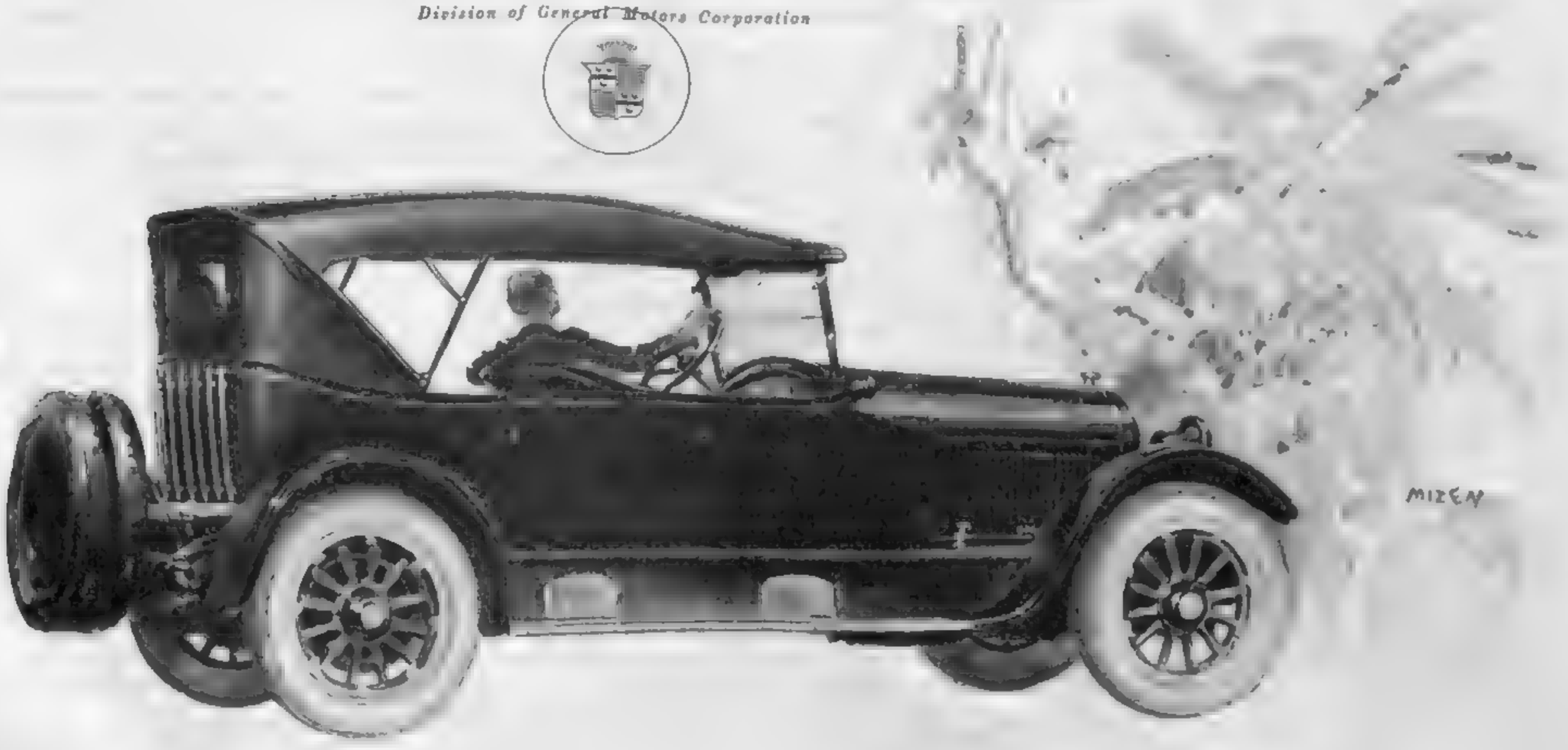

Shane Came Rather Sulkily From His Listening Post. "I Don't See Your Idea in Getting Me to Eavesdrop, Frank"

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forgot it. His business policy was not the accruing of interest but big separate turnovers made in repeated coups.

But Jedburgh had one profound failing that threatened to become a monomania. He could not get money enough. There was not enough of it in the world. If he had owned North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, he could not have rested until he had gathered in Polynesia, New Zealand—whatever was left.

Shane discovered his big person—less big actually than its impression—seated at a desk in a room of his house that would have made the audience chamber of any king look shabby. This singular man, who had been brought to America as a babe in the steerage of an old Cunarder and begun life as a newsboy, was in his fifty-second year. He was practically self-taught, but had been a whole college of instructors for himself. He was newspaper taught, the whole of the sheet, the entire mass of Sunday editions.

Jedburgh was a finished product of a journalistic education. Of all his reading it is safe to say that 90 per cent had been the press. Though he had undoubtedly a strain of Semitic blood, he was not a Jew. He professed no religion at all while giving generously to almost any cult that he happened to brush against. In person he was not unhandsome, a sort of steam shovel of a man, powerful under a layer of physiological adipose, with a big nose that was neither Roman nor Jewish—just a big nose—and either of his eyebrows would have made a proud mustache for an alderman. His own mustache was closely cropped, with no effort to hide a mouth, full-lipped, sensual, yet not cruel. His chin was set too far back, but fairly big; stripped for his bath his muscles were appalling and he was hairy. A gorilla would have thought twice before tackling him. The most desperate of footpads would have looked at his massive jewelry with no great covetousness, as one might look at the gold stacked up inside the paying teller's window or the gems on the howdah of a viceroy's elephant. Jedburgh gave out so tremendously the impression of one as able to protect his valuables amongst a society of lesser men as a big, bull, king elephant to protect his tusks.

Wherefore the contrast between his overwhelming personality and that of John Olivant, who was seated facing him at one corner of the desk, would have been extreme to anybody taking the trouble to observe it, which, as a matter of fact, scarcely anybody would have done, any more than one would have drawn a contrast between the United States Treasury and the neat orderly bank that faces it. The two were not comparable. One, the massive depository of enormous sums, the other, a sort of medium for clearing the exchange of lesser ones. Olivant sat in rather a negligent attitude, a good deal as a pampered son might sit in consultation with a parent, august to others, but not to him. It was rather a curious thing about Jedburgh that he never required any deference of manner from those with whom he came in contact. His attitude toward men and affairs had remained precisely that of earlier days, when he had been a general contractor. Even now the generic term for any man with whom he happened to be engaged in business, large or small, was "this feller"—"that feller."

He acknowledged Olivant's presentation of Shane with a brief stare and nod and a rumbling "H'are ye?" then proceeded with his occupation of glancing over sundry papers with no further concern of his caller, leaving Olivant to occupy himself with whatever might be in order. In fact, Jedburgh became immediately so utterly oblivious of Shane as to give the artist the impression of having gone to the zoo to sketch a new animal just purchased—a wart hog or bear, surly in captivity. Jedburgh carried this oblivion to the point of continuing a conversation with his secretary, and Shane, in no way abashed, drew up a chair at a proper angle to the big face and shoulders and proceeded with his sketch. Jedburgh was about as hard to sketch as might have been some section of a totem pole, and just about as motionless.

But his opening words caused Shane to prick up his ears, although it was not for a moment or two that he was able to remember just where he had heard the name of the individual discussed.

"What d'ye know about this feller, Don Quinto?" Jedburgh growled.

"Not much about the man, Mr. Jedburgh," Olivant answered, "but what he claims for his property seems to be all right. The expert pronounced the quality of his hemp A1. He's not asking any help to run his hacienda. What he wants is for you to run a small motor-railroad line for about eighty miles to the coast at Puerto, Mexico, and then buy a couple of little steamers to run between there and Port Arthur. His figures seem to show a big margin of profit."

Jedburgh rolled the big cigar between his lips. "Why does he pick on me?"

"For the same reason as all the rest. Your reputation for being always ready and able to finance anything, anywhere, that promises a quick return at any time and in any place."

"Well," said Jedburgh a little reluctantly, "since you've sifted the feller down I suppose I might as well talk to him. I'm leery about them greasers" Jedburgh had never taken the trouble to improve his diction "but Mexico'll be comin' along again pretty soon and that part of it ain't so bad anyway. If you got nothin' else to do I wish you'd see that feller Clamart and find out what he wants. Know anything about him?"

"All I know is that he doesn't want any money. I've got a hunch, though, that he wants your help other than financial for some sort of a reform movement."

"This reform stuff makes me sick," said Jedburgh.

"Well," said Olivant, "from what he said to me in the club the other day, it's got something to do with reforming the reformers. I should say that he wanted your political backing to do something to the prohibition law."

"Then you can tell him it doesn't interest me," Jedburgh growled. "It's all one to me if they repeal it or make it a capital offense to sell a quart." He tilted back his head. "I ain't like most business men, John. I'm one of them fellers that finds he can make bigger money when the world's all tail-end-to and anything's apt to happen than when she's running like a clock. Well, ask him what he wants, anyhow."

"All right, sir," Olivant answered, and rose. "By the way," he added, as if in afterthought, "I suppose it's nothing against Don Quinto from a business point of view, but he told me last night that if he succeeded in getting what he wanted with you there'd be fifty thousand in it for me the day you broke ground. That shows he's got some money, anyhow."

"It shows he's a piker," Jedburgh grunted. "I've slipped a man twice that on a deal of half the amount. I know what that country's like. The labor don't cost him nothin'. Mostly peonage. All the same, it looks like the feller's in earnest. Send him round."

This topic dismissed, their conversation turned to other things, principally some small steamships of which Jedburgh was considering the purchase at an astonishingly low figure.

Then, just as Shane was finishing his sketch, Jedburgh said: "Look up this feller, Clamart, too. See if you can't get some sort of a line on him. Seems to me I remember that name in Paris or some'eres. See if the police have got any dope on him. I don't see why he should want to pick on me."

Shane decided that it was time to leave. He showed his sketches to Mr. Jedburgh, who gave a grunt of approval but declined the honor of signing one. He was not the man to distribute autographs. Shane thanked him for his courtesy—*sic*—then went down to the offices of his paper, where he left the sketches.

He had some other work that occupied him early in the afternoon, and this finished, he found himself in the grip of a considerable curiosity to learn what Clamart might have been up to.

Shane decided to stroll down to Gramercy Park and ask him. On going out he bought an evening paper, in which the death of Colling was reported, though not as a murder. The man's body had been discovered at about eight o'clock by a servant of the apartment, but until an autopsy could be performed and tests for poison made no verdict would be rendered. Shane failed to discover any mention of Léontine's name in connection with the affair.

Clamart was at home and greeted him in an abstracted way. His mind appeared to be very full of something. Before they had exchanged any words there came from outside the window the creaking of a motor car's brakes.

Clamart looked out, then said to Shane, "Here's Olivant. He phoned an hour or so ago to ask if he might see me. Will you do me a favor, Shane? I very much want you to listen in on our conversation."

"I'd rather not, Frank."

"You really must, Shane. It's going to have a bearing on last night's business."

"All the same, I'd rather not."

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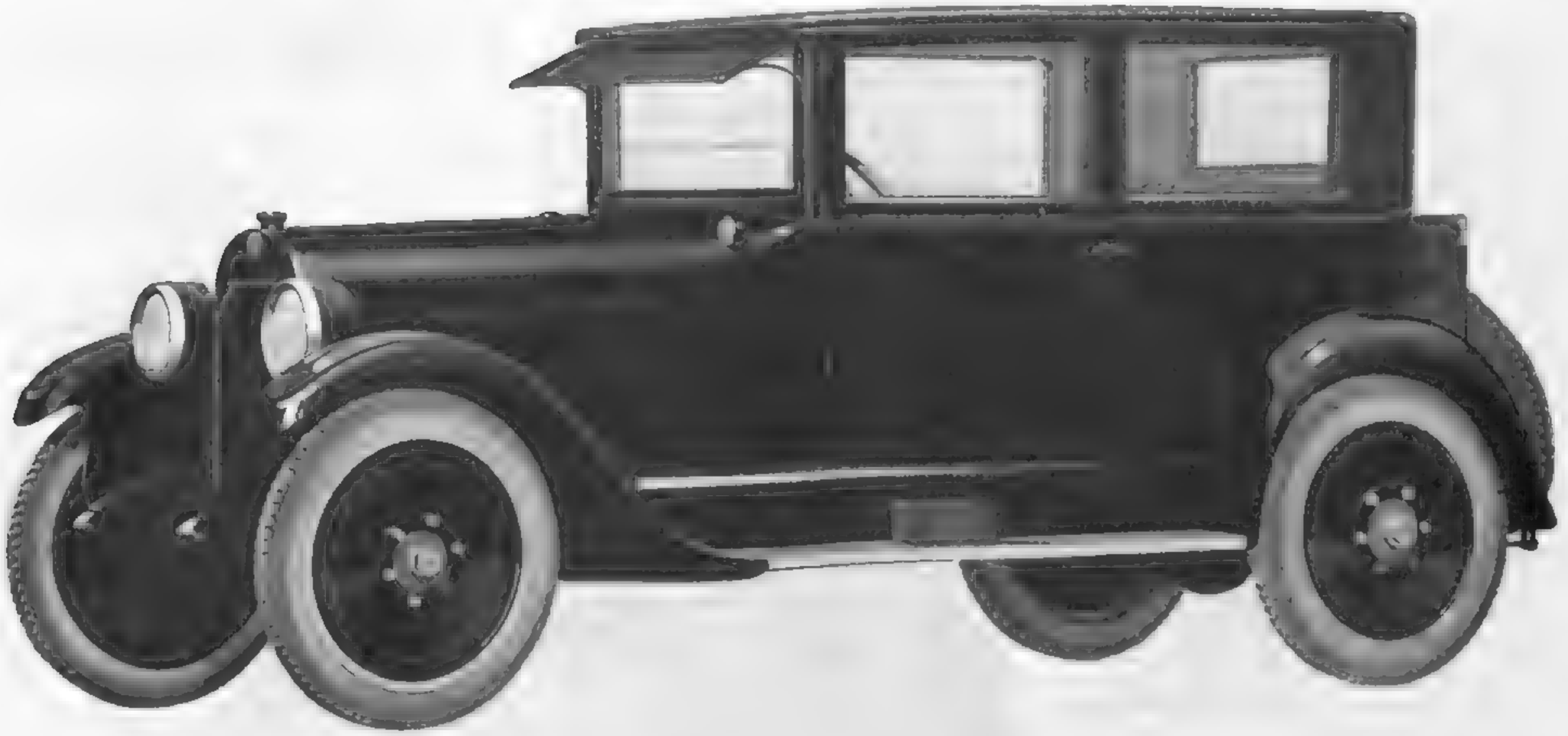


The New Coach

A coach which joins to the distinction and beauty of Chalmers Six design certain valuable and practical advantages peculiar to itself.

It is so roomy that five full-grown persons occupy it in comfort.

Its doors are 32 inches wide—both front seats fold forward out of the way—so that entrance and exit are made with the greatest of ease.

Its expanse of windows is so generous that an unhampered view is had in all directions.

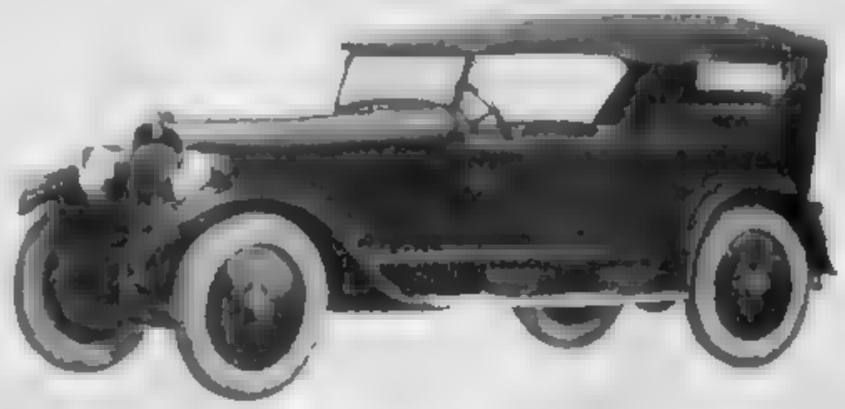
Most motor car owners will appreciate how much these features mean—and how rare they are.

The thing that cannot be appreciated until it is experienced is the wonderful performance of the Chalmers Six engine—the engine which has given a new expression to six-cylinder abilities.

Details of the Coach—Broadcloth upholstery. Satin finish hardware. Door-windows and quarter windows adjustable. Wide passageway between front seats. Double-ventilating windshield, hinged at top and bottom, rattle-proof and water tight. Very large trunk, with water-proof cover; natural wood trunk bars. Yale locks for doors. Heater. Windshield visor. Windshield wiper, rear vision mirror. Disc steel wheels and cord tires. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; revenue tax to be added. 5-Passenger Coach, $1585; 5-Passenger Touring Car, $1185; Roadster, $1185; 7-Passenger Touring Car, $1345; Coupe, $1595

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The
CHALMERS
SIX



(Continued from Page 28)

"Then will you consent when I tell you that it has also to do with the personal safety of a woman in whom you are very deeply interested?"

"What's that?" Shane gave him an angry disbelieving look

"Yes, with Miss Cabot that is, if she was the lady with you when you were attacked down there."

"But, see here, Frank "

"Sh-h-h!" Clamart lowered his voice as they heard the front door open. "She saw your assailant, and that puts her in a very grave danger. Do as I say. I'll explain later." He drew the heavy portière that separated the study from a bedroom. "Sit there by the door and listen."

Shane reluctantly obeyed and a moment later heard Clamart greeting Olivant.

"I suppose you're kept pretty busy standing off demands on Mr. Jedburgh," Clamart said.

"Well, Mr. Clamart," Olivant answered, "I haven't really the least idea of what you want, and I've been told to find out. Please don't consider me a barbed-wire entanglement around Mr. Jedburgh. He doesn't need it. And there's no swank about him. But he's a ghastly busy man and I'm just one of the few detailed to make briefs of the propositions coming to him."

"I'm very much honored that you should have taken the trouble to come to me."

Shane, listening under protest, caught the faintest shade of irony in Clamart's even voice. It was plain enough that if Clamart had talked into some sort of truth machine his speech would have come out at the other end something like this: "It is evident that my communication jogged Jedburgh's interest enough for him to send you to look me over personally."

Olivant seemed to hear it that way, for he said pleasantly, "I can scarcely lay claim to that politeness. Mr. Jedburgh doesn't go in much for diplomacy, you know."

"Does that seem in order in my case?" Clamart asked.

"Yes, I think so, Mr. Clamart. You see, we happen to know all about your past, and when a man with such a record as yours, even though he has since made his fortune honestly, addresses himself to a capitalist like Mr. Jedburgh to ask his support in an implied national-uplift movement—why, then Mr. Jedburgh naturally feels curious to know a little more about this crusade and its originator."

"That's good straight talk, Mr. Olivant. I expected and wanted you to do that. I'd rather have you look up my record yourself than hear my version of it. You found me with a clean bill of health since the French Procureur de la République ruled off my dossier for valuable services rendered, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," said Olivant; "rather more than that. They seemed to think an awful lot of you, not only for having smashed the terrible Chu-Chu and his mob but also for distinguished services rendered during the war. But to be frank, Mr. Clamart, Mr. Jedburgh's point of view is not the temperamental Gallic one."

"I understand," Clamart said. "He holds to the safer theory: Once a crook always a crook "

"That's about the size of it," Olivant said. "Mr. Jedburgh is the North Pole of all sentimental currents of which the-sinner-that-repenteth theory is the South."

"I knew that."

"Then why have you approached Mr. Jedburgh, of all persons?" Olivant asked.

"For several reasons. In the first place, my own fortune is insufficient to carry on a nation-wide propaganda for better citizenship and better manhood and womanhood, and the obedience to existing laws or else the official repeal or modification of them. Also, a campaign of education in regard to the danger which threatens this country from an influx and distribution of narcotics."

Olivant raised his eyebrows. "Is that a theory of yours or have you reason to know that it really threatens?"

"The latter. My proofs are not yet conclusive, but the evidence I have is very strong. I have also good reason to believe that this traffic may requisition the services of a circle organized to remove such individuals as may threaten to block it."

Olivant looked startled. "By violence?"

"By assassination."

"Oh, come, Clamart."

"It's already started. There have been attempts made on the lives of four of us already—five actually, though one of the individuals was not involved, except by happening to be around just then. The means employed are highly scientific—the application of an invisible poison in the nature of an ether more searching and deadly than any gas. I managed to stall it by being forewarned."

"Good Lord, man," Olivant exclaimed; "that's an attractive proposition to offer Mr. Jedburgh!"

Clamart smiled. "I appreciate that. But I happen to know a good deal about Mr. Jedburgh—just as he happens to know a good deal about me. Don't make the mistake of thinking there's any insinuation of blackmail, Olivant, because there's not. There never would be from my quarter, so you can strike that out. What I know about him and his dealings and methods has merely given me an insight to his personality. I know that he doesn't give a tinker's dam about the welfare of humanity or what we understand as ethics or philanthropy. Unless there was some big commercial profit to himself involved he wouldn't take the trouble to push a button and give an order that would make this country clean or unclean, healthy or diseased, at peace or war. Mind you, I don't consider him a humanity hater, but neither is he concerned with its general welfare. First and last he is a business man, a calculating machine for money-making. Have I got him right?"

"Well, yes, in a sense "

"In most senses, I think. And as the complete business man with no hampering altruism or conscientious scruples,

His First Quick Glance Showed Him a Dark Figure Slouching Against a Wall of the Alley

he understands fully the tremendous advantage of self-advertising. The things he does show that. He lives magnificently, travels and entertains like a prince, gives largely to organized charities, purchases political power safely with cash, makes all donations and endowments of a sort to give tremendous credit to any scheme that carries the indorsement of his name."

Olivant nodded. "That's all legitimate, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. There are two ways of advertising—one to boom the enterprise, the other to boom the promoter of the enterprise. The latter is Jedburgh's policy, because he takes up one thing after another so rapidly. He wisely spends the money on himself instead of making others associated with him a handsome present of its advertising value."

"Can you blame him for that?" Olivant asked.

"I'm not. On the contrary I propose to further him in it with a minimum of cost to himself. Briefly, my offer is this: That he finance under his own name this propaganda of education that I have spent some months in compiling and that he receive all the credit and advertising value of it. I'll do all the work of bureau establishment and distribution and enlisting membership pledged to render aid. Jedburgh pays the duly audited accounts and gets the name of national bulwark between criminality and good citizenship. He shan't be bothered."

"It might bother him a bit to get assassinated," Olivant suggested.

"I've considered that. But once he set aside a fund for backing my play I don't think that there would be any danger of his getting assassinated, because then his job would have been done. I and my active coworkers would be the ones that would have to watch our steps. And one of my reasons for picking on Jedburgh is that I don't believe there's any scare to be got into the man at all. I shouldn't ask anybody to do this thing without telling him what I've just told you, and that would be enough to frighten off most people, but not Julius Jedburgh. If he were to see good publicity going at a bargain and a sort that promised big returns, he wouldn't take the trouble to snap his fingers at the danger. He wouldn't even think about it."

"You've got him right there at least, Clamart. But what I fail utterly to grasp is this: Why do you want to do it?"

Clamart smiled. "That's the weak point, I'll admit. If I were to try to tell you neither you nor Jedburgh would believe me."

"I'm not so sure. May I guess?"

Clamart nodded.

"Love of a woman?"

"No. Nothing approaching that."

"Conscience? Remorse and repentance for the past?"

"No. My past is dead. I regret it, perhaps, but not violently. What I did then I felt justified in doing then. I thought that way. I was wrong of course, but there hadn't been anything in my life to tell me so in a convincing manner."

"Religion then?" Olivant looked at him, curiously yet less doubtingly than at first.

"I don't think so, Olivant. 'Fraid I've got a hollow where my bump of reverence ought to be. If it's religion, then at least it's not of any orthodoxy that I know about."

"Well, what the dickens is it then? Suppose you tell me, and take a chance."

"Well, let's call it Nature then. The reason that a wolf kills sheep, and a sheep dog, the sublimation, or rather higher distillation of wolves, kills wolves. But if a sheep-dog pup was to grow up with wolves he'd be the leader of the pack, if he were strong enough. I was like that. Started life as the left-handed son of a rich, well-born American who ran a double ménage. He died without leaving any will that was ever found, and at the age of four I landed in an orphan asylum. One of the badly managed, old-fashioned kind. Same old story. I ran away and drifted into crime."

"We didn't know that," Olivant murmured.

"I only tell you now to illustrate my parable. To finish it, just think of any good wolf-dog story that starts with puppyhood. I went through the wild phase, like these canine heroes, and then, like them, something happened to change my point of view and restore it to what it ought to have been. I don't believe that the redeemed dog suffered any remorse for the past, and neither do I. Roughly put, that's my answer to your question, Olivant."

"Thanks, Clamart. I understand. But I doubt if I could make Mr. Jedburgh believe it."

"For heaven's sake, don't try. It would be a waste of time. I don't care a darn what he thinks of me. All I want is that he should back my scheme for what he may consider it might be worth to him. I want his name as much as his money. You see, Olivant, there's probably no man living better qualified to manage a movement like this than myself. I know the underworld and hate it. I started in to smash it and I want to keep on smashing it. I'd even like to dive in after it, like a shark-killing Kanaka with a knife. I suppose it satisfies some need in my nature. Don't switch around and try to endow me with admirable qualities I haven't got. But on the other hand don't discredit me with criminal qualities I've sloughed off Call this ambitious effort of mine a return to my true nature and natural activities—like a well-fed mongoose killing snakes, not because of its passionate devotion to the family it's adopted, but because its nature is to kill snakes." He rose.

"Well," said Olivant, rising also, "your similes are apt, old chap, but after all, you are neither a wolf dog nor a mongoose. I think I'll give you a little better motive than you give yourself, if you don't mind. But I'm afraid that Mr. Jedburgh won't."

"Don't ask it of him. Just tell him, if you like, that here's an exceptional chance to get a big bargain in advertising. I've got an awful lot of convincing material already written. It's even interesting, I think. You see, I'm really an authority. I know the ins and outs of crime from personal experience. With the proper backing I'm sure that I can wake this country up to some knowledge of the pretty awful danger that threatens it. And that's not jazz and one-piece bathing suits."

Olivant laughed. "All right, Clamart. I'll see what I can do." And he went out.

V

SHANE came rather sulkily from his listening post. "I don't see your idea in getting me to eavesdrop, Frank. Nothing incriminating in all that powwow. Besides, it's none of my business."

"I'm going to ask you to make it that, Shane. You really ought to for a lot of reasons, the first of which is that in the last twenty-four hours there have been two attempts made on your life, and one on that of a lady in whom I judge you to be deeply interested."

"Well, admitting that, where do Jedburgh and Olivant look in? Olivant is a harmless sort of parasite, and you'll

Continued on Page 74

Things in Which Peerless Excels

Forgetting its superior performance for a moment, let us consider some of the little-big things in which the New Peerless excels.

Surely it is a satisfaction to know that on the Peerless there are probably fewer places to be lubricated by hand than on any other car.

Certainly the fact that the mere act of unlocking the ignition automatically turns on the running lights is a valuable safeguard at night.

It is a convenience, as well as an economy, that only after traveling an incredible number of miles is it necessary to remove carbon from the New Peerless engine.

It is a luxurious advantage that the rear springs, five feet long, contribute to a buoyancy of riding that is, we believe, unequalled today.

Such details heighten the owner's deep and abiding appreciation of the utter dependability, prodigal power, sustained speed, and undeviating ductility which he discovers in the New Peerless.

They impel him to say, in all sincerity, that nowhere in his experience has he ever encountered its like.

The Torque Arm

The New Peerless design torque arm is one of the car's many outstanding exclusive features, which, in the opinion of leading engineers throughout the country, are certain to be incorporated in later models of other high grade cars. It has an exclusive Peerless fabric connection at the front end, eliminating squeaks and rattles without the necessity of lubrication. The torque arm absorbs the torsional strain, relieves the springs and propeller shaft, and makes starting and stopping smoother and easier.

Peerless Eight Types—Four Passenger Touring Phaeton, Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton, Two Passenger Roadster Coupe, Four Passenger Suburban Coupe; Four Passenger Town Coupe; Five Passenger Town Sedan, Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan, Five Passenger Berline Limousine; Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

The rug on the floor is *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug No. 398—a very popular tan design. In the 9x12 foot size it costs only $16.20.
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

"Beats me, Bess. I don't see how such a good-looking rug could cost only $16.20!"

You, too, will be delighted with the artistic good-looks of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs—surprised at their low cost. They come in patterns that for beauty of design and richness of color are equalled only by expensive woven rugs. There are simple tile and wood-block patterns for kitchen and bath-room—elaborate floral effects for bedroom, dining-room, and living-room.

Housewives are justly enthusiastic about the ease with which Congoleum Rugs can be cleaned. Just a light mopping and the smooth, sanitary surface is clean as new. These rugs need no fastening; they cling tight to the floor, with never a curled-up edge. Small wonder that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs have become the most popular floor-coverings in America.

6	x 9	ft. $ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3	ft. $ .50
7½	x 9	ft. 10.10		3 x 3	ft. 1.00
9	x 9	ft. 12.15		3 x 4½	ft. 1.50
9	x 10½	ft. 14.15		3 x 6	ft. 2.00
9	x 12	ft. 16.20			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh Montreal

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 21.

that any man can have from holding the office of President. From every personal standpoint there is nothing for me to gain either in running for the office or in holding the office once more, and there is very much to lose. If, as I deem probable, Mr. Taft is nominated, and my name continues to be mentioned, my opponents will all say that I secretly or openly strove for the nomination and was defeated. If Mr. La Follette is nominated, the same thing will be said. If the utterly unexpected happens and I am nominated, I may very probably be defeated, in which case I shall be not only assailed but derided. If I won, I should take office carrying a burden for which I am not responsible, and facing conditions such as to make it almost certain, not only that I should not be able to accomplish all that I would like to accomplish, but that I should be very severely condemned, probably by a considerable majority of the people, for failure to accomplish what it would probably be beyond the power of any human being to accomplish.

Under such circumstances, if I consulted only my own interest, the obvious thing to do would be to announce that I would not obey any popular mandate, that I would not run if nominated. I shall not follow this course, because I am sincerely endeavoring to look at the matter only from the standpoint of the popular interest. It is not only necessary for the people to have the right instrument, the right tool, with which to work in any given emergency, but it is necessary that they themselves shall choose, and shall believe in the sufficiency of, that instrument. If at this particular crisis, with the particular problems ahead of us at this particular time, the people feel that I am the one man in sight to do the job, then I should regard myself as shirking a plain duty if I refused to do it. What I am interested in, remember, is not in the least holding the office, but doing a job that is actually worth doing; this is the position that to the best of my belief I have always taken, and always shall take. If the people should feel that I was the instrument to be used at this time, I should accept even although I knew that I should be broken and cast aside in the using; for often it is true that at a given moment there is one tool, one instrument, particularly available, and then that instrument must be used even though to use it necessarily means to break it. The right motto for any man is "Spend and be spent"; and if, in order to do a job worth doing from the public standpoint, he must pay with his own life, actual life on the field of battle, or political life in civic affairs, he must not grudge the payment. In short, I am not concerned with the welfare of any one man in this matter, not with Mr. Taft's welfare, nor Mr. La Follette's, and least of all with my own; I am concerned only with the welfare of the people of the United States.

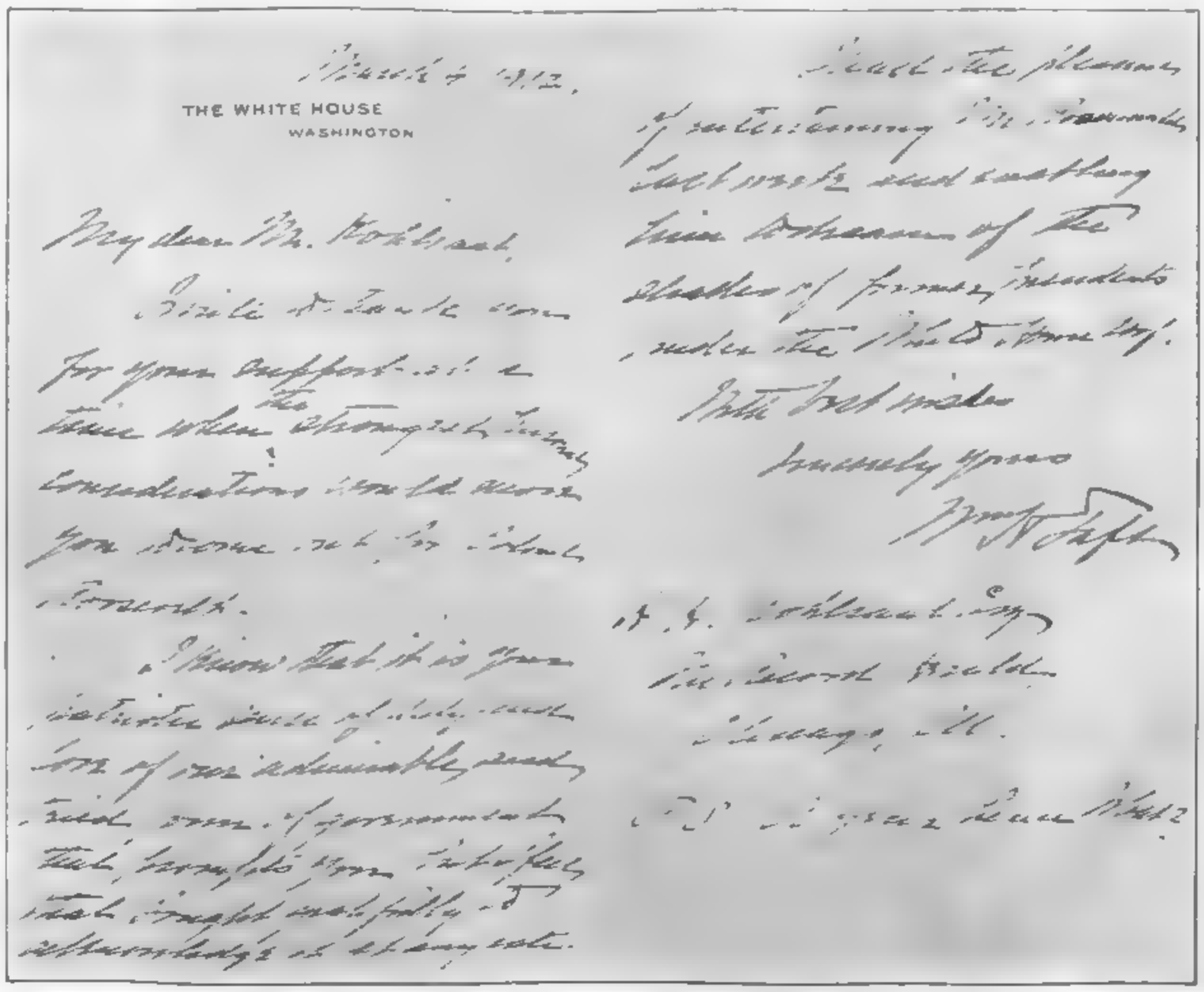
Now your point is that when I feel thus I ought to be willing to state openly what I feel instead of answering, as I have hitherto answered to those who have asked me whether I would accept if nominated, that, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, I was not required to cross that bridge until I came to it. The reason is that in making any statement it is not only necessary to consider what the man actually means and actually says, and will be understood as saying by people who intelligently accept his statement at its face value, but also to consider what the statement will be held to mean by the great mass of people who are obliged to get their information more or less at second hand, and largely through instrumentalities like most of the New York dailies, such as the American, the World, the Evening Post and the Times. . . . If at this time I announced that I would accept if nominated, it would be blazoned abroad by all my enemies, and ultimately believed by a large portion even of my good friends and well wishers, that I had in my own interest so announced my candidacy, that I was an active candidate, that I was striving by every means to "secure" the nomination for President. At this time—whatever may be the case in the future—I do not see that any other outcome could be expected. It is simply a case where the language would not be accepted at its exact face value, and would inevitably be given a false construction; and this being so it seems to be wise not to use the language. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring you to the language in which after the election of 1904 I announced that I would not be a candidate for renomination. At the time, good friends of mine suggested that I should use some such formula as stating that I would not be a candidate in 1908 because of the custom that had grown up not to elect a man as President for a third consecutive term; but on thinking it over I became convinced that if I used such language it would inevitably be taken as an announcement that I would be a candidate for another term in 1912—and this in spite of the fact that of course the language if taken literally would only have referred to 1908, and have had no more bearing on 1912 than on 1916 or 1948. Accordingly I used language which simply stated that I paid heed to the essence and not the form of the wise custom of our forefathers in reference to the third term; the essence, of course, being that the custom applied just as much when my first term was the filling out of an unexpired term of my predecessor as if it had been an elective term, and that on the other hand it had no application whatever to the candidacy of a man who was not at that time in office, whether he had or had not been President before. Yet, even as it was men at once began to ask me whether my refusal was to be held to apply to 1912 or to 1916; to which I of course responded that it would be preposterous to answer any such question one way or the other. By the way, I may recall to you that the very papers which are now howling to have me make some public statement are the ones which four and five years ago when I had made a definite public statement were continually howling I should make some additional statement. . . . If at present I said what you think I ought to say, they would merely substitute a worse set of misstatements for the set to which they are now giving currency

Now, my dear sir, as to what you say as to the desirability, no matter what the result, of my being "frank" and telling the whole public what I feel without any regard to whether or not it can be misrepresented. Let me refer you to Lincoln. Surely there was never a more straightforward nor a more sincere man than Lincoln, nor a man who more unhesitatingly, whenever the fit occasion arose, took the public fully and freely into his entire confidence. But he consistently declined to make statements which though true would give opportunities for misrepresentation. He sometimes made denials of false and slanderous accusations, when he deemed it necessary; but again and again he refused to do so when he thought that the denial would merely do additional harm. Take the first volume of the Speeches, Letters and State Papers of Lincoln, edited by Hay and Nicolay, and turn to pages 633, 638, 646, 647, 651, 652 and 653. When accused of having accepted money for a political speech, he wrote frankly to a correspondent who made inquiry, stating exactly what had happened, but adding, "I have made this explanation to you as a friend; but I wish no explanation made to our enemies. What they want is a squabble and a fuss, and that they can have if we explain; and they cannot have it if we don't." Later, when nominated, he received, as he says in a general letter signed by Nicolay answering them, a large number of letters asking that he declare his opinions on certain political points, and a large number of letters beseeching him to write nothing upon those political points; and to all alike he answered that his position had already been taken, and that he had nothing to add to or take from it. Again, when he was asked to deny the statements that he had been in a Know-Nothing lodge, he wrote confidentially to his correspondent saying that the allegation was false, but adding, "Now a word of caution. Our adversaries think they could gain a point if they could force me openly to deny the charge, by which some offense would be given to the Americans. For this reason it must not publicly appear that I am paying any attention to the charge." Again and again he thus answers letters privately and confidentially, stating his position, but requesting that it be not published for reasons similar to those just given. In one of his letters he says in reference to the suggestion that he make public some disclaimer, that he does not intend to do so because in his judgment it would do no good, adding, "Those who will not read or heed what I have already publicly said would not read or heed a repetition of it. If they heed not Moses and the Prophets neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." And again, when asked to make another public statement which it was hoped would have a good effect upon certain good men, he responded that as regards such good men he would have no objection to repeating what he had said seventy and seven times, and then added (I condense):

"But I have had men to deal with, both North and South, who are eager for something new upon which to base new misrepresentations. They would seize upon almost any letter I could write as being an awful coming down. I intend to not unnecessarily put any weapons in their hands."

Now, my dear sir, it seems to me that the homely common sense with which Lincoln spoke, in these letters which I have quoted, can be applied now. Nothing I could say, no statement or explanation by me, would avail to prevent deliberate misrepresentation by bad men, designed to puzzle and mislead good men, who, from the nature of the case, could not be expected to have first-hand information. They now misrepresent my position designedly and purposefully. They would merely misrepresent it even more effectively if I should at this time make the statement you desire. It may be that in the end it will be necessary to make such a statement, or some other public statement; but the time is not now. I am well aware of the disadvantage of not making such a statement, but I think the disadvantage of making it would be greater. The position is a hard one. It is hard for me; it is some ways harder for disinterested men like yourself who believe that I could do service as President, and who naturally feel indignant that I do not come forward in a way which as they think would enable them to make me President—and of course the fact that I do not make it amply warrants you, and all who think as you do, in at any time supporting any other man instead of me.

If my position were only a pose, I should certainly act differently from the way I am acting, for I am well aware that the way I am acting is not the way in which to act if I desire to be made President. But my attitude is not a pose. I am acting as I do because, according to my lights, I am endeavoring, in not a too easy position, to do what I believe the interests of the people demand. From this standpoint I am convinced that although it is entirely proper for other men to seek the presidency, it is neither wise nor proper for me to do so, the conditions being what they actually are. I have been President; I was President for nearly eight years; I am well known to the American people; I am to be judged not by words but by my acts; and whether the people like or dislike me, they have these acts all before them for their decision—and nobody, my dear sir, has helped more than you have helped to put these acts clearly before them. My usefulness in the presidency as conditions now are would depend not merely upon the people wishing me to be President, but upon their having good reason to believe that I was President because of their wishes, because of their desire that I should do a given job, which they felt I could


THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

do better than anyone else and not because of any personal ambition on my part. Even if I got the presidency, as a result of what might seem to be active effort on my part to get it for my own sake, the mere fact of having thus obtained it would, I fear, prevent my being of use to the people in the office. Under these circumstances I must not put myself in a position which would look as if I were seeking the office, as if I were trying to get it for my own sake. I know well that this means in all probability someone else will be nominated and elected; for where others actively seek the nomination, their friends as is natural actively work for them, and give the skillful direction and leadership without which even a strongly aroused public opinion generally fails to find expression. Therefore I have all along felt that even if there should be a strong popular demand for me—as to which I can pass no judgment—yet that unless this demand were literally overwhelming it could hardly make itself effective. But it seems to me that it is better that it should not make itself effective rather than that by any action of mine I should make it seem that I desire the presidency for my own sake, or am willing to accept it unless it comes to me as the result of a real popular movement, giving expression to a demand from at least a substantial portion of the plain people that I should undertake a given task in the interest of the people as a whole. Before I speak there should be some tangible evidence that such is the case. With very high regards,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY,
175 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

The governors of seven states united in an appeal to Roosevelt to announce his candidacy. They were Governor Bass, of New Hampshire; Governor Hadley, of Missouri; Governor Osborn, of Michigan; Governor Glasscock, of West Virginia; Governor Carey, of Wyoming; Governor Aldrich, of Nebraska; and Governor Stubbs, of Kansas.

The appeal had its effect. Colonel Roosevelt threw his hat in the ring February 26, 1912, and from that day until the end of the June convention was an active candidate against President Taft.

The Record-Herald published several editorials begging Colonel Roosevelt not to enter the field against Taft as I felt he could not win the nomination. The Republican organization of the country was against him; and his candidacy, unless successful in June, surely meant two Republican candidates against one Democrat, and the Democrats would win, no matter whom they nominated.

The Roosevelt adherents were so bitter against Taft and were so sure of Roosevelt's great popularity I was strong in the belief they would form a new party.

I received the following letter from President Taft:

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington
March 4, 1912.

My Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I write to thank you for your support at a time when the strongest personal considerations would move you to come out for Colonel Roosevelt.

I know that it is your patriotic sense of duty and love of our admirable and tried form of government that prompts you, but I feel that I ought gratefully to acknowledge it at any rate.

I had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Rosenwald last week and enabling him to dream of the shades of former Presidents under the White House roof. With best wishes, Sincerely yours,
WM. H. TAFT.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, ESQ.,
The Record-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—A year hence what?

I also received the following letter from my good friend, George E. Roberts, director of the mint:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
Office of Director of the Mint
Washington
MARCH 2, 1912.

My Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I cannot forbear expressing my gratification over the position taken by the Record-Herald. I know, of course, what your relations with Colonel Roosevelt have been; and your sincere regard and friendship for him. I know it was not an easy matter for you to take the stand you have assumed, but I am sure that all your friends will honor you for it. I most deeply regret Colonel Roosevelt's action, for I cannot see anything to be gained by it for any cause he has at heart. Sincerely yours,
GEO. E. ROBERTS.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Editor, Chicago Record-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

March 15, 1912, I wrote Colonel Roosevelt the following letter, which he never answered. All correspondence between us ceased until 1918:

March 15, 1912.

My Dear Friend: In writing this I want you to know that it is written with affectionate regard and no personal interest in the coming election.

Mr. Taft can give me nothing. I want no office for myself nor friends—this was my attitude under McKinley and also when you were in the White House. So, if I am brutally frank you know it is not self-interest.

I am greatly distressed about your future. It seems to me you have no show of nomination and will find yourself in the position of trying to reach the presidency and failing. If you look over the field without prejudice how can you figure out votes enough to nominate! I can't see any possible chance.

As to "not caring whether you win or not," it is a question of "principles, not office" that you are striving for—you can do more in your present position to bring about those principles than you could to attempt to reach the presidency and fail.

The men who have been talking to you, especially the "seven little governors," are trying to ride into office on your coat tails. They *do* care whether "they win or not."

There is no question of your popularity with the masses, but you are stronger in the background as a possibility than you are as an out-and-out candidate.

There is a great change taking place throughout the Middle West since your Columbus speech. There is no sympathy whatever with "the recall of judicial decisions," the "anti-third-term" sentiment is strong, and the feeling that it is unfair to Taft is growing.

You absolutely forced Taft on the ticket. You talked to me like a "Dutch uncle" because I did not "cotton" to him. He did not make good the first two years, but has found himself and is giving satisfaction. He arouses no enthusiasm, but the universal sentiment is that he is sincere.

You have no "pride of opinion." You are the most courageous man I ever met in reversing your opinion or position if you were convinced you were doing right by doing so. Let me entreat you to reconsider your decision to be a candidate and withdraw now, before the majority of delegates are chosen.

I write this as a true friend who has nothing but your personal welfare at heart. I hate to see you dragged into an unseemly struggle to pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire.

As ever, faithfully yours,
H. H. KOHLSAAT.

HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
The Outlook,
New York City.

P. S.—When people say that Taft cannot be reëlected they do not know what they are talking about. Within the last two weeks forces have been lined up for Taft which are not good in the primaries but all powerful in elections. I know whereof I speak.

The Republican National Convention met in the Coliseum in Chicago, June 18, 1912. Elihu Root presided as one writer describes "without loss of temper."

There was great friction over seating contested delegates. Mr. Taft was finally renominated by 561 votes. Roosevelt received 107; La Follette, 41; Cummins, of Iowa, 17; Charles E. Hughes, 2. Roosevelt delegates to the number of 344 did not vote, as he requested them not to do so. Presumably many of them came to the Progressive Convention, August fifth.

There was little life in the Taft campaign, a great deal of enthusiasm in the Roosevelt organization, and a positive feeling they would win in the Democratic camp. The vote in November verified their confidence. Woodrow Wilson received 6,286,214; Roosevelt, 4,126,020; Taft, 3,483,922, a total Republican vote of 7,609,942 against the 6,286,214 for Mr. Wilson, or a plurality of 1,323,728 for the Republican and Progressive tickets.

There Were Giants in the Earth in Those Days

Colonel Roosevelt told a mutual friend who is still living that he thought Herman Kohlsaat would follow him to the death, and I would have done so if he had been fair, but he was not fair to President Taft, nor to the Republican Party, which lived to rue the day Colonel Roosevelt's ambition got the better of his judgment.

The Progressive Convention met in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, August 5, 1912. There was great confusion and excitement. Colonel Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson, of California, were nominated for President and Vice President.

Late in 1911 or early in 1912 Mr. Henry E. Alexander, editor of the Trenton True American, called on me with a letter of introduction from Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey.

Governor Wilson wrote to the effect he knew we were of opposite political faith, but believed I would give Mr. Alexander the necessary information as to how Mr. Wilson could get the votes of the Illinois delegates to the National Democratic Convention to be held in Baltimore.

I told him the only candidate of prominence was Champ Clark, whom Hearst was backing with all the influence of his two Chicago papers. There was no effort being made for any other candidate. Mr. Hearst owned the only Democratic papers in Chicago.

I told him Roger Sullivan was the Democratic boss of Illinois; that the rivalry for party control was very bitter between Hearst and Sullivan. My advice was to see Sullivan and interest him in Governor Wilson's candidacy, if possible.

I gave Mr. Alexander a note to Mr. Sullivan, along with Governor Wilson's letter to me, and telephoned for an appointment. A few hours later Mr. Alexander came back and said Mr. Sullivan was very enthusiastic, and exclaimed:

"Sure, I can afford to be licked with Woodrow Wilson!"

The fight between Hearst and Sullivan was one of the bitterest political contests Illinois has ever known. Hearst was successful in having the state convention instruct the delegates for Champ Clark, but the delegates were all Sullivan men and under his control.

The great influence Roger Sullivan exerted at Baltimore is admirably told by Joseph P. Tumulty in his book Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him.

Mr. Tumulty has given me permission to quote from his chapter Wilson and the Old Guard:

"The old Illinois leader, Roger Sullivan, greeted the candidate in a most friendly way as he left the banquet hall (after the Jackson Day dinner in 1912), saying to him as he grasped his hand: 'That was a great speech, Governor,' and then added, drawing closer to him: 'I cannot say to you now just what the Illinois delegation will do, but you may rely upon it, I will be there when you need me.' This remark did not seem of importance at the time, but when we discussed the incident the next day at the capitol at Trenton we both felt that at a critical moment of the convention Roger Sullivan could be relied upon to support us and to throw the vote of Illinois our way.

"Sullivan kept his promise in real generous fashion. When it seemed as if the Baltimore convention was at the point of deadlock, and after the Illinois delegation had voted many times for Champ Clark, Sullivan threw the full support of Illinois to the New Jersey governor, and thus the tide was quickly turned in favor of Mr. Wilson's candidacy for the presidency."

The report was general in Illinois that Secretary of State W. J. Bryan prevented President Wilson from indorsing Roger Sullivan for United States Senator in 1914. I know the Sullivan supporters, especially John P. Hopkins, Sullivan's closest friend, credited the report that Secretary Bryan had gone to President Wilson and threatened to resign if he indorsed Sullivan. There was no love lost between Bryan and Sullivan growing out of the Democratic convention of 1908, where Sullivan, a gold-standard man, fought the silver views of Mr. Bryan.

I wrote Mr. Tumulty June 15, 1922, and asked if the report of Bryan's threat was true. He promptly replied, "Of course there is no foundation in fact for the Bryan story you mention."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue

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Now 15¢

To the careful ageing and blending for which Tuxedo has always been noted we have added—

Something Entirely New

—the guarantee that it is fresh when it reaches you.

A few weeks too long on the dealers' shelf and the best tobacco loses its fresh mellow fragrance. It will bite your tongue—give you a hot smoke.

Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary. The cartons are dated showing the last day it can be sold.

This means no dealer—anywhere—should sell you a tin of Tuxedo that is not "Fresh From the Factory."

Buy a tin—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is.

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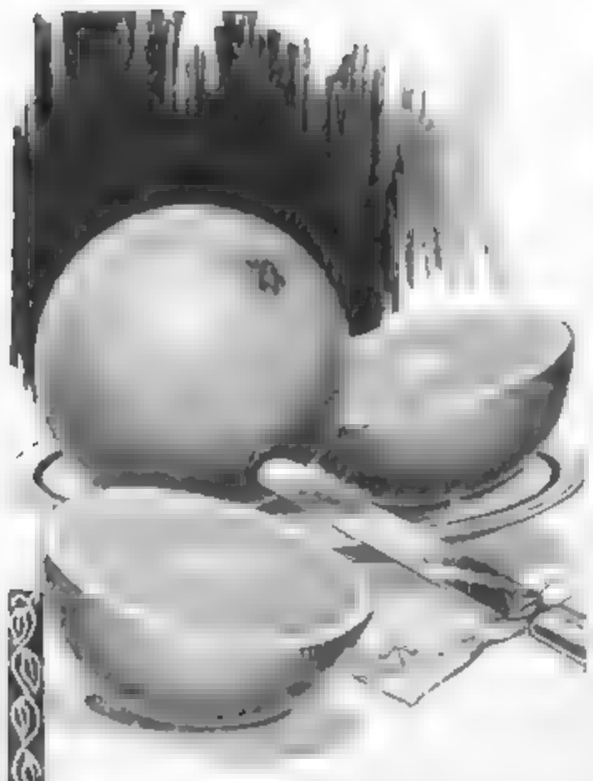

Variety is just one of the charms of the delicious food-fruits, Sealdsweet oranges

In color *Sealdsweet* oranges range from bright through golden to russet. Whatever the outer appearance, they are filled with the juice that makes inner goodness.

There are early, mid-season and late kinds, each with certain elements of superiority as distinguishing characteristics, affording a supply from October to July.

Sealdsweet Florida Oranges

Carefully cultivated groves in every section of Florida's famous citrus belt, owned by growers who co-operate in marketing, produce the juicy, health-giving *Sealdsweet* oranges, rich in vitamines.

They come from the Indian River hammocks, the fertile plateaus of Marion, Volusia and Putnam counties, the lake-girt highlands of Polk, Orange and Lake, the prairies and valleys of DeSoto, Hillsboro and Lee, and the coastal plains of Dade and Pinellas counties.

Sealdsweet Florida oranges are helpful in planning varied menus and in providing balanced meals

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Ask for SEALDSWEET oranges and grapefruit — insist that they be furnished to you in wrappers bearing this trade-mark

PARIS SHOPS

By Kathleen Howard

One of the Newest Parisian Suits, Showing the Short Box Coat and the Long Skirt

WHAT is an umbrella? An umbrella is a sticky-out thing made of silk on a wire frame which gets rusty, and a long handle with its pointed end coming through the silk at the top.

Wrong again. An umbrella this year is a doll with a charming naughty head, carried so that it leans against your shoulder, a fluff of green, blue or brown silk petticoats the closed covering—and no handle at all to speak of. Or it has a snubby ivory or tortoise-shell ferrule, and a very short thick handle of the same, and the rib points are tipped to match them.

A delightfully crazy artist decided to make the wildest umbrella dreams come true. He made the sword umbrella, which you wear round your waist on a leather thong. When it rains you draw your umbrella from its case with a flourish. He made the pretty dolls alluded to above, and ladies went mad over them. He made the rifle umbrella slung over your shoulder, quite forgotten and out of the way till the shower comes up. His triumph was the umbrella that would not open at all.

"The crazier the idea is, the more success it has," he told us with a puzzled air.

Being a person of unbridled imagination, who loves to ride an old wooden bicycle in the Bois, dressed in uniform, and stiffly to salute all passing officers and gendarmes, letting go of everything and of course falling off the bicycle at each salute, he has made the prosaic rain stopper a most amusing thing.

But one does not usually begin one's season's shopping by getting a new umbrella. One usually begins by wondering how "he" will take the news that you need something fit to wear, and you spend pensive hours on the best way to introduce the subject. Sometimes the direct attack is the best and most bloodless in the end.

"But I haven't a thing to wear, Bill!"

"You have that brown suit and that black velvet and ——"

"Oh, if you go back for years and mention all *my* old things, of course you can talk for ages! I might just as well mention your 1916 undershirts as for you to talk of my black velvet."

"Well, for heaven's sake go out and buy some new clothes then! Get what you want, only don't spend much."

Gypsy Folk Music

Thus husband and wife in Paris. There is no use talking, Paris is the Mecca of the dressmaking world. It is a pity to see only that side of the city, however, as many tourists do; to think of the lovely old houses only as settings for parading manikins; to dash in taxis from address to address, never taking the time to wander in the old gray streets at nightfall.

However, if you must think of Paris as a fashion center first of all, you will certainly enjoy the hectic shopping life so many Americans live there. But you may want to shop not only for clothes, and you will find it great fun to test the resources of Paris in hunting for some unusual product. Recently I wanted some new guitar music. I found the address of a little shop off on a side street where the proprietor's greatest interests in life are guitars and guitarists.

"Come any Saturday during the winter, from September on," he said, "and you will find all the passing Spaniards who are interested in the guitar assembled in this little place."

We went and, sure enough, Signor Garcia, newly arrived from Spain, with a pair of large dark eyes sewed up at the corners, a network of fine wrinkles and a long drooping upper lip, smilingly played dazzling, trickly *flamenco*, the folk music of Spain, for a solid hour for us, weaving the Moorish melodies set to their Spanish gypsy harmonies in a delicious fretwork of sound. Spanish *flamenco* is almost unknown outside of Spain; but, sure enough, in Paris we found a shop devoted to it.

Do you practice archery and want arrows made as they were at the time of the Battle of Crécy? We can take you to the shop where that design has been scrupulously preserved and copied for hundreds of years.

But what are the difficulties of finding arrows of historic pattern and gypsy music compared with the difficulties of making a stout woman in a hard corset over into a smartly gowned woman with gently curving, soft lines? And yet even that you may do in Paris. They will probably cut off the top of your corset first thing, and drop it way down so that that bone does not stick out in front. Of course, if you are twenty and are built as are all American flappers, you will not wear a corset at all. As one girl said to me, "I've got on three undergarments—and two of them are stockings."

You may not at once find, without a search, all you desire. For as much as a week recently I passionately desired a black silk crêpe frock, and I wanted it ready to wear, and simple and not expensive. I started out. I went to a well-known ready-made shop on the boulevards. Not a thing. They could make me something in two weeks, but I wanted it today. I went to the Printemps, with its galleries of clothes. Straight little nothings of ordinary black, eleven and twelve hundred francs. I went to the Galleries Lafayette, famed before the war for having smart dresses by the score for three hundred francs or so. There I saw, as I waited my turn for a *vendeuse*, red-faced cooks looking at a twelve-hundred-franc dress, and they were looking buyishly at it, if you will believe me. I, being a simple opera singer, would not give that for an unlined crêpe slip; but cooking must be more profitable than the making of operatic noises, for they bought one. The colored things were cheaper, but I did not happen to want them.

High Prices

After that two days spent in useless flitting from big shop to big shop, I concluded that it was true that ready-made clothes of excellent quality, when turned out in quantity for the market, are cheaper and of much better value in America than they are in Paris. Many a charming frock at thirty-seven dollars or thirty-five dollars was to be had when I left the U. S. A., and I certainly have seen nothing so advantageous in Paris, at the price. For you must not judge by the benefit we receive from the exchange of our dollars, but must rate things as they are for the French, at five francs to the dollar.

If you want a really ideal costume, made for you and your bumps and hollows by an expert, showing an advanced style, not likely to go out of fashion for a year or so, made so as to bring out every point in your figure and to disguise your faults, then I advise Paris. Also, if you want to be imbued with the spirit of having all things match, as a well-dressed man does shoes, stockings, gloves, hat, all harmonizing and developing the idea of the costume as a whole—then Paris again. But if you want a useful little rag that is inexpensive, smart and practical, go to one of our dozens of ready-made shops and you'll find what you want.

Also, shopping itself in our big stores is much easier and less tiring than it is in their Parisian counterparts. They still have an antiquated system of serving you in most of them. Say you want to buy some bone buttons at the notion counter, and two counters up some elastic, and then just across the aisle some braid. You wait your turn for the dapper young man to show you the buttons. You buy one dozen. You wait while he shows an old woman steel buttons, and she hesitates between round and flat, finally deciding on flat. The young man makes out a slip

(Continued on Page 38

OLDSMOBILE

Eight Cylinder Quality Has Never Before Been Available at Such Low Cost

Oldsmobile offers you in its eight cylinder Sedan and Coupe automobile values which literally have no parallel among American cars.

First, you find here the eight cylinder motor at its best—delivering the highest horse power of any standard automobile engine of like size in the United States. Yet so smoothly is this splendid power transmitted to the rear wheels that the entire chassis enjoys long life with almost imperceptible wear.

And then, on this superb chassis mechanism are built Sedan and Coupe bodies of finest construction—the product of twenty-five years' experience in fashioning coach work which stands up under the stresses and strains of every motoring circumstance. The appointments and equipment are, of course, excellent.

If you aspire to an eight, as most people do, you can enjoy in the Oldsmobile Eight Sedan and Coupe a price-with-quality advantage which has never been equalled in automobile history.

Light Eight Sedan $2025 **Light Eight Coupe $1875**

* Passenger Touring $1[illegible] † Passenger Sport Roadster $[illegible], Passenger Super-Sport Touring $[illegible]

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FOURS Passenger Roadster $[illegible]; Passenger Touring $[illegible]; Passenger Sport Sport $[illegible] Passenger [illegible] Sedan $[illegible] † Passenger Roadster $[illegible] † Passenger Coupe $[illegible] Passenger Sedan $[illegible] Prices f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Michigan

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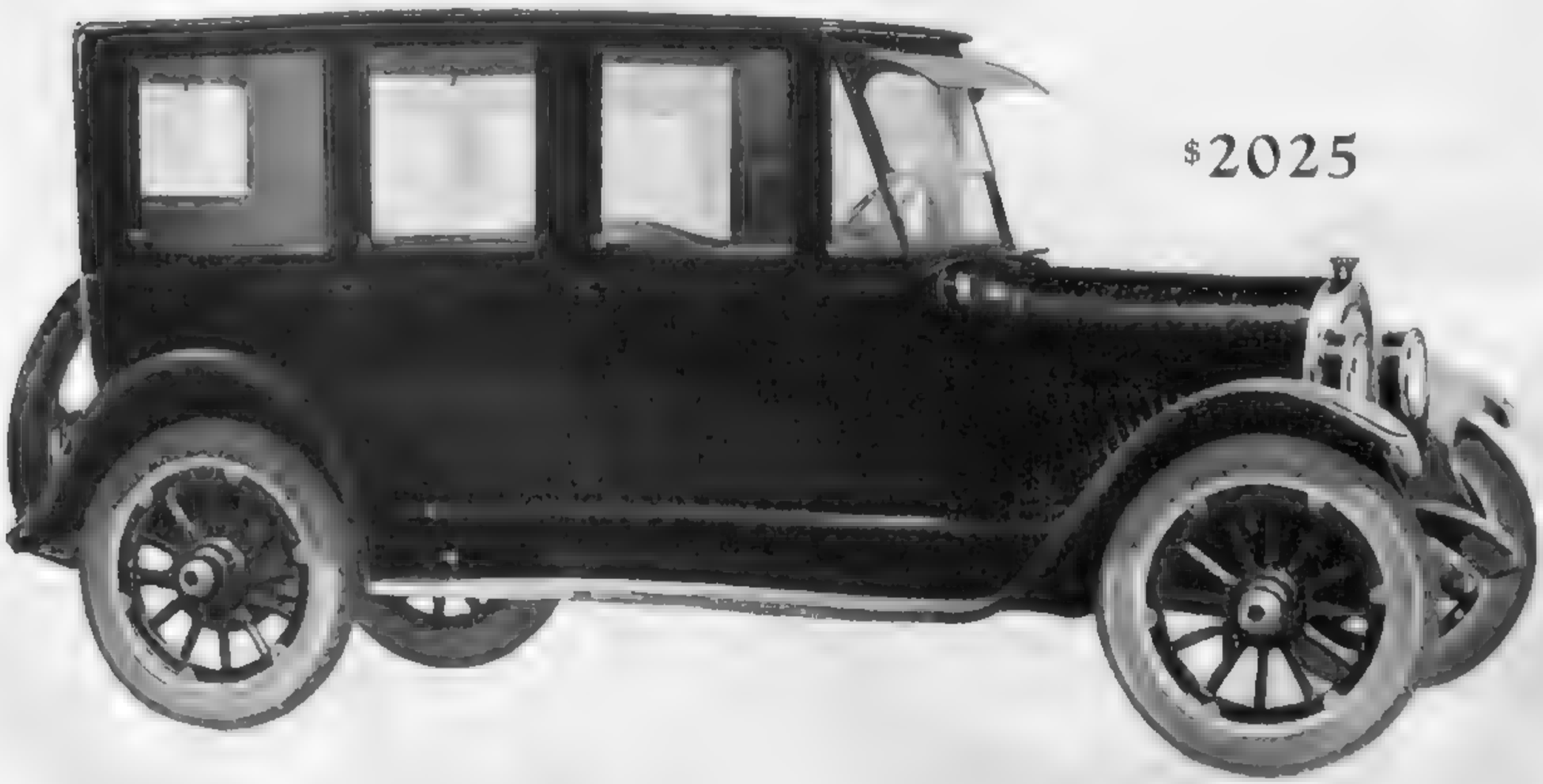

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Are You Covered?

You go to a theatre for a *whole* evening's entertainment, don't you? Now there are theatres everywhere that *insure you* against a loss of part of your evening—they give as much thought to the selection of short subjects as to the feature picture.

These theatres select their short subjects from this list:

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
HAMILTON COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
By Conan Doyle
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
TONY SARG'S ALMANAC
EARL HURD COMEDIES
KINOGRAMS—NEWS WEEKLY
THE GRAPHIC
and
SHORT LENGTH SPECIALS

and they display this sign on their posters and on the lobby-cards in their entrances. It's your insurance.

When You See This Trade-Mark, Go In— It's the Sign of a WHOLE Evening's Entertainment

Educational Pictures

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES—NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 36.

for each of you and invites you to follow him; you thread your way through crowded aisles, following his sleek black head to a near-by desk. There, if you have luck, he will quickly put the paying transaction through for you. If not you will take your place in a line of purchasers while he gives his slips and merchandise to a newly arriving salesman, followed in his turn by a flock of buyers.

With a gay "*Bon jour, madame,*" your young man deserts you, and his unknown counterpart begins singing out the names of the articles all of you have bought in turn, while each tired purchaser steps up to the desk before the judge, who writes a list of the articles purchased and their price in his huge book, sentencing you to pay so-and-so much. You do so, are sometimes asked for change instead of being given it, are pieced out with postage stamps taken from the cash drawer beside the desk, and are succeeded at the desk by the person who has had her elbows in your back for the last ten minutes. In the meantime the salesman has darted away somewhere, is doing up your parcel himself, and brings it smilingly back to you from parts unknown, thanks you and departs.

You go back to the counter two counters away from the button deposit to buy your elastic and repeat the entire process; also for the braid.

The advantage to the shop is, I believe, that the elaborate entry made at the time of purchase gives a perfect record of the sales of the day, so that little more bookkeeping is necessary. If you have your parcels sent you may pay at the house, a much simpler and quite usual arrangement.

Good-Looking Manikins

The big stores are fascinating, however, to wander through. They seem to have scores of novelties that never reach America, owing doubtless to the high duty. Charming Italian-tooled leather goods, blazing silk handkerchiefs, painted Swedish wooden boxes, the Frenchiness of hand bags and toilet-table outfits, all lie in tempting masses on tables. Gloves with fancy gauntlets and stitching, some of black suède with tiny steel beads outlining their pointed flower-petaled cuffs and tracing three shining lines on the back of the hand; gloves worthy of the courts of ancient kings; fans of exquisite swirls of feathers, all but dancing in front of you in long lines of weightless brilliance. All these things sing Paris to you as you pass through the crowded aisles.

If you want to order real gowns and have decided to be really rash for once and buy what you like, as you order a dinner without looking at the prices when the rich man you don't like takes you out for a long evening, you may enjoy hours of clothes orgies at the great dressmaking houses. It is the third or fourth industry of the world, I am told, the clothes industry, and is not to be sneezed at as merely one example of woman's many whims.

Certain houses are famous for certain styles; Poiret leads in dash and sumptuousness; Chanel has influenced women's clothes enormously since the war, making femininity young and giving us all the air of being good pals in our straight crêpe de chine or woolen slips of gowns; Worth gives ladylike elegance and dignity; Renée has delicious quiet, just-what-you-are-looking-for combinations; Jenny provides exquisitely made, useful models; Chéruit shows flashes of cutting genius like no one else; and Molyneux gives you interesting, rather exciting and unexpected smartness.

Some of the girls who show the gowns are beautiful and dashing, others quiet and mouselike.

Some have histories. "A Russian countess!" whispers an habitue of the house as a blond aristocrat comes swaying across the room in response to your interested eyes.

It is so hard to keep a good manikin, they will tell you. They are not paid so very much, except in some cases where they have been loyal to the house for years, and where they inspire the designers by their beauty and elegance. The divine Dolores, Ziegfeld's star, was once a model at Lucille's, but her transcendent loveliness carried her to fame and fortune.

"You remember that alluring little bunch of charm at L——'s?" said my sister one day at lunch. "Well, she has just married a Dutch millionaire and from now on will be a client instead of a slave."

A girl with a good figure can always get work in the great dressmaking houses. The life is most unnatural. They sit all day in rooms provided for them, with nothing to do but gossip and polish their finger nails; ready at a moment's notice to drop their kimonos and slip on the dress called for by the saleswoman in the big salon outside. They must parade all morning and all afternoon before critical eyes, and aching backs and tired feet simply don't count; they must find a way of doing their hair that will withstand the slipping on and off of an unending succession of models. In first-class houses they have a sort of stage etiquette which governs their exits and entrances. Never must two girls be found in one room at once. As one girl leaves the room the other enters, so that you are not distracted by having to look at two models at once.

It is fruitful sometimes to study the human nature displayed in the rows of feminine candidates for new clothes who watch their lovely slim sisters at their work. Glance first at the row of feet holding a carnival of relaxation on the carpet. They seem to say—that rather vulgar, very pointed, creased black pair—totally innocent of sustaining boot trees their nights must be—"We've took her here and we've took her there, and we just want to curl up and die from exhaustion. What say? Where did you come from? Oh, from New England! Well, we come from the West, thank goodness, though heaven knows if we ever'll see it again, the way she's going now. Just look at the position she's got us in! Turn in a bit, for goodness sake, buddy, and look as though you knew me at least. The way she puts us you'd think we'd never been introduced." The brown ones with the sloppy heels, the dirty gray ones, the splayed-out common-sense ones—all show up mercilessly in the brilliant light on the soft velvet carpet. Watch your step, sisters! It's most important as a part of your charm.

And not only the feet index your character and worldly position at these séances. Take that woman, for instance. She hangs over the top of her antiquated corset as dead leaves dangle from a garden urn. Her legs are fat and give early promise of the large and clumsy feet they turn into. Her hair is done high when it should be done low, and no hat on earth could come down over it. She evidently loves purple and velvet when she should cling to black, or let it cling to her. She is all set to buy the gold-and-green sheath-skirt evening gown, when she should buy the vague black chiffon-and-sable frock for evening wear.

Pilgrims of Fashion

Sometimes you will get a delicious cup of tea served to you at four o'clock when the August or February openings are disrupting the dressmaking world, and all the new and soul-stirring innovations, which start in some little upstairs room in the creator's mind and swing round the world from Paris to Hong-Kong before the world clock strikes September or March, are being paraded before alert and rapacious buyers of all nations. They have great responsibilities, these buyers for great houses. They make huge investments, and heaven help them if the capricious ladies at home do not back them up in their selections and buy the models they have painstakingly chosen. The fashion magazines vie with each other to get photos and sketches of the new models; smart ladies gaze and fastidiously choose; representatives of the first-class establishments from New York, Chicago, Berlin, Madrid wrangle and bargain; and queens even are seen in majestic simplicity, buying those things they ought not to have bought, as dazed and envious as any stage queen gazing on so much luxury and beauty.

Some of the gowns are ridiculous in price, obviously enabling their sponsors to reap enormous profits. Some are medium, none are cheap. And why should they be? So many of the fabric factories were wrecked during the war, and the question of getting started again was a difficult and often an impossible one.

Occasionally you order a dress and then wish you hadn't. I finally decided to pursue my quest for my longed-for black dress into the great houses, and went to order one where I was known. They did not have just what I wanted, but offered volubly to concoct a gown for me.

"These sleeves, madame, are divine!" they gushed. I liked the sleeves. "And monkey fur round the neck!" I hate monkey fur. I wanted a collar added, and wanted to know just how it would look, as I happen to be fussy.

"*Mais c'est très facile!* So easy, madame!" they all chorused in high key.

"Yes; but just how will it be adjusted to the neck line?" I stubbornly snub, knowing them of old.

"*Mais* I see it all; it is very, very easy!" The last "very" is tragic in intense reproach and at least an octave higher.

I let them rave, but when I go out of town for a week I wire to cancel that unmade gown, for I know just what I want and no "very easy" expresses it exactly.

But oh, my well-rounded sisters, take comfort! There are certain indications that the clothes-hanger type of woman has had her day. Now one may begin to indulge a trifle in gracious curves if Nature has so decreed. No longer do French women strap and squeeze and flatten themselves down, and a big woman may remain a big woman if she is so inclined. She must not be fat, of course, for to fatten is to olden, as the French say; but the majestic and sumptuous type of woman who so long has been made to feel like a vulgar elephant by her visiting-cardlike sister may once more hold her head up and be stately and imposing. Nothing is more ridiculous than a tiny doll-like creature dressed in the gorgeous brocades and luscious furs of the present mode; it takes a striding limb and breadth of chest to set off the thousand reflections of light that velvet takes to itself.

The Built-On Hat

Speaking of dollies—at the races one Sunday we saw an extremely smart silhouette in the distance and pursued it to get a nearer look, dodging under umbrellas and worming through crowds to see the delightful Parisian who was undoubtedly the smartest thing there that day.

"Look! There she is!" I gasped as a rift in the crowd revealed a straight-up-and-down back, clad in a gorgeous, iridescent green-and-blue heavy silk coat, the lower edge swinging a deep cinnamon-bear border, the neck line lost in a high roll of the same, a little black hat trimmed with green topping the whole. Her hat brim came inside her collar in the new winter coziness, and she was good to look upon. She turned—this supposed smartest of Parisians—as we came up to her. Who was she? A Dolly sister holding court, and no Frenchwoman at all.

If you want a hat take your husband to Georgette's and let him see it built on your head. I'll wager he'll never call it a lid again—that expensive thing you keep so carefully in its huge cardboard house.

You arrive, are shown in, are seated in front of a mirror. You explain what you want.

"*Oui*, I see it all," says vivacious madame. "Bring me felt of this shade—this—that—those," she commands, and her hands fly descriptively.

She may place a little net cap on your head to keep your hair tidy during the destructive process of construction, and then she cuts a crown to fit you. She poses it; she stands off, hands on hips; she pulls it down here and pokes it up there. "Turn just a little, madame." She studies your profile in relation to the crown. She grunts; it is wrong. She gently removes it and changes it by elastic punches and pinches. On it goes again, shoved on from the back softly.

"*Oui, c'est ça!*" a hissing sigh of relief quite dramatic.

She slashes out a huge brim, all with one eye on you. She fits it over the crown as though she were decorating an altar, reverently. She turns you and twists you; she studies your nose, that old nose you know so well, against its soft background; she tilts and sways behind you; her fingers move like lightning and her Frenchwoman's tongue is quiet for once.

She grabs a bit of velvet and caresses and coaxes it into rhythmic light-edged folds and a big crisp bow with saucy ends. This, with an expression as though her very life depended upon it, she pins securely in exactly the right place; and you—love yourself for the first time in years. What's become of that suddenly surprised look your discarded hat gave you? You are all soft beams and charm. You are in the habit of going down to Warner's some off morning and having Sadie slap five or six

(Continued on Page 40)

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

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Sturdier Construction, Finer Materials and Rigid Accuracy Increase Their Years of Usefulness

Years of enduring and reliable performance are built into GMC trucks by the advanced and exclusive improvements that they contain and by the wealth of surplus strength that has been put into every part.

Years of successful truck manufacture have proved the need of certain essentials to the continuous and unfailing performance which GMC trucks invariably give.

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General Motors Trucks

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#570 $2.25

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Packed in beautiful hand colored leatherette case. Sold by all good stationers and department stores. Price only $2.25 (east of the Mississippi River). Write direct to us if your dealer cannot supply you.

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
DRAWING SET
#560 Only $1

The best gift for $1 that we know of. Contains six Dixon's Eldorado pencils, one Dixon's Eldorado eraser, four Dixon's "Wedge" pencil top erasers and four Dixon's thumb tacks. Packed in beautiful hand-colored leatherette case with flaps and snap. Sold by all good stationers and department stores. (Price $1, east of the Mississippi River.) Write direct to us, if your dealer cannot supply you.

Ask your stationer to show you other suitable Christmas gifts in the wide Dixon line of Stationery Sets

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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ready-trimmed specimens made for quite other collections of features than yours onto your disheveled head.

"That sets elagant, dearie," she has said in a dreamy tone. "You look just grand in that one," and you have weakly had it sent up.

You have bought a red hat, a blue hat, a henna hat or a brown one, as your fancy and Sadie's tired flattery swayed you.

The Parisian buys the hat complementary to her gown. Here the whole is never lost sight of. Never is a hat bought because it is a pretty object in a shop window, but because it is the completion of a costume extending in harmonious detail from crown to sole, and because it is a becoming frame, and a frame only, for the wearer's face and personality.

Shopping, *per se*, for little things is hard in Paris. There are so many places to go to, and if you have no one to ask you grow bewildered. Shopping *de luxe*—that is, being bowed in and out of the world-famous houses—is fascinating and perilous, for you are bound to see things you simply must have if you go to the right places.

I love shopping in side streets. I love old dull paste buckles, so much more aristocratic than their flashy Rue de Rivoli imitations; they wink at you slowly from dusty little windows. Or you may find a set of old mosaic buttons ready to give your velvet jacket a distinction impossible to be bought at the button counter. Long earrings made of jade and crystal, made of creamy seed pearls in tassels, call to you to screw them into your pink ears; an ivory-headed cane of the Second Empire leans rigid in the window corner, waiting for you to give it to that dear person in black who takes you to the theater.

Shop for clothes, shop for thrills, shop for romance, shop for frills, shop for beauty, for education, for the comfort and joy of lovely things, but shop in Paris if you can.

And don't forget the Quais. On a crisp and walky afternoon take a pal or your own good mood as companion and start on the left bank of the Seine and go slowly down, stopping to peer at the dusty books, the yellow engravings, the masses of old-time junk daily opened to your inspection. No one will bother you. I found a set of tall wooden soldiers recently, beautifully carved, undoubtedly the plaything of some rich child of Napoleon's time. The faces and uniforms were wonders of wooden militariness, their gay coloring quite unimpaired. There were a dozen, with the drum major, and I could have had them all for six dollars or so. You find extraordinary books; books on the million *nuances* of love, on the care of babies, on life in Tunis, on the stars' secrets—any and every subject.

You may find ivory medallions, coral combs, music from every country, more of that unending supply of simpering ladies from the fashion books of 1830 to 1860.

It isn't what you find; it's what you don't find but may find that lures you on. You are chasing the eternal bargain, the eternal discovery, the eternally unexpected mysterious object which seems as though it had been waiting for you to come along and buy it for ages.

Would you shop for a new complexion? Save the surface and you save all, you know. Try a new lip stick. Rub it round the curve of your lips and flirt with yourself as someone else for a while.

If you are grand and would buy jewels C——'s will mentally impress you to such an extent that a two-thousand-dollar bracelet will seem cheap as a price to pay for the courteous and exalted handling you experience in their sanctum. You enter and receive a courtly bow from an irreproachable gentleman. You say you want to buy a gold safety pin for a new baby. His demeanor does not vary.

"*Parfaitement!* Will madame step this way?"

You step accordingly through a series of little rooms. They remind you of a great business-man's desk that never shows the rummage of papers his lesser colleagues are surrounded by, for no merchandise is visible; all is put away in orderly retirement. You are personally introduced, so to speak, to a gentleman of leisure who has apparently been living, in an unobtrusive way, wholly for this moment. He shows you exactly the thing you have in mind; he lovingly fingers, as a conjurer his disappearing ball, the exquisite little case for the paltry pin you wormishly desire; he cannot help showing in his delightful manner what a real pleasure it is to him to serve, at last, a person of your distinction and charm; and finally you leave that place thinking that if you ever do grow rich you will rush straight to that young or elderly man and buy that string of pearls your soul incessantly craveth.

I know where you can shop for a whole room's decoration of wooden paneling. They will make you a blue-print room showing exactly the lines that the columns and panelings of the finished product will display. They will copy any of the pile of dusty, worm-eaten chairs you discover, as a sudden electric light is turned on, in the musty rear of the dark and crowded shop.

I know where you can get *petit-point* covers embroidered at half the usual price by a charming apple-cheeked Frenchwoman and her helpers, a woman who knows the chair backs in the historic châteaus as I know the letters of the alphabet.

You must have money to buy in Paris; but it costs nothing to poke, and poking is much more satisfactory, for that is how you may furnish that dream house we all of us have—that house filled with lovely things and lovable people, all made doubly dear by much wistful longing. You may pick and choose at will all your romantic dream purchases, and the only bill is a heartache.

OLD BEETHEAD

(Continued from Page 9)

Well, I said I better not let O. B. suspect, so I better not come and see my Sweetie today. Well, you do not know how much I miss your dear voice when I do not see you all day long. O. B. certainly has got it soft, because he can see you all day long. Well, you say you are always interested in everything I do, so will say that last P. M. I was bowling with the boys at the Majest. alleys and twice I rolled better than 240. How is that? Well, what do you do with yourself all day long? Well, it is getting late, so will have to close and say good-by to my sweetie.

What vegetable do you like best? Ha! Ha!

Always your own
A. V. Nice.

Some of the later letters—Number Sixteen, for example, in which Mr. Boxford becomes lyric—are more striking, but Number One hits the general average.

Now these letters, indirectly as well as directly, served to keep the story fresh. Because of their continued publication many little things that otherwise would have passed unnoted became news. And each time any little thing bobbed up the journals recording it ran a hot-sauced summary of the whole business, dealing with each of the four parties according to their news value. In general this news value ranked them somewhat as follows: (1) Editor Rocknall; (2) the delivery boy who had made love to the wife of Editor Rocknall; (3) the wife of Editor Rocknall; (4) the wife of the delivery boy who had made love to the wife of Editor Rocknall. Sometimes indeed—and this shows the hollowness of human gratitude—Mrs. Boxford was left out altogether. But Editor Rocknall was never left out.

In Colorado a woman was discovered who claimed that she had gone to high school with Editor Rocknall. In those golden days they had been sweethearts and she had called him "Honeycake." "Would You Rather be Called 'Old Beethead' by This Woman or 'Honeycake' by This One?" demanded the perplexing caption under the photographs.

In New York Annabel Annis, of the Bulletin, began a What-is-the-Foolishest-Love-Letter-You-Ever-Received Contest, printing as a model of the genre one of the notes sent by Delivery-boy Boxford to the wife of Editor Rocknall.

Then in Washington, D. C., who should bob up but the missing delivery boy himself. He emerged from the night with a revolver bullet in his left leg. Circumstantial evidence suggested that he had been poaching again. "Bang! Bang! Says Automatic in Virginia Garden of Love. Delivery-boy Boxford Leaves Vegetable Patch and Wishes He Hadn't. Editor Rocknall Refuses to Comment on Catastrophe."

"Never saw a story hang on the way this does," groaned Warrus. It was the tenth day of the story, and Merrick had run into the managing editor at the entrance to the new post office. "It's bad. And I'm beginning to be worried about J. L."

"What about him?"

"I'm afraid he's going to break."

"He seems O. K."

"It's getting him. Take a look at his eyes. Wife gone; home like a vault. Two girls say they won't go back to college. Won't come back to Platt Run either. Won't even take the Old Man's money. Got jobs. Son in Chicago is better, but still —— My guess is that they were all sore when J. L. married the second time. But you know all this."

"Mostly."

"And you know or you've guessed some of his experiences with the young cut-ups at the City Club and with the old meddlesome Matties in our office?"

Merrick nodded.

"Well, all that hurts and he knows it hurts. But there's something else—last straws on the camel's back, so to speak. This nasty publicity is getting under his skin and he won't admit it. Snapshots, kidding interviews, all the rest of it. That fake war-correspondent stuff in the Record. Tolrick's imported a funny boy from New York just to turn him loose on this story. I tell you the Old Man's ready to break."

"What do you mean by breaking?" demanded Merrick bluntly.

"Going all to pieces—smashing up into bits. And when one of these hearty birds like J. L. breaks he does the job right."

They walked down the broad steps together. Suddenly Warrus turned and faced the lawyer.

"You may not believe it, but J. L. has meant more to me than my own dad. I was drinking myself to death in New York when a friend of mine and of his—Colby, of the Sun—got me down here. J. L. took me into his own house; used to make me black coffee himself when the fit was on me. More than once he got up at midnight to stick around while I walked off the craving. He pulled me out of the pit. Right now if I could help old J. L. by tying a stone around my neck and jumping into the Little Wolf I'd do it before you could count eight."

It was the first time that Merrick had figured to himself the full strain under which Rocknall was laboring. Taken separately the various unpleasantnesses were obviously bearable. Combined they were—well—staggering. Merrick found himself longing for a tidal wave, or a gentleman found in a locked trunk, or almost anything that would cause a shifting of the searchlight.

Alas, Nature smiled on her children, and wives with distasteful husbands continued to suffer in silence—or out loud.

At one of their City Club noonings Merrick ventured a suggestion to the editor:

"Look here, J. L., be sensible. These old women at the News that are being paid out of your own pocket ——"

"I suppose you mean Old Man Kittleson, the Doctor and old Henry Malmuller, the king of tobacco eaters."

"Yes. You told me once they were kidding you behind your back. Why not get rid of 'em?"

"Fire 'em?"

"You picked 'em out of the gutter. You haven't taken any oath to coddle every ungrateful old derelict in the newspaper game."

"Can't fire 'em, Gene. Too much imagination. I always figure that some day I may be just where they are now."

Merrick pushed back his chair from the table.

"Well, then, here's something else: Eight years ago Mr. Grant Adams Tolrick—God Almighty Tolrick, as his affectionate employes call him—dropped into our midst and bought the Record. He took the snappy little rivalry between the Record and the News and elevated it into a feud."

"The News has never accepted the feud."

"That hasn't hindered him. He's kept it up—a feud personal and bitter. That's his jailbird's idea of a newspaper. When he found out that you regarded the Constitution as rather more revisable than the Ten Commandments he began calling you

(Continues on Page 42)

TRUST YOUR OWN THOUGHTS OF PACKARD

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The *thought* of Packard comes first, and instantly, when the finest cars are discussed.

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They can be trusted because they are *true*—and because your mental process in regard to Packard is the almost universal process.

Packard has passed into the inner life of the nation and taken a permanent place in literature as symbolic of pre-eminence.

Nothing that we might say of Packard could possibly compare with this spontaneous, almost unconscious, and well-nigh unanimous tribute.

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Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupe, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3325; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The "any time" drink

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is one beverage that is good at meal-times and in between. The time to drink it is any time you want it.

There is nothing that is not pure and good in Clicquot. The water is drawn from springs. The ginger is the best that is grown on the island of Jamaica. Fruit juices and other ingredients equally pure make the happy blend, the delightful taste. *They all like it.*

Get Clicquot Club by the case for home use. If you want variety, you can buy Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer.

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko
GINGER ALE

(Continued from Page 40)

"Red Jack," and Red Jack it's been till this business started, when he followed the lead of the Bulletin in calling you Editor Rocknall."

"But ——"

"Hold on. By a sublime accident we—you and I—happen to know all of Tolrick's past history, his variegated life in Oklahoma and his two years behind barred windows in San Quentin. Suppose I call this paretic picaroon to one side and suggest—merely suggest ——"

Rocknall shook his head with a weary smile. The lawyer noticed the sagging below the eyes.

"Nothing doing, Gene."

"But he's not even a class-A crook, J. L. He's only a widow-and-orphan robber. Just two words and he'll come around like a lamb. He's got some children growing up in this town, to say nothing of a wife."

"No, can't play his game. Besides, it doesn't matter. He can't hurt me. Good golly, Gene, if I'd paid any attention to what newspapers have said about me I'd have been in my grave long ago. I'm a tough old bird with an armored hide. Let 'em shoot! Besides, this business is about over now. Pretty nearly over. People want a change."

By all logic certainly the story was on its last legs. It had kept the center of the stage for almost two weeks. But what does logic amount to in a universe of hard individual facts. The silly season continued to focus on the Vegetable Lovers and their associates as though the world held no other interest.

In the state-platform convention of Editor Rocknall's political party the plank that the News had been pushing for two years—a pledge to pass a law that would limit the day of factory women to eight hours—was blown out of existence by a drumfire of guffaws. Uncle Polly Pratt, from the pea-canning districts in Boler County, had made a few dry remarks about the man back of the provision:

"Mr. Rocknall seems t' think all fact'ries are the same. Hours in fact'ries depends on how long it takes to do the work that has t' be done. Take a fact'ry, f'r instance, where they trim beetheads. It don't take any time at all for a smart woman to trim a beethead. Ask anybody from Boler County—or some other counties."

Two weeks. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston monologue artists were using Mr. Boxford's now celebrated line, "What vegetable do you like best? Ha! Ha!"

In his Washington hospital the convalescent delivery boy had put his arm around one of the nurses and the lady had showered him with mashed potatoes.

"Potato and Artichoke Salad à la Washington. She Said it With Vegetables to Demon Don Juan of Delivery Service and it Was More Than a Mouthful."

"Rival for Vegetable Lovers. Butcher Calls Wife of Brooklynite 'Lambchops.'"

"Another Little Vegetable Won't Do Us Any Harm"—Mrs. Boxford had given to the world a son.

"More Kitchen-Garden Blues? Chicago Theatrical Magnate Says Editor Rocknall Signs Vaudeville Contract."

The last of the letters had been published, but the publicity continued. It made you think of some strange searchlight that not only illuminates the target but reveals it magnified and distorted.

It was the evening of the eighteenth day of the Platt Run Divorce Sensation. As Merrick sat in his bachelor's quarters trying to concentrate on The Ring and the Book he found himself listening to someone who was mounting the stairway two steps at a time. A knock. He opened the door to find Warrus before him, panting and unstable.

"Sorry—smash in this way. J. L.'s coming—wanted to be first. Look here!"

From his side pocket he pulled out a square of newspaper.

"Sporting cartoon drawn by Butters. Little series at bottom. Get the title—'Old Beethead!' Other fellow always steals Old Beethead's girl. See? Nothing raw, but—take it any way you like."

He stopped while Merrick looked at him interrogatively.

"Butters is the greatest slang maker in America. Give him a year and he can put any phrase into currency. There's never been a name in America for the fooled husband. Cuckold has always been too classic for us. Well, here's Butters with Old Beethead. Let him keep on and I swear it'll get into the dictionaries."

"J. L. has seen it?"

"Yes, and he knows what it means too. Well, I'm going to New York. I know Butters—I knew him when he couldn't even draw a salary. He's a wild Indian, but his heart is eighteen-carat. A letter won't do any good; but if I come there and go out on a party with him and talk to him like a Dutch uncle he'll cut it out. And the little series looks like good stuff."

"J. L.—does he know what you're going to do?"

Warrus smiled a little bitterly.

"He knows. I told him and he—he broke. I didn't think he would. He thinks I'm lying. He said—— Look here, Merrick, look after him a little. He's the finest, whitest man that ever was, but right now he's not responsible. Don't let him do anything foolish."

And Warrus was gone, barely five minutes ahead of the entry of Rocknall himself. In the trying days of the sensation it was obvious that the man had grown thinner, but Merrick was astounded to reckon the amount of this failure. The eyes were haggard and pouchy; there seemed to be less bolstering flesh in the cheeks and neck. He braced back his shoulders, not once but a half dozen times. He was a picture of a man who has made a failure of eating and sleeping.

He paced across the room, snapping his fingers with nervous reiteration. His eyes roved restlessly from door to window, from baseboard to molding.

"Contracts to be broken, Merrick. Your job. Leave it to you."

"What contracts?"

"Simmons and that new circulation man, Jenkins. Talk turkey to 'em, Merrick. Make 'em name their price and I'll pay it." He looked for a moment at a pair of vases on the chimney piece and laughed unpleasantly.

"Having a house cleaning, are you?"

Rocknall straightened up as he turned to the lawyer:

"You said it, Merrick! Clear the table and start the next game with a new deck. Out they all go—business, editorial, the whole lot—from Old Man Kittleson to Check. Here's a week's salary and another week's salary. Get out. I'm telegraphing for a new gang tonight."

"And Warrus?"

Rocknall's mouth opened, and for a moment Merrick had the fancy that he was facing a mad dog.

"Warrus? Warrus first of all! Damn him for a dirty, gray-backed rat, scuttling out of the sinking ship! And I've told him so. But I'll show him, Merrick. He thinks the News can't run without him. I'll show him. Scuttling off to New York because he's ashamed to work for me. That's it, Merrick, and I pulled him out of hell myself. Got up at midnight to make coffee for him and walk with him and talk with him. Too good; that's what's been the trouble with me, Merrick. Trusting people. I've trusted my last man and my last woman! I've found out where I was wrong. I've taken it all lying down and they think I haven't got the nerve to do anything else. Tolrick—I'll put that crook behind bars before I get through with him! We'll start his biography Friday—Friday! From now on the News is going to be a live, fighting paper. Now I want a frank answer, Merrick: Are you with me or not? It's whole hog or nothing. From now on I've got friends and enemies and that's all. I want to know where you stand."

"J. L.," said Merrick in his coldest and clearest voice, "sit down in that chair and shut up."

Automatically, it seemed, Rocknall's knees doubled under him. He muttered shapeless words.

Merrick reached for the phone. "Listen to me, J. L., and try to understand what I'm saying and don't talk back. At midnight you and I and some doctor, if I can get hold of one, are going to hop on that northbound express for the Canadian woods. . . . Don't talk back—listen. We're going to pick out a good thick wood and stay there for four weeks—maybe six. . . . Are you all through talking? Good! If you say any more I'll keep you up there eight weeks. . . . All through? Listen some more. I'm going to get your man Check on the phone so that you can tell him just what he needs to know in order to take full charge. . . . Good! Bust that other vase if it'll make you feel better. I'll put 'em both on the next bill. . . . And we won't start building the guillotine till you come back. . . . Sit down in the chair, J. L. That's what it's for. . . . Good! . . . Hello, Central—easy there, J. L.—Ryan, 7284, please. . . . Mr. Check. . . ."

III

AND then, after a little less than three weeks of continuous publicity, it stopped. The comical pet names and their orchestral accompaniment of facetious headlines and captions and spicy summarizing paragraphs ceased from troubling with an awesome suddenness. It made one think of a factory that, at the blast of twelve, lets purring wheels and shrieking lathes lapse into silence. In the twinkling of an eye the affair of Editor Rocknall and Editor Rocknall's Wife and Delivery-boy Boxford and Delivery-boy Boxford's Wife had become one with Nineveh and Tyre and the Federal Baseball League.

The news columns turned to other fancies. Annabel Annis dropped her Foolishest-Love-Letter Contest to concentrate on the perennial problem, Should a Good Girl Rouge? Twice the Butters cartoons repeated the series that Warrus had gone to stop; but obviously both had been drawn before Warrus left Platt Run.

Mr. Tolrick worked his masked batteries for a while longer, but the New York and Chicago news doctors had been right. Even in Platt Run people wanted a change, and subscribers began to perform that celebrated jiujitsu maneuver known as the come-along, which is accomplished by a slight but steady pressure on the pocketbook nerve.

The bright young man, imported by the Record from New York, connected with the local bootleggers more heavily than usual, and in his exuberance insulted Tolrick and the ancestors and the progeny thereof. Whereupon that personage "dispensed with his services."

Tolrick's first editorial in the old style, dealing with the effort of the News to establish a municipal market, began:

RED JACK THROWS OFF THE MASK

Once more the deadly menace of Bolshevism raises its hydra head in our community to —— [And so on.]

Not even remotely did the editorial make allusion to the domestic difficulties of the owner and editor of the News. Whereby it was proclaimed to all the world that, except perhaps for an occasional legitimate exhumation, the story was definitely buried.

And next, much as the kindly heavens let fall rain upon the parched land, the catastrophe department of Nature resumed operations. Editor Rocknall's little difficulties were forgotten in the stir created by a deadly fog on the sound, a heat wave in Illinois, a cyclone in Kansas, a forest fire in Minnesota, and a broken dam in Idaho. Then, biggest of all, an electrical storm in an Ohio lake port killed twenty-seven people at one lick.

When the public was once more ready for lighter and merrier matters a correspondent of a Chicago paper discovered in darkest Indiana a half-blind, half-witted farmer named Belder who, for greater convenience in locating his wife, had hung a bell about her neck.

BELDER BELLED HER!

The inevitable headline marched triumphantly around the world to a running accompaniment of interviews with indignant feminists and vaudeville quips.

Before the Belder affair had become history a prominent New York clubman was discovered with seven wives, and later the reading world was much wrought up by the proposed marriage of Tottie Twinkletoes to H. S. H. the Maharaja of Umpgumpistan.

"Harem Abandoned for Stage Star. 'One Pearl Better Than Twenty Pebbles,' Says Enamored Oriental."

In the metropolis, three months after the Rocknall-Vegetable-Lovers story had been declared dead, it was as completely forgotten as though it had never happened. If at that time you had asked a member of New York's great newspaper-reading public what he thought of the Beethead Letters he would have looked at you blankly. Later, after you had added a detail or two, he would have pouted his lower lip and replied in his chaste mixture of headline, sporting-cartoon and vaudeville English: "Seems's if I did. Some hick editor writin' poison-pen letters to the school-teacher. Ain't I right? A man can't keep track of all the big zobs outside o' Canarsie. They

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DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS COUPE

Owners experience an appreciable new sense of security in this car—the first steel-built closed car ever marketed.

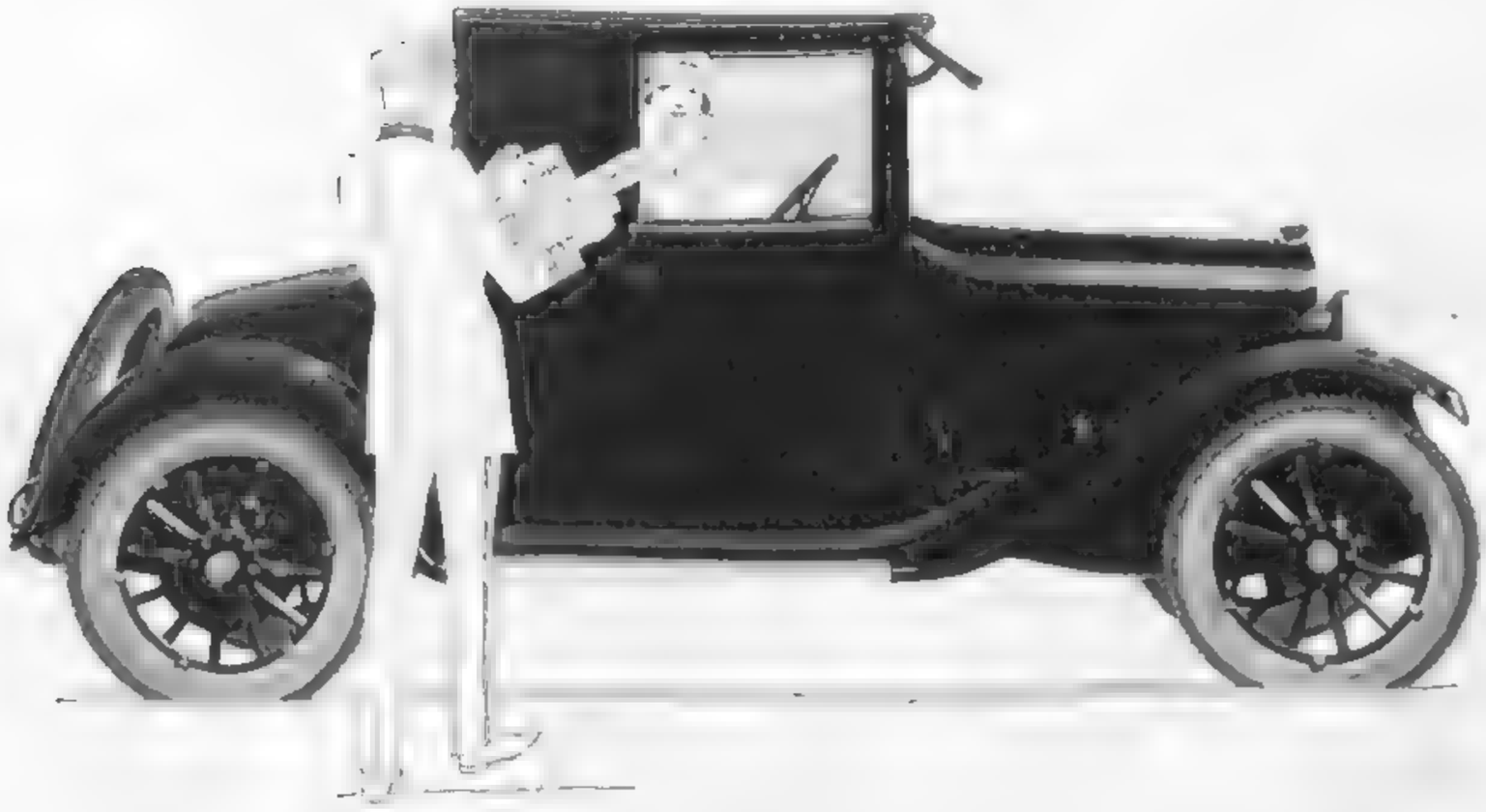
Dodge Brothers pioneered boldly and successfully to give it the qualities of the Pullman coach, capable of withstanding an impact under which the ordinary body would probably crumble.

But steel construction does more than contribute to the car's safety and durability; it also permits the use of Dodge Brothers baked-on enamel finish. It minimizes rattles and eliminates the possibility of shrinkage.

All parts are welded or machine-screwed securely and permanently into place. This new preciseness is usually noticed first in the windows, which are entirely free from sticking and rumbling.

Such vital features are universal in their appeal. The continued, persistent demand for the Business Coupe is not surprising.

The Price is $980 f. o. b. Detroit



The trademark of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co
Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE

In every factory or business institution there is a possibility of fire—unseen, unknown. A bit of carelessness may fan it into a destructive blaze.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company furnishes protection. First, insurance to pay loss by fire. Second, an inspection service by expert Fire Prevention Engineers who seek out any dangers that if not corrected may cause serious loss.

A Hartford policy costs no more than other dependable insurance and Hartford Fire Prevention Service is free to merchants, manufacturers or owners of valuable plants.

There's a Hartford agent near you. Write for his name and address.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

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ain't a day but some zingo in the sticks pulls a new line o' comedy."

It may be added that, under the editorship of a refreshed and rejuvenated Mr. Rocknall, the News did full justice to the story of the Belled Bride. Indeed it published a syndicated, three-column cut of Mrs. Belder with the original bell hanging about her neck. She was a scared, timid little wisp of a woman with troubled eyes, folded hands, and a pathetic hunch to her shoulders.

Warrus did not come back.

IV

IT WAS evening, a little after six. In the News Tower, Merrick and Rocknall were sitting together. For at least twenty minutes they had been expressing their thoughts in whorls of smoke as, through the March twilight, they watched the crowd clotting the bridge over the Little Wolf on its way to the "cottage suburb" of Forest Crest.

Much water had run under that bridge since the first mud-splatter of the Boxford divorce. In the first place, quite as unexpectedly as she had begun it, Mrs. Boxford had withdrawn her suit. Rumors were that the Boxfords had come together again and were living at Muskegon, Michigan, where, no doubt, Mr. Boxford was curling his wicked black mustache on another delivery cart.

As a matter of poetic justice Mrs. Rocknall's disgrace should have quite finished off her poor mamma. But, on the contrary, its effect had been altogether different. Unable to continue in her former *milieu* the ancient aristocrat had proceeded to get well enough to march her penitent daughter up the gangplank of a transatlantic liner. Now the two were making themselves as comfortable as possible at Cannes.

In Chicago, Son John, after putting the office joker out of commission for much longer than the regulation ten seconds, had made life livable for himself. The two girls had thought better of their heroic determination to become self-supporting, and had accepted enough of their father's money to enter a coeducational university in the Middle West.

As usual the only real tragedy in the case had been that of the innocent bystander—in this case, Warrus. In New York, beginning once more his heroic campaign to drink moderately, he had ended a certain night with sundry snorts of wood-alcohol whisky. But the death of Warrus had happened so many months before that even Rocknall no longer spoke of it.

Except for a promotion to fill the hole left by Warrus the personnel of the News was unchanged. Old Man Kittleson, the Doctor, and old Henry Malmuller continued to potter about and to consume unbelievable quantities of eating tobacco. The News now had more advertising than the Record and the other Platt Run paper combined.

Rocknall laid his pipe on the table beside him.

"Gene," he began suddenly, "I'm going to tell you about something that happened to me yesterday. You'll understand it. I don't think anybody else would."

He ran one hand through his shock of red hair.

"It was just about this time of day and I was sitting right here where I am now, thinking. And, Gene, I was plumb discouraged, down and out. I thought how I'd given this town the best I had in me; how I'd made Strayer and his gang open up Forest Crest to the little-home people; how I pretty nearly ruined myself clearing out that city-hall crowd in the days of the big graft. And a lot more. And then I thought of where I stood after all this bobbery of trying to give everybody a square deal.

"Gene, I realized that I was a joke, nothing but a joke, and that from now on I'd always be a joke—and a red-headed one at that. Oh, I knew—and I know—that the general newspaper-reading public hasn't any memory, but the folks in your home town aren't the general reading public. They do remember. And there's enough to remember about me and mine. And then—funny how little things get you—I began thinking of those smart Alecks in the New York papers calling me Editor Rocknall, just as though I were in the same rube class with Squire Green and Farmer Hayrick. Why, dog-gone it, Gene, I began under Old Man Dana and I've got a letter from him that I wouldn't sell for a farm. I was a big man on the World when these little squirts were making mud pies. And James Gordon Bennett once ran his yacht all the way across the Atlantic just for the pleasure of firing me personally. Editor Rocknall!

"I certainly felt low. Fact is I just about signed a contract with myself to do what I've been thinking of doing ever since ever since the late unpleasantness: Sell the News, go down to a little farm I've got near Mobile, and spend the rest of my days as a red-headed philosopher with a shotgun loaded full of rock salt ready for any and all city slickers."

Merrick opened his mouth to protest, but Rocknall raised his hand as though to signal that there was more coming.

"Sitting there as blue as Blue Monday I said to myself: 'By golly, Gene was right!' And I opened the drawer of the old desk here and pulled out this."

He leaned forward to hold up a fold of time-yellowed copy paper.

"Gene, do you remember that ferocious free-for-all we had about five years ago, when you let me have it hot and heavy about man and his intellectual breakfast food?"

Merrick started to speak, but Rocknall interrupted:

"Don't apologize. I came back as strong as I could. But here's the point. That night—five years ago—after I'd cooled off a bit, I sat down at the typewriter and ran off all the good things of yours that I could remember. You recollect, maybe, that you gave them more or less in catechism form."

Settling his eyeglasses Rocknall began:

"What is Man?

"Sanguine thinkers believe that Man is only ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent mud.

"Wherein lies Man's chief happiness?

"Man's chief happiness lies in hearing about or in finding some unfortunate person worse off than himself.

"How does Man manifest his pleasure at such a discovery?

"If seriously inhibited he drops a dime into the proffered hat; if not so inhibited he walks up and gives the unfortunate person a good swift kick.

"What would you say then of Man's philosophy and rule of life?

"It may be summed up as follows: Thank God another man is down and out. Jump on him; you've got nails in your shoes.

"Why does Man support the newspaper?

"Because the newspaper is the perfect expression of Man's philosophy and rule of life.

"How does that happen?

"Possessing the collective eyes, ears and limbs of mankind it is able to spy out the weak and unfortunate; then, being powerful and impersonal, it is in no way hampered in its legitimate business—which consists in putting the weak and unfortunate in a pillory and throwing bad eggs at them.

"But does the newspaper always throw bad eggs at the person in the pillory?

"No, sometimes the egg is practically fresh."

Rocknall grinned. "You hit us hard there, Gene, but the truth is in you."

"What is the chief ambition of any newspaper?

"To publish something that will start a war.

"Why?

"Because it would show that the newspaper in question was a livewire. Then later a lot of people would be killed, and that always makes a good story.

"But would not such a newspaper share the general anguish accompanying such an international tragedy?

"Yes, indeed; it would get out a special supplement containing the cartoonist's idea of a lady in antique costume putting a black wreath on a grave.

"How long does it take any given newspaper—using other people's money—to build up a third-rate summer-outing home for poor children?

"About ten years.

"How long does it take the same newspaper to land an honest clergyman or a conscientious college professor in the gutter?

"About ten minutes.

"What is the motto of the newspaper?

"Its motto has always been the same. It is the motto of the w.k. Cat family 'Don't hurry things—give the mouse another chance.'"

"Gene, you wouldn't believe me if I told you how often in the last five years I've read that over. Whenever I was down in the mouth I'd take a look at that catechism and after reading it I'd say: 'Well, one thing's certain, anyhow we're not as bad as all that.' But last night was different. When I finished I saw for the first time that what you said was true all true. You hadn't been mistaken either about Man or his newspaper. It sort of stunned me, Gene. I leaned back with the paper in my hands and my mouth open the way Old Henry Malmuller looks when his tobacco gives out. It knocked me galley-west.

"And then all of a sudden something happened. It was as though a ray of light had busted through the side wall here. I felt the way Christians say they feel when the burden of their sins rolls away. In this dry commonwealth I was illuminated as powerfully as any drunk that ever staggered through the old Bad Lands. It was as though a voice said: 'Yes, that's Man all right. Merrick has him sized up. I've worked hard with the raw material, but that's as far as I've been able to get with Man and his culture. But then it's just started. It isn't sunup in Eternity yet. And besides, what I don't do for Man he's got to do for himself. And now what about you? Are you here to help or to hinder? If you don't think it does any good to help, what good do you think it does to hinder?' And then it was as though the voice stopped.

"Gene, right here in this office I plumped down on my knees, a big lummox like me—go ahead and laugh if you want to. I'm not a churchgoer, but I got down on my knees and I stretched out my arms and I spoke the first words that came into my head.

"'Lord,' I said, 'I am thy servant. . . . I'm just a piece of humanity as bad as any of them and maybe worse; but, Lord, I'm here to help and not to hinder. Lord,' I said and I got as confidential as a street preacher—'I'm running a newspaper as well as I know how. Help me. . . . You lifted Man out of the mud. You blew your breath into him. You speak through him when it pleases you or when he'll let you; and, Lord, I want to publish what you've got to say. I want to hear your voice in the news and in my vox-pop. column—yes, and on the sporting page. I want to recognize it. I want to spread it across seven columns if I have sense enough, and if not—if I slip a cog—I want it on the bottom of page nine anyhow. But I want it to speak through the News. Man is mud, Lord, and the newspaper is the work of his hands; but if you can speak through him you can speak through it.' Then I got up and opened my eyes and said conversationally, so to speak: 'And I'm going to see that you do!'

"It sounds funny; it's not exactly the way to talk to the Creator maybe, but I give you my word, Gene, it was the deepest and most sincere prayer I ever prayed in all my life. For the first time in six months I held up my head, and for the first time in six months I felt ready to scrap again."

Rocknall turned almost affectionately to the man beside him.

"And you know I'm right, Gene. Whatever pleasure you may take in getting my red-headed goat—you know I'm right. We must try and fail and try again. Suppose we do fail, there's others coming—always others."

Merrick started to say something and then changed his mind.

In London that day a doctor had announced a discovery that each year would save its thousands and its tens of thousands. Paris dispatches told of a scientist who had gone to a laboratory martyrdom, working to the very week of his death while the rays of invisible light cancered the living flesh; in Wisconsin a great judge had lightened a little the pressure of the dead hand of the past; and in Japan a yellow man had lost liberty and life itself rather than abandon his dream of a newer and fairer world.

But though all these events and others like them were to be found in the columns of the Platt Run News and every kindred daily published within the twenty-four hours, the boy on the street below was crying none of these things. His formula was that of every other newsie from Augusta to Los Angeles, a formula finding expression in heavy black heads splotched across the first page:

MILLIONAIRE KILLED BY MYSTERY WOMAN

"Wuxtry! All 'bout de big love moida! Wuxtry! Wuxtry!"

Author's Note—The happenings in this story are pure invention and the characters are in no way drawn from individuals.

This Challenge to Useless Expense the Greatest Closed Car Issue

You buy a motor car for reliable transportation. You prefer a closed car for comfort. Body accessories and ornaments have little to do with either.

Do you want them?

Within the limits of a moderate-priced closed car you can get only so much. Ornate body-fittings, dome lights, cigar-lighters, clock, vanity cases, etc., add nothing to car performance. They do add to cost.

Essex elects to put the value elsewhere—to build a comfortable, durable closed car of smart appearance—to mount it on the superb Essex chassis, with what American and European experts have called the greatest motor of its size in the world. The rigid, overstrength Essex frame, the smooth positive clutch, the simple controls and strong rear axle are some features of that chassis.

The way it is built explains why Essex cars after 60,000 and 70,000 miles of service are still giving fine, smooth, reliable service.

The same idea of utility built the Coach body. It has staunchness and character. It gives the utility of costliest cars. It stays tight and secure.

Luggage and tools are carried in the locker at rear. Radiator shutters and motometer give summer motor efficiency in winter driving. Fine plate glass windows, operated by latest devices. Every essential of the complete closed car.

And isn't its assurance of continued satisfaction and real automobile service more important than showy body extras in the body that is to serve you?

Touring - - $1045 Cabriolet - - $1145 Coach - - $1245

Freight and Tax Extra

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(492)

ESSEX Coach $1245 *Freight and Tax Extra*

He wouldn't have done it knowingly

HE was a fastidious fellow: always immaculate, spruce-looking, well-groomed.

He never neglected anything about his personal appearance, even down to the smallest detail. He was extremely gracious and considerate to those about him.

Yet there was one thing he overlooked that *did* embarrass his friends — and a thing for which he really could not be blamed because he was entirely ignorant of it himself.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). It creeps upon you unawares. Nine times out of ten the person so suffering is least of all conscious of it. And while it embarrasses friends and associates with whom you come in contact, the subject is so delicate a one they can't bring themselves to mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis is a chronic thing that requires professional aid. Usually, however, and fortunately, halitosis is purely a local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure.

Listerine used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle will usually correct most forms of halitosis. It halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Any druggist will supply you. Listerine has dozens of uses as an all 'round safe antiseptic. Fastidious people everywhere are adopting it as a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Its use as a mouth-wash affords such an easy, sure way of putting yourself on the safe and polite side. — *Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

THE DIARY OF A PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 19)

JULY 5—They ain't much to write down. We got a new butcher and this morning the missis says I should call him up and tell him to send over a nice roast. They is a fresh guy there and he starts talking snappy to me figuring I'm the servant girl and he can go as far as he likes. Pretty soon he gets me mad and I decides to pull something on him I heard before or read some place. Say, I says to the guy at the other end of the line who the hell do you think you're talking to. This is Mrs. Nugent, and take it from me the boy calms down and tries to square himself. Believe me I can talk like a lady of the house when I has to to.

JULY 6—Something tells me I ain't never gonna get that bone-us. It is terrible hot and with the two kids and all the work I'm all in. The hunkey next door gets as much as I do and don't even do no cooking which is lucky for the family because she can't boil no water without burning it. The other day her missis tells her to baste a duck and she goes and gets her sewing things. If that flatfoot is worth 40 dollars a month they ain't enough money in the world to pay me a week's wages. Of course she don't get no bonus like I am some day if nothing don't happen but at that she drags down a big bone-us every time she gets paid. Right now I'm ready to drop in my tracks and it is only with great will powers that I write in this dairy tonight. I don't need nobody singing me no lulla-babies to get to sleep.

JULY 7—Joe the iceman says its a shame the way I work and he says he knows a place where they ain't no kids and where they would pay a swell girl like me fifty dollars and maybe give me every night off. Joe ain't such a bad guy. Outside of being blind when he looks at the ice scales and tracking his muddy dogs into the kitchen he's a pretty good fellow for a iceman. I am going to the movies with him tomorrow night and he is going to tell me some more about that swell job. A young girl like me thats got a little looks and don't look so bad in clothes ain't got no rights working herself to death bone-us or no bone-us which is only a promise and don't mean nothing if you don't get it. Joe says I'm the classiest girl on his route and he ain't got such a small route neither. I shall now go into the arms of Morphine and dream of being a ice-man's bride. That's a hot one, ain't it?

JULY 8—The missis says to me this morning I am going to help you more from now on because I think you been working so hard and it is so hot. She must of smelled a mice so I says nothing and waits to see if she will make her bluff good which she does by helping me wipe the dishes which ain't much but something and makes it easy for me to keep my date with Joe. He ain't such a bad looker when he is all dressed up like a coach dog and believe me I don't look so bad neither with my white pleated skirt and green sweater and yellow turban with red and purple feathers. Also I don't need to be ashamed of my short skirts neither because I ain't got no pigeon feet and no bow limbs to show but what I has is natural and shapeless. You look great says Joe and I says the same to you but you can't forget you is a ice-man can you? What do you mean he says and I says that piece of ice on your necktie looks like the chunk you calls fifty pounds up at the house. How do you sing that way says Joe; that rock is more than a carrot. That ain't bragging much so I don't say nothing more and we goes to the movies and sees Douglas Fairbanks jump over some mountains and push a coupla trains off the track without no mussing of his hair. Huh says Joe I'd like to see that guy lugging around ice all day and climbing stairs. Well, says I like a filosofa, anyone can get by in the fillums but what it takes to be a ice-man most men ain't got because it takes a guy with a swell nerve to be a ice-man. What do you mean swell nerve says Joe so I says what I ain't had no intentions of saying in the first place you know a ice-man is liable to slip on a piece of ice most anytime and hurt hisself bad and then I told Joe about a man who used to bring ice to the Lesters and one day he put a 75 pound chunk on the floor and accidentally stepped on it without seeing it and sprained his ankle awful. Joe looks kinda angry and says where do you get that stuff, couldn't see a big chunk of ice like that? Well I explains his eyesight wasn't so good. You could see a piece that big couldn't you, I asks intending flattery but he didn't seem to like it so much and looked glummy for a while.

Well, anyways we has a nice time. Joe is awful sweet and said I looked better to him than a movie queen but that I was too sourcastic about the ice business so I says I wouldn't be no more. He didn't tell me no more about the job because he said they had quit taking ice from him and he wouldn't like me to work for no place where they did not keep first class ice which I think was very sentimental for a ice-man and very sanitary and I must say for Joe that his ice is good what you get of it.

When we gets home he says good-bye without no fresh words or motions and I was pleased to know that a ice man could be a gentleman and versa-versa. I shall now climb into the maidenly hay and dream of the North Pole where they don't deliver no ice on account of having plenty of it. They has ice to burn up there you might say.

JULY 9—Whose the swell feller I seen you with last night says the missis husband at the breakfast table. What swell feller I says innocent like. You know he says I seen you going in the movies. Then I says he is a gentleman friend of mine what is in the ice business. O says Mr. N is that the Jesse James that brings the samples here and I says yes and he says well they is worse things in the world than a ice-man but right at this minute I can't think of none. Is that so I come back he is a fine feller and knows how to act with a lady. John says the missis don't you bother Linda because it ain't none of your business who she goes out with. Don't pay no attentions to him Linda she says to me and have them eggs scrambled loose this morning. So I goes out in the kitchen and there is Joe staggering under a big chunk of ice. We only wanted fifty pounds I says. Well he comes back that is all they is here only I carried it in fast so I could see you so I give him a smile and a cup of Jav both of which give him great pleasures so far as I can see and he says he will take me out on my next day off when it comes. Believe me, ice-man or no ice-man Joe is a swell guy and got grand tastes.

Well, later on while I is giving the dining room furniture its rubdown I hear somebody in the living room yelling one two, one two higher, one two higher so I busts in and there is the missis in a swimming suit laying on the floor and making a lot of funny motions with her limbs. Is you sick or just cuckoo I asks. No Linda says the missis this is a new way to reduce. You just do what the guy in the talking machine says and maybe you will lose 40 pounds in three months like Mrs. Schmidt did. Maybe says I if you don't eat so much and help me with the housework you won't have to do this stuff. This is the only systematical way says the missis and talking about food I want you should watch the callories when you is making meals. Did some of them bugs get in the soup I asks and then I tells her she should buy some powder what I used to use at the Lesters to kill roaches and she says no Linda calories ain't bugs they is heat younets and they is the things in the food that make you fat. I will give you a book Linda which will tell you all about them. Maybe you want to reduce too. No, I says, I ain't got no wish to but you is making me do it by the hard work around here and by the times I get the bone-us if ever I maybe won't weigh nothing worth mentioning. Leave me alone says the missis while I take exercise number 5 which is grand for reducing the hips. All right says I you can reduce anything you want except my wages and they ain't no fat on them if any.

After dinner at which the missis don't eat no potatoes and drink no water but makes speeches all the time that she ain't doing them things as if expecting me to give her three cheers for her wonderful will power she goes into the sitting room and flops in the davenport. In a few minutes I drifts in and there she is eating candy. Ain't they none of them callory things in them I asks with a sneer any boob knowing that sugar is fattening. Yes says the missis they is but they was laying around the house and I thought I would finish them up so they won't be no more temptations around. Sure, I says, but you could have given them to me and got rid of them in that way and she says I didn't think of that but she don't make no motions to let go of the box. All them fat ladies is the same. They go through a lotta tricks to get a pound off and then sneak in enough eats on the side to take on three pounds and then say mean things about the scales.

I'm too tired tonight to sleep but its got to be did and I might as well have it over with.

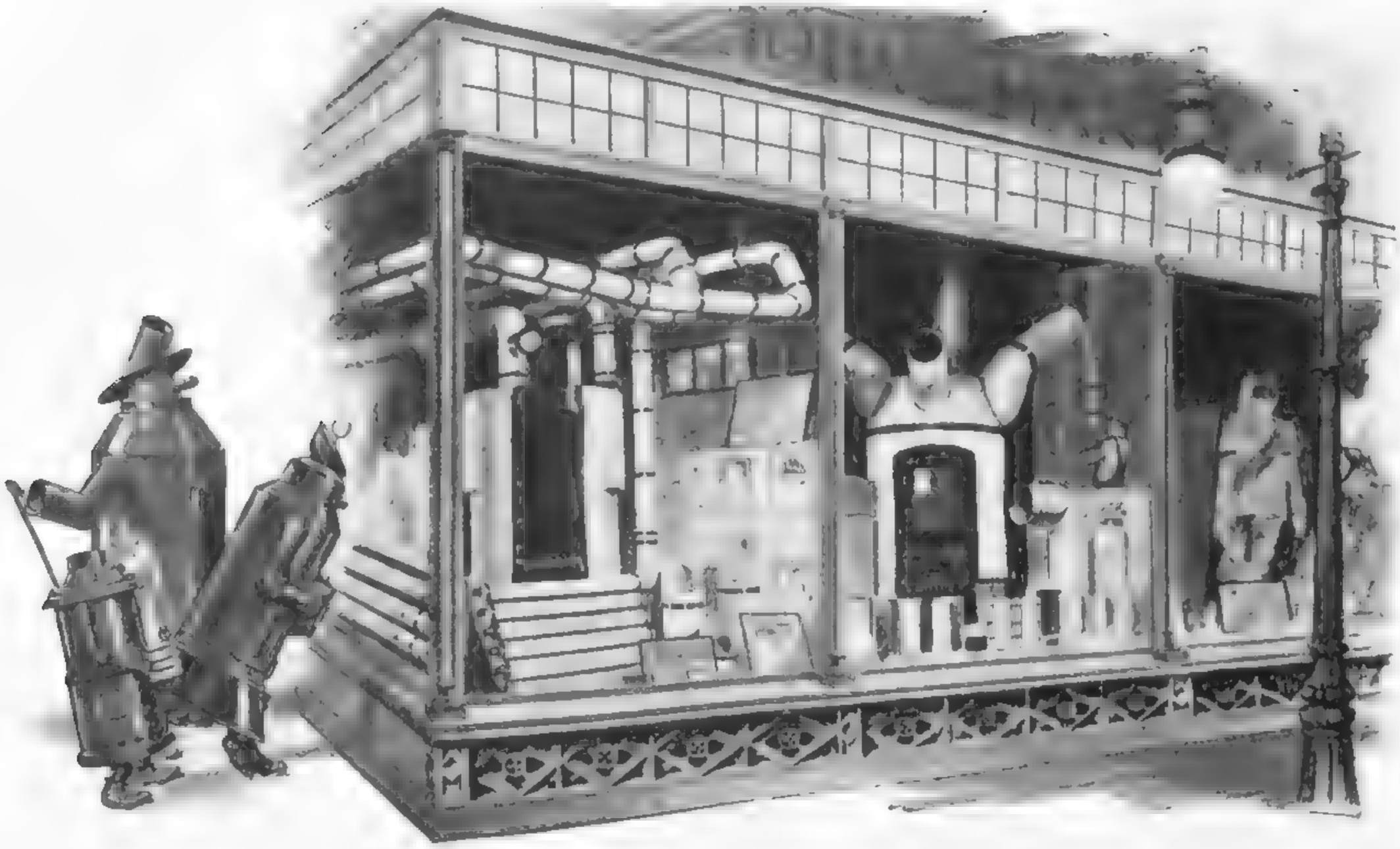
JULY 10—We has lotta excitement today and I is all upstrung yet. The missis husband comes home and says he bought a lizzie. Where is you going to keep it says the missis. I don't know he comes back and looks at me and I says rightaway no you can't put it in my room because it ain't a big room nohow and I need the chair in there and he says O well lets go out and take a ride you too Linda. It being a hot night I says Ok just as soon as I give the dishes their bath. A little later on I hears the missis say is that the car making all them noises outside and the missis husband says how do you get that way that is Linda wrestling with the dishes and then she says to her husband do you know how to drive a car and he says yes he took one lesson and who ever heard of a lizzie being wrecked and besides you can't get hurt much if a lizzie even falls on you so I breaks a platter hoping they would get mad and not take me along. But the missis says see Linda is so tired she can't hold a plate even and a ride will do her good.

So we goes riding and its just like being in a scenic railway only a lots rougher. I is holding the baby on my lap and twict I is ready to jump but I says no I will die like a herowine clasping the child to my breast. Well, we finally does get back home and the missis husband says how did you like that ride Linda and I says I always liked dangerous things and would take a chanct on anything once and he says yes even on a ice man and I says even a ice-man could be honest and have a true heart and he says yes but he ain't seen none yet which makes me mad and I says you don't see very good; you couldn't even see the road in the park a whiles ago. And he just laughs and says Linda you is awful good at reparty which makes me madder and I goes to my room in high dungeon. Even if I is a servant girl I don't need to have to take no lip from no one. I will now go to bed and have a nights-mare of climbing up a tree in a Lizzie and being saved from death by a handsome hero on a ice wagon at the cricketal minute if ever.

JULY 11—Linda says the missis to me this morning I think I will have to get a bigger ice box because the man can not get all the ice in it and it is funny because we always took 50 pounds and before we could get it in and then have room for the butter and the milk bottles and a lot of other things and maybe even a case of beer so I couldn't help but blush prettily and the missis laughs and says he must be crazy about you Linda because no ice man excepting he was crazy in love would give you more ice than you orders which is most usual half of what you pays for. I admits that Joe has tooken a liking for me and she says I wish the vegetable man would took a liking for you so that we could get maybe tomatoes that ain't rotten and corn without no worms in it and I says well you can't expect me to fall in love with no man so you can get good vegetables can you and she says no and I says besides that wop has one wife and two kids and I wouldn't be no wampire like Teddy Bara even to get corn without no worms in it and she says well anyways you be nice to Joe all summer because then we can get all the ice we pays for when we needs it the mostest. Can you beat it. It just shows how peoples plays on the innocent feelings of a servant girl just for their own goods. I'll bet she would like me to flirt with the janitor so she could get her steps washed first while the water is still clean.

Linda says the missis husband this evening when is the ice-man coming to see me and I says why should Joe see you ain't you paid that bill yet and he says yes but I thought he would come and ask me for your hands in marriage and I says why should he ask you nobody else around here does. Besides I says I am over 21 and in my good senses outside of being a servant girl. Well, he says, it is customary for a young man to ask the head of the family

(Continued on Page 48)



Buy some warm clothes for your heating plant—*Now!*

UNLESS you cover your heating system with sufficient insulation of the right kind, you will waste a lot of fuel.

For example—a bare steam pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter wastes 4 tons of coal a season, under average conditions. The losses from hot water and hot air systems also run into tons.

That is why good warm pipe and furnace clothing very soon pays for itself.

Perhaps your pipes are already covered. But if the covering is damaged, or of an inferior construction, it will pay you to replace it. If you are building, be sure all risers in the walls are covered, as well as cellar pipes, flues and the furnace body.

How to select a pipe covering

Your plumber or steamfitter will tell you that quality in clothes for your heating plant differs just as much as quality in clothing for yourself. Improved Asbestocel is just like an all wool suit or overcoat that holds in maximum heat and keeps you warm and comfortable.

Note that word, Improved. It refers to the closed cellular construction of this material, as distinct from the open cells found in other coverings. These closed cells prevent the circulation of air through the covering and thus enable Improved Asbestocel to save more heat per dollar of cost than any other household insulation.

Your heating man will apply the insulation without interfering with the use of your heating system. And the sooner you have him do it, the more fuel you will save.

The higher the price of fuel, the bigger the savings made by proper insulation. And remember, you will pay for Improved Asbestocel whether you buy it or not. The only difference is that if you do not buy it you will pay for it, in fuel waste, over and over again.

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Send for this book

It tells four ways to get more out of your coal bin.

Look for the Red Band

So that you may easily recognize Improved Asbestocel each length is marked with a red band inside of each end. Insist on this insulation for maximum heat saving.

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Through—
Asbestos
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INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
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PACKINGS
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FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

"Some Present" from "Dad"

What a wonderful Christmas it will be for the boy whose Dad makes it possible for him to take his first lesson on that day on his own genuine

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

Every boy should play some musical instrument. Of all musical instruments, the Saxophone is a boy's instrument. It is the one that just fits a boy, to which he takes naturally and which he easily masters.

The technique of the Saxophone interests and tempts a boy's ambition. It brings out and develops his latent musical talent

A Saxophone will help keep your boy at home and occupied with things worth while; it will teach him to improve his time instead of wasting it; it will bring him in contact with better, cleaner associates.

Easiest to Play

The Buescher Saxophone is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all musical instruments to learn.

It is the one instrument that everyone can play—and it wholly satisfies that craving everybody has to personally produce music.

Your boy can learn the scale in an hour's practice, play popular music in a few weeks and take his place in an Orchestra or Band within 90 days, if he so desires.

Nothing can take the place of a Saxophone for home entertainment, church, lodge, school.

PAUL WHITEMAN

The Maestro who Saxophoned Sax-ophobia, Whispering, Kerry Mills's Rag Time Band, Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra played with Buescher Instruments exclusively at Aeolian Hall

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We make it easy for you to get your boy a Saxophone, the Christmas Present that will please him most. Let him have the Instrument for 10 days' Free Trial in the home or store. If satisfactory, pay for it on easy terms to suit your convenience.

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After nearly 100 years' experience building the highest grade musical instruments, we specialize on Saxophones in all nationally known orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes which solos and how parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy

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Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked below.

__Saxophone__Cornet__Trombone__Trumpet
(Mention any other instrument interested in)

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 46)

and ain't I the head of the family. I don't see no signs of it I says and besides you ain't the head of my family and me and Joe are just friendly you might say and besides again when you says you is the head of the family it makes me laugh. Then I goes back to the kitchen and later on the missis husband says Linda do you want to go riding tonight and I says no I got a date for tomorrow afternoon and I don't want to take no chance of missing it. We will only go a few miles he says and I says distance don't mean nothing to you and you can get into more trouble in twenty feet than a blind guy could in 500 miles and that ain't giving you the worst of it neither. Besides I says if I get killed I don't get the bone-us you promised me. Don't you worry none about that says he I already spent the money on the lizzie and I will give it to you at the end of the year or anyhow what is left of it. Won't that be nice and I says it will be lovely and then I asks him if he is through with the afternoon paper so I can look at the Females Wanted. It ain't no use says he I looked at them myself and they ain't no one on Joe's route that wants a girl. Then the missis says Linda he is just trying to be funny and don't pay no attention to him and I says all right I will do just like you do after which he is funny no more. I shall now rest my weary bones. Weary is right.

JULY 12—The missis has quit using them records that you get skinny with. They is too hard she says; I been using them two days and I ain't lost nothing. I think, she says, I will take a walk every day instead. I heard that Mrs. Blumph lost 33 pounds in three months that way. All right I says but I wisht you would take the kids with you when you go. No she says I cannot do that because I must walk brisk. Then she starts out and in about a half hour she is back with a grin about a mile wide. I weighed myself down the corner Linda, says she, on my way back and I already lost two pounds. Yes I says and if you had gone a block further you would have lost six pounds because both of them scales is no good. Me and Joe got on them the other night. The missis is kinda mad then and says well Joe ought to know about bad scales because it is the only kind he ever uses. Is that so I says and she ain't got no come back.

JULY 13—Well me and Joe went out again tonight and here I am all flustered up and too nervous to sleep proper. For a ice-man Joe is a real romantic kid. He wants that I should keep steady company with him but I ain't doing no leaping without no looking before the leaping so I kinda stalls him off for the times being. Believe me a girl that has worked around like I has knows more about married life than that kid McCoy that's taken a chance nine times so I says to Joe I will think it over and he asks, they ain't anyone else you is in love with and I says yes they is myself and I ain't gonna give her any the worst of it if ever.

Well he says you don't want to be a servant girl all your life does you and I says a servant girl anyways gets paid for what she does around a house but a wife don't get nothing and then he says how about love and I says that is something that I read about and see in the movies but ain't never seen much of in the places where I has worked. Joe looked so sad that I let him hold my hand which is further than I have went with any other man so far but when he tries to kiss me good night I draws back like a lady and dignified-like I tell him to beat it while he is one piece and in pretty good health which he does like a gentleman and not like no regular ice-man.

Joe ain't no bad feller and when I gets my bone-us if ever maybe I will consent to go to the halter with him though if I say it myself I could do better than a ice-man if I tried hard but what chanct has a girl that has to do all the work for a houseful of people.

The hunkey next door told me today she got a raise from 40 dollars to 50 dollars a month on account of her talking about quitting and here is I who can cook and everything getting only 40 dollars with a chance of a bone-us or a old lizzie if I am lucky and the missis husband ain't gone bankrupted by that time. If that hunkey is worth 50 dollars a month I ought to get a dollar a dish for every one I wash thats how much better I am than her. Joe and everyone says so.

JULY 14—Had a regular row with the missis this morning and the missis ma and I got a mind and a half to quit now and let the bone-us go where Joe don't deliver no ice. After I gets done ironing a lot of junk the missis has the nerve to come to me and say Linda the windows in front is dirty and you should wash them and I says I ain't no window washer besides I am working too hard already and do you want to give me a broke-down like you give Julia. You won't get no breakdown butts in the missis ma if you didn't run around all night with that ice man and then I gets mad and says I gotta right to run around with a ice-man or anyone else and she ain't got no right to tell me what to do when my work is done which is a kinda joke because the work around this joint ain't never done. Well, the missis gives her ma the office to shut up and beat it and then she gets kinda soft and says she is talking for my good and that I got rings under my eyes from no sleep and I says yes but them rings is from working so hard and she says has I forgot about the bone-us and I says no but what good is a bone-us if you is in your grave when the time comes around if ever to get it and she goes away saying remember to wash them windows.

Believe me, if she waits for me to wash them windows she will wait a heavenly minute which is about 56 years. We did not talk the rest of the day and she didn't say nothing about firing me neither because good girls is hard to get bone-us or no bone-us especially in houses where they is kids and old ladies who is always butting into the kitchen and places where they ain't got no business if any. The missis is awful mad, though, I know because when one of the kids tried to come into my room tonight she says go away from Linda because she might get a broke-down and bite you. I should worry what she says. Nobody can't make no horse outta me believe me or not I don't care. I don't know exactly what to do so I will sleep on it.

JULY 15—Well I just finished packing and tomorrow I will be away from here and it won't be no place where Joe brings ice neither. I should of known better than to trust no ice man and between us all is over and more too. A man who will cheat with the scales will cheat with the trusty heart of a innocent girl and I am sure glad that I found out in time that he was making up with that Swede flathead down the block. It was lucky for me that I was standing on the porch just then and seen him holding that fat wampus in his arms in broad daylights. When he comes with the ice here I was in the front room and maybe he knows now why I didn't see him and I never want to see him again if ever. I'll bet he missed that hot coffee I been giving him every morning.

But I ain't leaving on account of Joe. No cheating ice-man can scare me away from where I wants to be I should say not. To tell the truth and whats the good of a dairy if you don't tell the truth in it the missis fired me not because of them windows that I would not wash but something that ain't got nothing to do with washing windows.

After supper the missis starts for the picture show leaving me as per usual to undress the kids, force a glass of milk down their necks and put them to bed. I don't have no trouble with the baby but that big kid wouldn't let me put her to bed and ran away. She got me madder and madder and I didn't feel so good nohow on account of the row over the windows and on account of Joe and that bum Swede so when I got hold of the kid I gave her a shaking. Just then the missis and her ma comes back for something that she forgot to remember and catches me in the act. Good night. The missis looks like a lady tigress. Pack up and get right outta here she says think of a great big woman like you striking a innocent child you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It is lucky that I came back because you would have killed the child all on account of being mad over them windows.

Then the missis ma butts in and says I'll bet she's been beating the little one too because I seen some black marks on her arms while I was bathing her. I just listens for a while then I busts loose. You is both liars I says and them spoiled kids of yourn oughta get a good walloping. Maybe, I says to the missis, if you didn't spend so much time trying to reduce and spreading scandal about the neighbors you would have a chance to teach them kids of yours to mind. Believe me I was hot.

I don't argue with servants says the missis and I says no you only fight with the neighbors and talk behind their backs and make me do all the work. That is all she says and you pack up and get outta this house in the morning, so I says all right I knows all the time the bone-us was a fake and I think I would rather work for people that is white and don't lie all the times.

Believe me I'll be glad to get outta this joint and away from ice-mans that have got crooked scales and crooked hearts. I shall now sleep for the last time in this deceitful place.

JULY 16—Well, here I is yet being as I didn't leave this morning as I intended to and Joe says it is a good thing that I didn't go and he sure is right. Everything happened in a kinda funny way and I'm feeling pretty good tonight.

Well I got up this morning about six o'clock expecting to sneak outta the house before the folks get up as I didn't want to see them they having paid me the night before without no bone-us to be sure. There is Mr. N. sitting in the kitchen. Are you going away, he says. Sure I tells him kinda surprised that he don't know. Well, says he, me and the missis was talking it over last night and we decided that we ain't been treating you right. We is going to get a nurse to look after the children and the missis ma is going to live in the country for a year or two. Nothing doing says I, I got other reasons for not wanting to stay here. I know, says he but that will be all right too. What do you mean, says I. Joe, says he. How do you know, I asks. Well, says he, my office is down near the ice place and yesterday Joe comes in to see me. You, I asks, what for? He wants me to find out what you got against him. He told me you wouldn't talk to him and on the square Linda he is crazy about you. Yes I says he must be, hugging fat Swedes on the porch in broad daylights. They must be some mistake he comes back because he nearly cried when he was talking about you he is that nutty about you.

I don't know what to think for a whiles. Listen Linda says the boss I'm crazy about your cooking and if you'll stay I'll add five dollars to your wages and you get the bone-us too. The old lizzie, I asks. No says he I'm going to trade it in for a automobile or maybe sell it to Joe. Well I says I'll fix breakfast for you before I beats it anyway. Good girl he says.

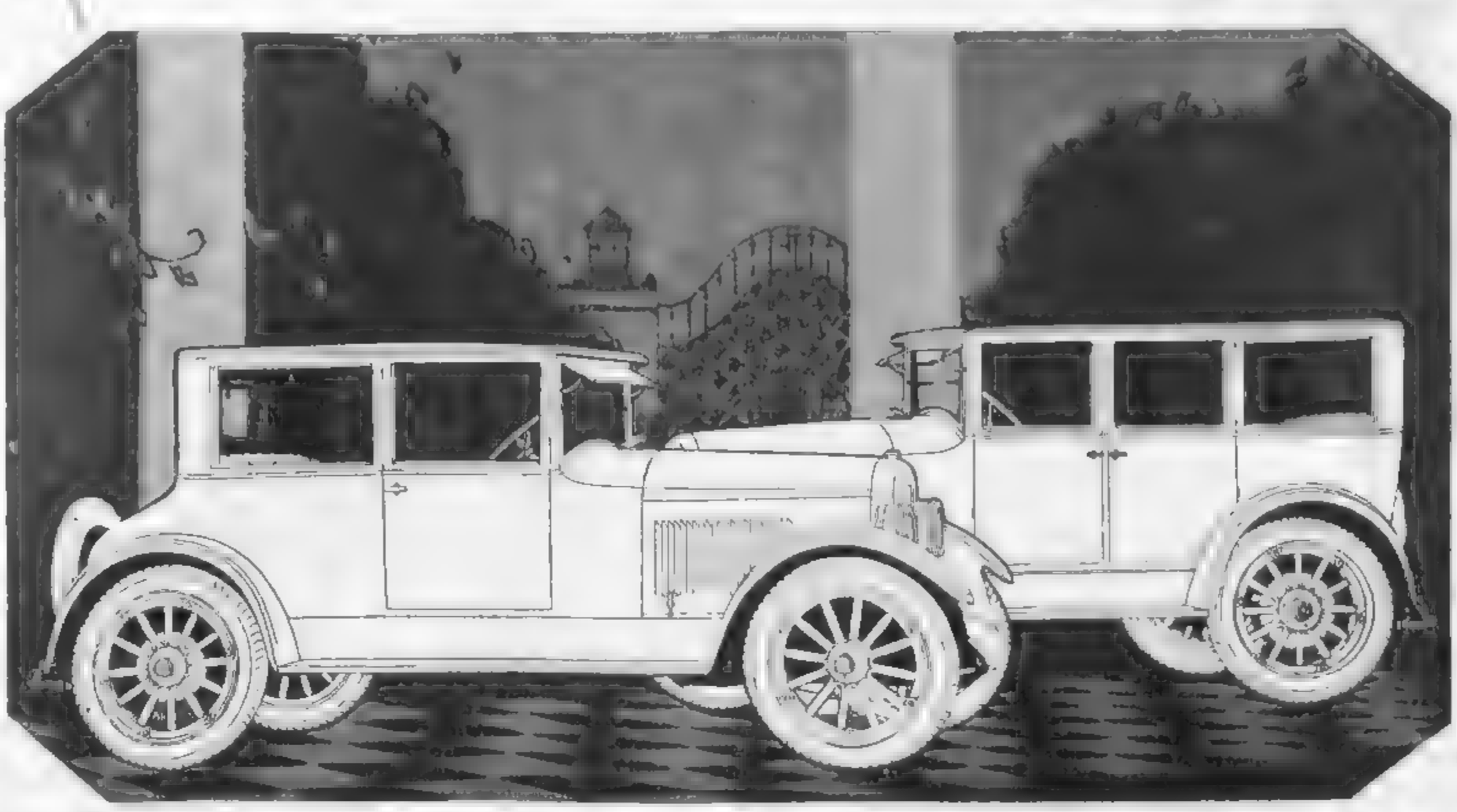
I'm messing around with the ham and eggs fixing 'em up the way the missis husband likes when Joe comes in. He ain't got no ice and the poor boy looks like he's sick. Are you mad at me Linda he says and I says no but I ain't gonna run no race for him with a fat Swede that scrubs steps without no shoes and he says what do you mean and I says I seen you holding her in your arms on the back porch yesterday. He looks kinda funny and shakes his head.

What, he says to me finally, me hold that fat flounder you must be cuckoo she weighs about 300 pounds and can't even talk United States. Yes I says but what was she doing in your arms. He don't say nothing for a while and then he busts out laughing.

What's the joke I asks stern. I have to laugh says he; you know how that big Swede got in my arms? Well, it was this way she slipped and fell in them and nearly knocked me down. Yes, I says sarcastic. Cross my heart says Joe and looks so honest for a ice-man that I sees he is telling the truth no matter how it hurts him and besides how can any man in his right senses choose a big Swede that don't wear no shoes against me who has some class believe me or not I don't care.

What did she slip on I says one of your fifty pound chunks of ice? He laughs and says see, you can tell how much I love her by the size of the piece that I give her and now wait and see what I brung you. In a minute he comes in with a chunk of ice that is as big as the whole box. In his other hand is a big bunch of flowers which he gives me and before I knows it he kisses me on my chased lips which is the first time no man ever done it so far.

Fine Sixes With Fine Car Equipment



Sedan $1465—Coupe $1445 *F. O. B. Detroit Tax Extra*

The prices of the Jewett Sedan and Coupe are so surprisingly low that, unless one has personal knowledge of the true character and quality of these cars, a false classification is the natural result.

Neither the Jewett Sedan nor the Coupe are "light" Sixes. They are roomy, powerful enclosed cars of distinction and beauty. They are powered with a 6-cylinder 3¼ x 5-inch motor installed in a sturdy chassis in which every unit is built for excess strength.

At the right you will find a list of Jewett closed car features. Study this list carefully. Then you will understand why the Jewett can only be compared with much more expensive automobiles.

Inside and outside—feature for feature—the Sedan and Coupe represent distinctly new standards of value. They are *complete* cars from every standpoint of fine mechanics and perfectly designed appointments.

Jewett Closed Car Features

Long-wearing, all-wool upholstery fabrics that neither fade nor soil easily.
Extra broad cushions over deep cushion springs.
Ample leg room for all passengers.
Full steel panelled
Broad plate glass windows which slide in felt lined channels—rattle and rain proof. Easy operating window lifts.
Silk roller curtains.
Dome light.
Locks on all doors.
Yale thief-proof transmission lock
Drip moulding which prevents rain running down over the doors and side windows
Cowl ventilator.
Rain and sun visor.
Windshield cleaner.
Drum type lamps with lenses, and 2 sets of bulbs.
Double-catch, non-rattling doors.
Sedan: Robe rail, foot rest, pockets on the doors, ample room for five passengers. Four doors of course.
Coupe: Is as roomy as 4-passenger closed cars listing for $2,000 or more and really comfortable for four adults.

The complete Paige-Jewett line of six-cylinder passenger cars offers a selection of thirteen models priced from $995 to $3350. The complete line of Paige trucks meets every haulage need. They are sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere.

JEWETT

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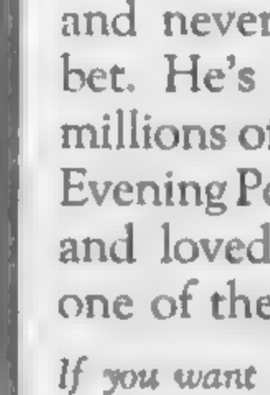
CAPPY RICKS RETIRES



By Peter B. Kyne

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THE JONAH

(Continued from Page 12)

But if there is anything that more than anything else distinguishes the writer of pulling advertising copy from the ordinary ruck of space fillers it is the manipulation of the right word, the delicately shaded expression, the unforced but appealing statement which arrests and grapples the eye of the beholder. Now Kingfield had that stock in trade, and he knew enough to treasure it. So far as his actual copy was concerned, he could put it down in pencil. But he also aimed to have every least bit of dictation that went from his office contain something of the same stinging spark. It was his dream to have every letter, no matter how seemingly unimportant, carry a tiny ember from the big blaze that would sear its way into recollection.

A big notion, this was, and Kingfield knew perfectly well that it couldn't wholly be done. But the thing that had made him the right-hand copy man of the Atlantic people was his determination to come as near as possible to doing all the things that couldn't be done.

What Kingfield needed, if he had given the matter the ultimate thought, was the kind of secretary-stenographer who is born about once in six months, assuming the normal birth rate to be the accepted one a minute. He needed the woman who outthinks and outearns the average man, and lands high and safe in a big organization as the confidential secretary of the Big Noise. But Kingfield was green as an employer, and he plugged on and on, hiring and firing, and trying again.

To weed out the applicants more quickly and reduce the agony as much as might be, Kingfield formulated a test letter, somewhat after the hint of those government tests that determined the mental grade of a soldier during the war and decided whether he could be trusted to handle explosives or should merely be allowed to remove the outer husk from potatoes, under the eagle eye of the sourdough.

Perhaps you remember some of those questions. They looked simple enough, but many a grown-up executive, earning his surtax, batted .0175 when he tried to answer them. They were like this: "If a lemon is sweeter than an orange, put a cross through the word 'yes,' but do not do this if distance from New York to Chicago is not greater than the distance from Philadelphia to Boston."

Kingfield's test letter wasn't like that. It was more reasonable and much easier—if you happened to be the kind of stenographer who could do it. It was contrived to include as many words as possible—with appropriate punctuation—which, though not being obsolete or funny or far-fetched, would be likely to present themselves to the ear of a stenographer in an office like Kingfield's. Here is the letter, just as he spoke it into the dictating machine:

(Paragraph) Many thousands of business men will be hanging the vacation sign on their doors next Saturday noon (comma) and packing their kits for the trail that leads to the big-game country (period) All this week they've been smelling the balsam boughs (semicolon) they've had the zest of the mountain trails in their pulse (semicolon) and oh (exclamation) man (comma) they can hardly wait for the 8:15 sleeper that will shoot them north to where their favorite Canuck guide is waiting (period) Have they been squinting through the barrel of that old twelve-gauge (question) Have they been fondling the old thirty-thirty and patting its walnut stock (question) Right in the middle of conference have they pulled out the time table and studied it with a far-away look in their eyes (question) Even so (exclamation) And they know (comma) and we know (comma) and of course you know (underlined) that a sportsman is just as husky as his boots (comma) and no more (period) His boots must be as strong as Hercules and as loving to his feet as Hecuba (period) They've got to be present on his feet and absent from his mind (period) They've got to be just the sort of boots you are making (comma) Mr (period) Shawcroft (comma) that you've been making faithfully for years (dash) but unfaithfully neglecting to advertise (dash) to that lusty band of sportsmen who are going north to the haunt of the moose (period) It's too late to get them this year (comma) but it's just the right minute for us to get together on a campaign that will boot every mother's son of them next season ——

Well, that's the way the test letter went. It looks easy when you see it in print, but perhaps it wasn't such a lush earful for the young women who had been, during their stenographic lives, jotting down the pothooks which stand for "Yours of the 20th inst. received and contents noted. In reply would state ——"

Kingfield didn't want to be unfair. He didn't expect any human being to know exactly the things he knew in the way he knew them. He didn't even expect a young woman to know all the words in any one day's dictation. So he had planted a noble dictionary on one corner of the typist's desk, where it would be ready in case of emergency. Nearly all the prospective employes removed this dictionary to a far corner before they discharged their hats. They probably thought it had been dropped there by mistake.

Some of them got halfway through the dictating machine record, stopped, rose with the look of a dying fawn and vanished. Some lasted through the letter, and then remarked that they wouldn't be made fools of by nobody; in their opinion Mr. Kingfield needed a horn for the machine so that he could hear himself talk. One young lady remarked, after listening admiringly to the record, "Mister, you sure can say a mouthful!" and reached for her vanity bag as though she had suddenly remembered leaving the current on the electric iron at home.

A man who can't pick good help has only one thing to do: He must sit down and wait for some good help to come along and pick him. And usually even while the process of being picked is going on he refuses to believe it.

It was that way with Kingfield. When he arrived at the office one morning, about twenty minutes before he used to arrive at any office where he was working for somebody else, there was a young woman standing patiently in the hallway. Kingfield looked at her and instantly felt thankful that she wasn't waiting for him. She was all that he abhorred in the way of candidates for jobs. She was vastly pretty, but freshly powdered as to the nose; there was more than a suspicion that the rouge chamois had frisked across her cheeks; and her skirt, though certainly not the shortest in the city, was still much shorter than Kingfield's mother wore when he was a little boy. Don't get the idea that Kingfield didn't enjoy the most prominent part of a Ziegfeld show as much as anyone. But, you see, he couldn't make ankles and good typistry coincide in his imagination.

There was a piquant tilt of her somewhat vampish hat that made Kingfield especially glad she hadn't come to apply to him for a job.

But she had.

"Are you Mr. Kingfield?" she asked, with a smile and a merry voice that Kingfield couldn't associate with honest labor.

He admitted rather snappishly that he was.

"I saw your advertisement for a typist in the morning paper," said the young woman.

"You must have been up all night then," was the caustic comment.

"You guessed it! I was, nearly. I was dancing till about two o'clock, and then I bought a morning paper on my way home. I saw your advertisement and somehow I felt it was just what I'd been waiting for. So I thought I'd better come early and avoid the rush."

Kingfield felt churlish.

"I wouldn't want to be the cause of your giving up dancing all night," he said. "And you really can't dance all night and work all day."

"I know that," was the reply. "If the work is more interesting than dancing I'll give up the dancing."

There was no apparent impertinence in her words. She spoke with utter frankness, as man to man; as though Kingfield's job would have to make good or she might go out and dance her young toes off.

"Come in," said Kingfield wearily, unlocking the door.

"How old are you?" he asked shortly when they were inside.

"Twenty-three next month."

"You don't look it. I suppose you don't want to. Where have you worked, Miss ——"

"My name is Ruth Denniver. I never worked anywhere very long—not over three months."

"I believe you," Kingfield almost said. But he changed it to "Well, I must say you're frank about it. How did you happen never to stay longer?"

"The jobs weren't interesting," was the reply. "I'm looking for an interesting job. Something that will appeal to my imagination."

"Appeal to my imagination!"

Kingfield shot a quick glance at the girl. These were not the ordinary words of the job seeker. He brightened in his outlook so far as to say, "You've used the dictating machine, I suppose?"

"No; but I could."

This was less promising. It sounded like cheeky assertiveness. Her stock fell back toward the cellar. But Kingfield took his favorite test record and slipped it on the machine.

"This is a test record I use," he explained. "Some of the words are not in common use maybe; but they're all in that book." He tapped the dictionary, and in fairness he added, "I don't expect you to get it 100 per cent right; just the best you can do with it."

Kingfield went to his desk and began to open the morning mail. He tried to forget the young woman sitting across the room. Just once he couldn't help chuckling, albeit gloomily, at the thought of the typographical hash this all-night dancer was going to hand him in a few minutes, if she handed him anything.

Then he really got interested in a letter, and was awakened from his thought about it by Miss Denniver, who laid two typewritten sheets in front of him.

Kingfield looked at them with a practiced eye, and wouldn't believe his eyesight. Speaking flatly and coldly, it was too much like a miracle. There were one or two marks of erasure, but the filling in had been accomplished neatly. Hercules was there. Hecuba was among those present. "Gauge" was spelled as Webster preferred it, and as few persons since have favored. The semicolons were studded in like pearls around a ruby.

"Who did this?" asked Kingfield.

"I did," replied Miss Denniver, with a laugh that had the tinkle of understanding in it. "Hecuba had me floored for a while, but I found her in the back of the book. You know, I think I'd like this place. I never felt so interested."

Kingfield stared. He drew a hand across his eyes and hoped if he were dreaming nobody would ever jar him. Then he jumped up and put out his hand.

"Miss Denniver," he said in the voice of one who has wandered long in a dismal swamp and at last has seen the spire of a church in the distance, "that desk there is yours, that typewriter's yours, part of that hat tree is for your duds, and if there is anything you think you'd need to make you more comfortable ask for it."

"In other words, the job is mine?" asked the young woman, who seemed to prefer the explicit to the general in such an important matter.

"The job is yours," replied Kingfield, "by a unanimous vote."

"

IN THE next few days Miss Ruth Denniver upset, down-flung and scrambled all that was left of Kingfield's generalization about the sorority of key pushers. She did all the things that no sedate typist should do, and she left undone all the things that Kingfield's grandmother would have done. She came into the office trilling a popular song and she left it with a solo shimmy step and a good night that didn't sound employe-like in the smallest degree. But, be it slated legibly, she got to the office always a little ahead of time, and on several occasions she had to be urgently requested to go home and leave some work for another day to come. All she remarked about this enormity was that she liked the work. It was interesting.

She had a way of answering the telephone that Kingfield at first feared would be thought flippant, if not flip; but he discovered that everyone on the other end of the phone took it for just what it was—the brimming of a hearty, healthy, joyous spirit.

When Miss Denniver spoke the American language she uttered a gush of modernity that included the slang of every period up to the last ten minutes. But she had another language, too. She could speak English that would have perfectly satisfied Barrett Wendell or Professor Lounsbury.

(Continued on Page 53)

Branches-Authorized Distributors-Authorized Service Stations

6,357 Convenient Points of Service

United Motors Service, on October 1, 1922, became the official field service organization for Hyatt Roller Bearings and New Departure Ball Bearings. This seasoned organization adds the servicing of these two products to its established authorized service for that impressive group of essential automotive products whose trade names are shown on this page.

This authorized factory service can be obtained at more than six thousand branch, distributor and dealer points of service throughout the United States and Canada. The widespread scope of United Motors, and its universal convenience for car owners, becomes strikingly apparent when it is appreciated that there are only 5,424 incorporated towns or cities in the entire United States.

Every one of United Motors' thousands of representatives must conform to an established standard—a standard which can be maintained alone through the use of genuine parts, the provision of adequate facilities, the employment of skilled repairmen, thorough inspection and tests, and reasonable charges.

And so it has come that wherever a motorist sees the trade mark of United Motors—in great cities or at country cross-roads—there can he be *sure* of obtaining authorized factory service and genuine parts for these standard and essential automotive products.

KLAXON
Warning Signals

Delco
Starting—Lighting—Ignition Systems

NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings

HARRISON
Radiators

REMY
Starting—Lighting—Ignition Systems

AC
Speedometers

JAXON
Rims and Rim Parts

HYATT
Roller Bearings

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

INCORPORATED

Branches in Principal Cities

A Corona at last—
I've always wanted one!

WHO is there that hasn't longed to own a Personal Writing Machine?

For Corona is more than a fascinating gift—it is increasingly prized with every passing year, because its willing keys enable its owner to write more clearly, accurately, swiftly, to do better work, earn a larger income.

No wonder other gifts seem commonplace by comparison.

If you have ever thought of giving a Corona, by all means do it this year—for a new Corona has just been perfected which is the ultimate in portable writing machines, embodying everything that sixteen years' experience and the advice of half a million users have shown to be desirable.

Ask one of our 1300 dealers to show you this improved Corona. Its price has not been increased—$50 complete with carrying case. If you do not know the dealer's name, look for Corona in your telephone book, or write us, Dept. 117.

TO MAKE Corona doubly attractive on Christmas morning, it comes in this delightful Christmas box (over its own neat carrying case). The dealer has these boxes already in stock; he will reserve one for you if you speak to him today.

CORONA
The Personal Writing Machine

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Built by CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc., *Groton*, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 50)

She was not, be it understood, a prodigy. She could make mistakes, and did. But she knew how to rectify them speedily and neatly, and she knew how to act when they were pointed out to her.

It amounted to this: Kingfield had met for the first time a specimen of the *genus Americanus*, species *Flapperina*—the weepless stenog, full of paprika, crisp as a Northern Spy apple, quick on the volley, with the youthful enthusiasm that makes the work a game. If these mixed similes and metaphors don't do her justice there are more where these came from.

You might get the impression from this sketchy picture that Miss Denniver might be summed up in the word "fresh," as it was formerly used to imply something objectionable. Fresh she was, but not in that sense. She had a sense of proportion. She stopped singing when work began; she awarded her employer precisely the same respect that she demanded for herself; and with all her departure from the staid schedule of other days, there wasn't a single point of immodesty about her, unless one objected to her manner of dress. And, as Miss Denniver had remarked, she didn't create the style. She merely passed it on the journey to where it was going.

This is what Kingfield got for thirty dollars a week, and he had a feeling that he was robbing his employe. The longer she served him the more he felt that she was wasting her time with a newly hatched business like his. Still he was paying all he could afford.

And—that last statement brings us to the important milk in the coconut we have tapped.

H. Wade Kingfield, having at last achieved a stenographer who could really be denominated as female help, had now something else to worry about. He began to wonder whether he hadn't overestimated his ability when he gave up the stationery of the Atlantic Agency and got printed matter of his own. He had known a lot of fellows who had done well, had done exceedingly well, while working for somebody else, but who had flopped cold when they went into business for themselves. He now reached the point where he was forced to wonder whether this was the fate allotted to him.

When Kingfield left the Atlantic Agency, with good feeling all around, he carried with him a number of accounts that were quite his own. They were small accounts, but bona fide; he had no difficulty in getting an agent's rating that entitled him to the usual discounts or commissions and the courtesies of the craft. In the Atlantic Agency he had turned out some copy that was talked about in the inner circles of advertising—which isn't really very important—and sold the goods to the public—which is very important. He had sat in on enough sales-and-distribution problems to know that side of merchandising pretty well. He knew one thing about advertising that was worth more than all the rest—which was, that it is not an exact science; that it is a queer, fascinating psychological game wherein the approved moves sometimes don't get a picayune, and where an accidental jar with the elbow sometimes wins with celerity. He knew also that advertising men invent erudite terms to describe the process of selling goods; but when all is said and over, advertising is printed talk, intended to sell something to somebody, and the big buying public doesn't care a decayed chestnut what fancy names are buttoned to it.

But there was one thing that young Mr. Kingfield hadn't enough considered. He could write excellent copy. He could make that copy coincide with sales effort. He knew the basic principles of selling well enough for his part of the job. But, personally, for himself he was not a salesman. He had never had to sell his own wares. An advertising agency has something to sell, just as much as a merchant has something to sell. The advertising agency must sell its services to a merchant who must sell his goods. It is selling within selling, if you like; but there is the fact. On that point Kingfield was slipping.

It was curious about H. Wade Kingfield, just as it is curious about other people of similar talent. There isn't any word in the dictionary for the thing he lacked. Everyone who has sold wares, or failed to sell them, knows that there is a little radium-like touch that closes a customer. The man who lacks it can get right up to the last word, and then fail to close. He may score one hundred on personal contact; another hundred on his presentation; he can walk out of the other man's office leaving behind him the conviction that he is one of the nicest and cleverest fellows in the world—and the sum of the whole addition is zero. He just failed to put it over.

Kingfield began to face the awful truth that he might be one of those men. He went after Jacques Omner & Sons with some of the best piano copy he had ever dreamed—delicate in texture, alluring in layout, with pen-and-ink drawings that carried organ tones with them. He almost sold his work, and almost got the account—but Claypole, Ltd., with really inferior stuff, got it instead.

It was the same with the Ponty & Kernon varnish account. This big account, worth about ten thousand dollars a year gross to any agent, was one of those queer mavericks that range around on the outskirting mesquite lands of the business—a lot of capable agencies had roped it and had to let go. George L. Ponty was dyspeptically looking for something that he couldn't define, and never quite getting it. George L. Ponty said of Kingfield that he had made the best impression on him of any young man he ever met. Kingfield spent considerable money preparing a magazine campaign for Ponty & Kernon, because he felt after a good deal of encouragement that it was sure to fall his way. A little agency that Kingfield had never heard of finally edged in and nailed it under his fingers. Kingfield drooped.

Kingfield had gone into business with what he thought sufficient funds and credit to tide him through till he struck a few big accounts. He figured prudently that there might be an ebb tide, but that the tide had to flow in again. But what he didn't figure was that sometimes, in September, the tide goes away out and seems to dally there a long time, and when it does decide to come in the people who were waiting for it have found important reasons for going home.

At last H. Wade Kingfield was discouraged. He couldn't help showing it in his face. He got to figuring his check book nervously and doing sums in addition, subtraction and simple interest on his memorandum pad. About that time he had the unpleasant feeling, too, that Miss Ruth Denniver was often looking at him out of the corner of her eye with an understanding sympathy that made him shudder. One day he strolled over to his old employers, the Atlantic Agency, and without divulging any set purpose made a few discreet inquiries.

He found that there was a place in the copy department for him there any time he wanted to return.

This was bad. It would have been better for him, he knew, if every door had been shut against him. There are times when the knowledge that one can get a job is more disastrous than the certainty one can't. This was one of those times. Kingfield was getting ready to toss the sponge and count ten on himself. And, oddly enough, what galled him most about the prospect of failure was the thought that he had associated with himself the topnotchest secretary in the world and then couldn't live up to her. At any rate, though, he was going to see that Miss Denniver got a job more worthy of her talents. He knew of a dozen men of big business who would, he was sure, be enraptured to have her preside over their embossed stationery.

But Kingfield didn't get there soon enough. The representative of the *genus Americanus*, species *Flapperina*, beat him to it, as she seemed uncannily to have guessed his thoughts on many occasions.

Kingfield had planned to have it go like this:

"Miss Denniver—um—ah—I'd like to speak with you very confidentially. I don't think I'm going to make the big success of this agency that I dreamed. It hurts me a whole lot to make such a confession to you; no man likes to proclaim his failure. I'm not a good salesman for myself—that just about says it. I might go into partnership with another man who's got the sales punch I lack, but it's a little late to talk about that. I'm telling you this because I want you to let me help you get a real job; maybe with some big advertising agency where they'd like the sort of help you've given me. Oh, no, don't thank me! The obligation is all on my side."

That was the gist of what Kingfield planned to say. The words never got spoken. About twenty-four hours before

Is your body 10 years older than you are?

The average man in the United States is dead at 54! This means that many are physical wrecks at forty and are already losing their hold upon health and vigor in their thirties.

And yet within the grasp of every normal man are the simple means to *maintain* health and strength—and even get them back when they are slipping away.

Failing strength and energy mean just this: *something* is hindering the body from performing its two vital functions. Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it, or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the intestines.

The truth about loss of "drive" and power

Only in recent years—through a series of experiments of fascinating interest—has it been found that the chief cause of the trouble is a *lack of certain elements in our food*.

The most important finding of all in some respects was that a familiar food, Fleischmann's Yeast, is rich in the missing elements.

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body *absorb its proper nourishment, and keep the system clean*.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine—it is a natural food. It helps to "tone up" the whole system, and assures regular daily elimination. *Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly*.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast. Men and women everywhere are finding it the key to such buoyant health and vitality as they have never known.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time from your grocer. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means! Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.

Eat it plain—or spread on crackers—or mixed with water or milk

Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept 625, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name

Street

City State

Every woman wants a chest of fragrant cedar wood

THE young girl gliding into womanhood, treasuring a store of gifts against Her Day; the radiant wife swiftly fashioning a host of baby things; and mother of mothers fondly dreaming o'er the lace and lavender of a bygone year—each knows the sure protection and the decorative beauty of a lasting cedar chest.

Lane Chests of fragrant red cedar heartwood are moth-proof, dust-proof, damp-proof. Each of the many sizes and designs is as beautiful as care can make it. Each is built to last for generations. Cushioned, there is no more delightful window seat or cosier lounge for the foot of a bed. Always it is as accessible as your dressing table drawer.

Lane processes retain the natural cedar color; accentuate the beautiful graining; keep the moth-killing and refreshing cedar aroma inside. Permanence is insured by a dovetailed panel and interlocked corner construction. Double-plated hardware. Yale locks. The Lane Cedar Chest is as artistic as a jewel box; sturdier than a trunk.

These beautiful chests are made in many different styles and sizes, with trays, to meet every taste. They may be purchased for as low as from $12 to $15 upward. The genuine Lane has the name burned on the inside of lid. Be sure to look for it. If your furniture dealer or department store cannot supply you, write to us and we will tell you who can.

A Whisper to the Gift Buyer

There's pride to give and joy to have when a Lane Cedar Chest, It is the sort of gift that becomes an heirloom.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Va.
Formerly The Standard Red Cedar Chest Co., Inc.

LANE
CEDAR CHEST

they were to have been delivered Miss Ruth Denniver came to Kingfield's desk and uttered a little speech of her own:

"I've got another job, Mr. Kingfield. Would two weeks' notice be all right?"

Well, it is one thing to perform an act of generous self-sacrifice, and another thing to have the act performed for you. It is one thing to make a donation for sweet charity's sake, and quite something else to have the donation frisked from your coat pocket in a crowded street car, even though the beneficiary be the same person in the end. Kingfield felt properly peevish when Miss Denniver served her notice on him. He was about to give her notice and help her to another job. But when she gave him notice and got the other job for herself there seemed to be a touch of ingratitude about it. Besides, there was another element that made the young man straighten up, shut his jaws firmly and take a new grip on himself. She had taken his measure! She had become aware of the fact that she was sailing on a doomed ship. Like the rats that are supposed to jump overboard, Miss Denniver was leaving while her abbreviated skirts were still dry.

Kingfield smiled one of those photographer's smiles that seem to have an origin in a touch of lumbago.

He replied dryly, "Well, I'm glad, Miss Denniver. I hope you'll do mighty well."

He couldn't say less. He could have said more, and in a warmer tone. But this was all he felt equal to. At the same time he boiled up suddenly inside, and every center of will power yelled, "You've got to fool 'em all, Kingfield! You can't give up now! Let the Atlantic job go hang!"

Kingfield felt the new force so strongly that after luncheon he went over to Ruth Denniver's desk and said almost cordially:

"I'm not going to hold you to two weeks' notice, Miss Denniver. I know the game well enough to know that when people want you they want you as soon as you can come. It isn't that I want to see you go from here. You've done splendidly for me. I don't figure on getting anyone like you in a hurry. But you better go over to your new people tomorrow morning, I think."

"Thank you," was the reply.

She looked up into Kingfield's face, and a queer maternal kind of smile hovered on her lips. It was the kind of smile of tolerant tenderness that Kingfield's mother years before had given him when he stood up to the kitchen table in a chair and spilled flour all over the place in the fervent belief that he was assisting her to cook. But Kingfield of course didn't read this.

Later in the day, when most of the office people had left the building, Miss Denniver stood at the door, bag in hand and a little package of her private effects under her arm, and looked back upon her late employer wistfully. She seemed in doubt as to how to say the necessary *congé*. But she found the way. She came over to his desk and held out a hand. "I'm going to see you again sometimes, am I not?"

"Oh, yes, of course, of course."

The answer was distrait and unconvinced. They shook hands quickly, and Ruth Denniver left the office with a promptness and a dignity absolutely new for her.

As for Kingfield, he had made up his mind that the business would go on. He would get out and hustle as nobody ever hustled before. He would dent the world of business with his copy and his plans if he had to accompany them with a loaded club.

The first thing was another secretary-typist of course. This time he was under no illusions as to the old-fashioned, sad-eyed ladies with the low temperature and the undertime production. He went after the species *Flapperina* and got one with his very first classified shot. She wasn't a Denniver. But she was reasonably fast and accurate and resourceful, and she consented, after some reluctant thought, to become better acquainted with the finesse of punctuation.

And now perhaps we had better hear from H. Wade Kingfield himself as to what happened to his agency after the departure of Miss Denniver.

H. Wade is sitting prosperously in a corner of the Gutenberg Club, the luncheon haunt of the younger spirits of advertising, pulling on a large and fragrant cigar. He is talking to a brother member of the advertising craft, a friend of long standing, and he lets himself grow extensive and complacent, like any young man who is having a bit of long-delayed prosperity.

"It's funny, Fred," says H. Wade Kingfield, "but my first real success started right after the time I lost one of the best stenographers that ever touched her nose with talcum. You know, it makes me almost superstitious. You wouldn't think of a crack stenographer as a Jonah. That girl knew more about the English language, and more about the fundamentals of advertising, and had a more helpful atmosphere with her, than any stenographer I ever hope to see again. Why even now I can look over at the desk where she used to sit and get almost sentimental about her. She was one of those girls who look like mere jazz babies, without a thing on her mind except the nearest beauty parlor; and yet she could follow you into most any old technical conversation, and if she didn't know a thing one day I'll bet she spent the evening boning up on it in the library, because she always came back with the goods the following morning."

"You're describing a dream," commented Fred. "There's no such animal."

"I don't blame you for saying so. But I'm not overstating it. Now we come to the queer part of it. As long as that girl was with me I had nothing but turndowns; lost one sure thing after another; couldn't seem to convince the men who had to be convinced; or if I did, something unheard of turned up at the last minute and blackjacked me. I got down so low that I thought of going back to my old job with Atlantic. Well, this wonder girl I'm telling you about got herself a better job and slid out. I guess I was peeved about it; and I'm sorry, now I look back on it, that I didn't show a better spirit. Anyway she went."

The listener looked at his watch and remarked "Huh!"

"Wait just a minute—I'm working up to it. A few weeks after this girl quit me I got a telephone call from the Theodore Jast people, asking me to meet Mr. Jast at the Engineers' Club, where he could have a chance to talk without being interrupted. The Jasts were just putting a new spark plug on the market. Fine old man, this Jast! He said he'd heard a good deal about my copy and a certain newish slant I got into it, and he had decided to let me tell him what I could do for them in the way of a big national campaign, beginning as soon as they could establish their distribution."

"Yes, you certainly made good with the Jast advertising, King."

"That isn't all. Right out of the heavens, three months afterward, the Mayhood washing-machine business fell on me almost the same way. I'd been working my head off, going after two other accounts in the same business; but this Mayhood business was one that I hadn't even thought seriously about. Well, I got it. Then, day before yesterday, came the best one of all, the Adderton candy people. I had been gunning for them, but never got much farther than the outer gate. When they came they did all the coming themselves. I suppose it just goes to show that all the sapping and mining you do takes a long time to show any effect. Probably the work I'd done on these big advertisers, which seemed to be lost effort, had really been accumulating in my favor."

"What's that got to do with the marvelous stenog?" asked Fred, reaching for his hat.

"Why nothing, if you don't happen to see it. Only, I say I can't help believing in Jonahs after this. The case is net, my boy, net. While she was with me I was on the way to the poorhouse. The moment she quit I began to do business."

"Maybe you took her out to dinner too much," was the roguish challenge.

Kingfield reddened.

"You can say that as kidding, and it's all right," he answered sharply. "But as a matter of fact, without taking any moral position, that's one of the things I don't do, never did and never will."

"Well, don't get up-stage about it. A lot of executives would like to have that girl you've been advertising, whether she's a Jonah or not, if she's as good as you tell it."

"She might not be a Jonah to anybody else," replied Kingfield thoughtfully. "But she certainly was to me."

III

SHE came back to Kingfield's Agency one bright May morning, when the birds were doing their best to make the few scraggly elms in City Hall Park sound like the forest primeval. Kingfield had moved

(Continued on Page 56)

--to an Appreciative Husband

Sometimes, especially in such a kindly season as Christmas always is, you probably reflect in mingled wonder and gratefulness upon the girl who cast her lot with yours.

Even as you read this page she is perhaps moving about the familiar rooms, carrying on the work that to her is not work because it is inspired by love.

If you are fair, you have a sense of the great treasure that is yours in her day-long and life-long service, in the offering laid so generously upon the shrine of her affection—her home. Wouldn't you like, this Christmas, to give her something that should speak your thought of her, and that at the same time could lighten the endless round of daily labor she so willingly performs?

Almost any woman will tell you The Hoover is such a gift.

For The Hoover is more than a means to an ever-clean home; it is a way to ease, and leisure, and enjoyment, for the woman in that home.

It is a helper that electrically beats out from rug depths all nap-wearing, disease-laden grit, that sweeps up all surface litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors, and cleans by air.

It does all these things in one easy, rapid, dustless operation, saving not only labor but the rugs as well.

Give the woman who is your wife, or your mother, a Hoover this Christmas, and you give her one of the finest gifts a thoughtful man can choose.

COMING—HOOVER WEEK

EVERY AUTHORIZED HOOVER DEALER IN AMERICA JOINS US IN CORDIALLY INVITING YOU TO HIS STORE, DURING HOOVER WEEK, DECEMBER 11TH TO 16TH, WHERE YOU WILL SEE A MOST INTERESTING PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE HOOVER. WATCH YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS TELLING WHERE THESE EXHIBITS ARE IN YOUR LOCALITY.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The eldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Doctor Mu
"He is rich," said Confucius, who knows when he has enough." Would you find the richest man? Look for the owner of a Grebe Receiver.
The whole world is at your fireside when you own a Grebe Receiver.
Ten years of radio manufacturing experience has taught us the importance of simplicity. Recommended by most good dealers because they know the shortcomings of ordinary apparatus.
Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Get your copy of "Musings of Dr. Mu"—the story of the development of the Perfect Receiver.
A. H. GREBE & CO., Inc.
Richmond Hill N Y
Address Dept. S.
GREBE RADIO
Licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent, No. 1113149

(Continued from Page 54)

up one flight and taken a suite, and as Miss Denniver walked into the waiting room, escorted by a bright sunbeam from the window opposite the door, her eager eyes detected the fact that even this suite was going to be inadequate. Her ears caught the sound of two typewriters as she sent in her name, and she seemed vastly pleased about it all.

"Mr. Kingfield is just going to talk with Chicago on the telephone," explained the girl on the telephone-exchange board. "Will you wait, please?"

A little later they faced each other in Kingfield's private office. It was almost a good minute before either of them spoke. In that near-minute they appraised each other, each with a covertly humorous smile, such as two persons may have who knew each other when. To her eyes Kingfield was fuller, more mature, more businesslike, and perhaps a trifle harder—that hardness which is not exactly unpleasant but seems to imprint itself on the face of a successful man. There was lacking in his manner a certain boyish uncertainty and embarrassment, yet the elapsed time was less than one year. She missed the boyish flavor keenly.

On his side Kingfield was surprised too. Miss Denniver had followed the dress style, and the dress style had grown more conservative. Not only that; it was clear that his former employe was relying almost entirely on the good will of the complexion that the Lord had awarded her. Her eyebrows were quite unassisted. Her lips were fresh enough without help from the laboratory. She was still the species *Flapperina*, but every species is affected by environment and time, as the biological experts tell us.

"You look a whole lot better!" was the frank first sentence that came from Kingfield.

"Do I?" Miss Denniver laughed. This was the best opening possible. There was a little pause. Then she said, with her old-time freshness of statement, "Have you got a job for me, Mr. Kingfield? I'm looking for something that will hold my interest."

Her interest! The same old talking point! Kingfield couldn't help laughing, and he wasn't altogether laughing at what she said. He was human, and he was enjoying this situation. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't. Oh, this was victory with a large and concave V! This was the crown of success that was being poised upon his brow! No man that ever lived is immune from the egotism that feeds on a dramatic situation like this.

Kingfield couldn't help swelling inwardly at the thought of this righteous retribution. Here was the young woman who had jumped out when she thought he was going to crash. Now, when he was climbing fast, she had come back to get her old place.

Not for a single moment did Kingfield doubt that he was going to give Denniver her job. His old hunch about her being a Jonah had grown dim. He remembered that she was the girl who turned out those beautiful letters and could be trusted to make typographical corrections even in important copy. She was the girl who saved him from thinking about unimportant things and jogged his recollection about the important ones. He was glad to get her. He was glad enough to pay her even more than she was getting when she quit. But ——

Kingfield couldn't resist it. He had to say it. He had to say, "I've got a whole suite now, Miss Denniver; and next month we may move over to the Hess Building. Times have looked up since you were here."

"I'm glad," she said, smiling; and that smile demolished more than half his triumph. "I thought you'd put it over."

"Yes, you did—not!" said Kingfield to himself. To her he said, "When can you start?"

"Any time."

"This afternoon, then."

Kingfield spoke a little sharply and metallically. He wanted her to understand from his tone that he would be kind, reasonable, but just—to himself. If she thought that because she remembered him as the piking surveyor of one fifteen-by-eighteen office, with three desks and no art department, she could treat him with familiarity, she must forget that notion.

Very likely Miss Denniver inferred all this from the tone and manner. She thanked her benefactor with a timid gratitude that was not at all like her, and left the office with due humility. It all made Kingfield feel considerably enamored with himself. He was in the mood where he could have saluted his own photograph.

Over in the Engineers' Club that same day, however, a conversation was going on that would not have pleasured Mr. Kingfield so greatly, though it would have edified him more. It came about quite accidentally that two members of the Engineers' Club, who lunched there very infrequently, but who were friends of long standing, both happened to be clients of H. Wade Kingfield. One was Theodore Jast and the other was Archer Mayhood. Kingfield was doing really fine work with both the Jast spark plug and the Mayhood washing machine. But the two manufacturers were not talking about their advertising. They were grousing bitterly, as was the fashion at the moment, over the deterioration of office help.

"Why," said Mayhood, "it doesn't make any difference what you pay 'em! The good ones don't want any more than the others. I'll show you a letter that a new typist just produced for me. It's so rank that it's a classic. I'm going to have it framed and hang it over my desk."

"Yah, that's so," agreed Jast, who still spoke with a touch of the accent of a Würtemberger, though he had been an American for forty years.

Mayhood became reflective.

"I had one girl in the past year that could have owned my office if she'd had sense enough to stay. Oh, she was a wonder! She blew in from nowhere and she blew out to the same place. I offered that girl three thousand a year—and she just smiled and said the work didn't interest her enough. And to look at her you'd have said she was a soubrette or something. I think she was a nut after all. A woman with brains wouldn't turn down three thousand a year and then admit that she didn't have any other job in view. But—I wish they were all nuts like her. Oh, it makes me sick to think of it! That girl was making life easy for me. I could leave half my work with her and get out to the golf club at two o'clock. She had a funny way of bouncing into the office and sort of curtsying like they do on the stage, and her voice—what were you going to say, Jast?"

The other man moved heavily toward his companion on the overstuffed lounge.

"I think I know that girl, Mayhood. Describe her."

Mayhood gave a liberal description of the young woman.

"Yah, it is the same one," said Jast. "By golly, she was everyt'ing you say, and more, also! She was in our office the assistant of the sales manager a while, till I saw her one day and took her for my own. There is nothing too good for me in our office, you bet. And it was more than as you say, Mayhood. That girl she was a marvel. And she made life one easy time for me, except she had filled my sales manager full of stories about a young feller named Kingfield who was the only man in the world who could write advertising that would sell goods. She filled my sales manager full of that, and then the assistant manager, and then I got it for morning and afternoon, all the time, till I said, 'Go ahead and try him, then.' He was a smart feller, this Kingfield, and I ain't sorry we gave him our advertising to handle; but ——"

"Wow!" yelled Mayhood suddenly, in so unclubby a manner that several other members frowned heavily upon him.

"Well, what's the matter—you got a toothache?" asked old man Jast.

"I see it!" said Mayhood in a more subdued burst. "Well, what do you know about that?"

"I know nothing about it till I know what it is," said Jast.

Mayhood slapped his knee.

"What month was it that girl quit you?" he asked.

Jast took thought.

"About the last week in October. I know, because I had to give up my pinochle over at Schulte's that time."

"We've been stung good," said Mayhood. "This peacherina of a stenographer never lost a chance, while she was with me, of telling what a certain young advertising magician named Kingfield could do for us. She wasn't insistent about it, you understand; but she was persistent. I used to like to hear her talk, and she got me hypnotized so that I swallowed nearly everything she said. She managed to pry our advertising right into Kingfield's office—and then, by George, I remember she didn't stay with me any longer! She said she wanted work that was more interesting that would appeal to her imagination."

"Yah, imagination that's the word she spoke to me," said Jast. "I always meant to look up that word in the book."

"Well, the nerve of that young Kingfield! Sending out his favorite soubrette to get business for him! Now the whole thing is beginning to clear. I remember distinctly that this girl had an excuse to leave the office whenever that young Kingfield came in to see me. Of course, she handled my telephone calls and knew when he was coming. They planned it so they'd never meet in my office. The grafters! By thunder, if I fix this on him he won't hold my business another twenty-four hours! I'll spoil that game! I'll advertise that bird! What do you say?"

Old man Jast shrugged his big shoulders.

"Well, he's a fox, and I don't like that fox business. But all the same, he's doing fine for our spark plug. I don't know. I don't bite off my nose to spite my face."

"Well, I do. It's dirty business. It isn't smart. It's a sort of blackmail."

"Oh, no, not blackmail white mail," snickered old man Jast.

"It's not a laughing matter. I'll wait! I'm going to work the telephone. You stay here, will you?"

A little later Mr. Mayhood came back, more vehement against Kingfield than ever, but triumphant.

"I've got the goods on him absolutely," he said. "I've got him nailed to the mast. I just remembered while I was talking that Kingfield has been bragging that he's taken over the big Adderton candy advertising. I don't know Adderton, but I got the dope through a friend who knows the vice president of the company. I've been talking with him. That dame has been there in that office and cleaned up the advertising for Kingfield—and quit them the way she did you and me. That's all I want to know. Now I'm going over to Kingfield's Agency and tell that chicken fancier or whatever he is what I think of him. You're coming, too, aren't you, Jast?"

"No, I got trouble enough," said the old man.

But after a while he let himself be persuaded. The two men took a taxi and arrived, about three o'clock, at the door of the Kingfield Agency suite.

"After all," said old man Jast, hesitating, "he's a smart advertising feller. I don't know as I take my advertising away."

"He's too smart. If he can get away with this he could rob safes. I'll give him some of my imagination!"

But the girl on the telephone board announced that Mr. Kingfield had gone to Schenectady on a hurry visit and wouldn't be back till the next afternoon. Mayhood, holding his anger tightly in both fists, stood irresolutely facing the switchboard girl, wondering what to do about it. In the midst of his doubts the door opened from the inner office and Miss Ruth Denniver faced her former employers.

She smiled and said, "How do you do? Mr. Kingfield has been called away suddenly, Mr. Mayhood. But is there anything I can do for you? Won't you come in?"

Mayhood looked up and gasped.

"You?" he cried. Then he burst into a mirthless laugh. "Oh, you see it now, don't you?" he said to Jast, turning upon the old man. "She's back from the wars. The present campaign is over and she's resting on her guns." To Miss Ruth Denniver, who was watching him with flushed face and trembling lips, he cried sardonically, "Well, I hand it to you, young woman! You're the best accomplice ——"

The man got no farther. Something in the girl's face, something of determination or appeal or even command in her voice stopped him.

"Won't you step into the office a moment?" she said.

"I vill!" said Jast promptly.

The good old fellow, with his square, white, pompadoured head and ruddy cheeks wagging from side to side admiringly as he gazed on his late efficient helper, followed the young woman to Kingfield's private office.

Mayhood went along belligerently. As he passed through the open part of the room and observed the apparent prosperity he sniffed threateningly.

Immediately the door was closed, he said, "Well, Miss What's-Your-Name, you've done a good business for Kingfield, I see." (Continued on Page 59)

The World of Industry—and the G. T. M.

Suppose you send for the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man. You may act on one of these advertisements, or on the recommendation of a friend, or at the urgent necessity of some belting problem that is costing you money.

His method is logical, you say to yourself. It stands to reason that belts specified precisely to their work will perform more economically and more efficiently, and last longer than belts bought just as so many feet of belting. Still the natural question arises whether the G. T. M. can be of assistance to *you*, in your particular industry.

You will be surprised to find what a range of industry the G. T. M.'s experience covers. It is safe to say there is not an industry using belts for transmission or conveying, into which the G. T. M. has not been called. This reproduction of a few of the recent G. T. M. advertisements suggests how diverse are the lines into which his analyses take him.

There you see the evidence of G. T. M. thoroughness in the performance of the Goodyear Belts he specified for quarries, planing mills, paper mills, sugar mills. Scores of other records, just as striking, either published earlier or still held unpublished in our files, testify to the G. T. M.'s accuracy in solving the belting problems of scores of other industries.

You will like the G. T. M. and his ways. He will come to you with an open mind on your belting problem. He may hold an engineering degree, as not a few of the G. T. M. corps do, or he may be a seasoned graduate of the school of experience. In either case he knows belting—has had a thorough training in its uses and design—and has the advantage of having studied belting performance under almost every conceivable service condition.

This friendly analyst co-operates with your Plant Superintendent, Factory Manager, or Engineer. He is as careful to take into consideration your actual operating requirements and conditions as he is to compute dimensions, power load, and the other factors that influence belt performance. He will work as faithfully and intelligently on the problem of a single drive as on the job of equipping an entire plant.

You can depend upon the recommendations made by the G. T. M. You can rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Goods he specifies—Belts, Hose, Valves, and Packing—to do their work better, last longer, and cost you less in the end. To get in touch with the G. T. M. nearest your plant, or for further information about the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

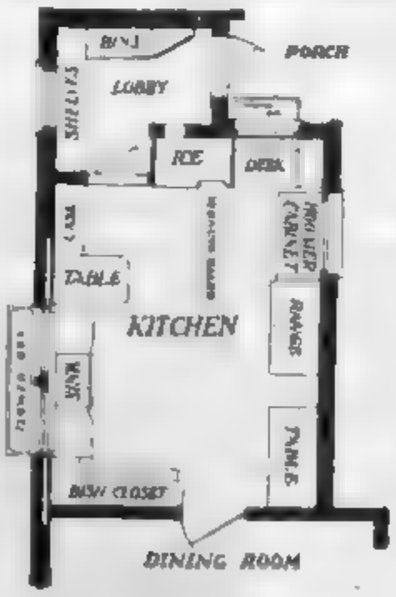
GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

THE cabinet in the kitchen to the right is the famous HOOSIER BEAUTY, the most popular of all kitchen cabinet models.

Below is shown the BIG HOOSIER, the most commodious cabinet in the HOOSIER line.

Write us for the name of your HOOSIER dealer, so he can show you how much work and worry the HOOSIER will cut out of your kitchen work. He will gladly help you select exactly the right HOOSIER for your home.



THIS KITCHEN PLANNED by LINDEN LARUE PERRINE Washington, D. C

The Christmas Gift That Makes Kitchen Work Easy

TELL your husband this year to give you the one gift that will help you all day long, every day in the year. Ask him for a HOOSIER, the kitchen convenience that robs housework of its most trying monotony and makes difficult kitchen tasks easy.

How HOOSIER Helps

Even in a so-called "modern kitchen," unless you own a HOOSIER you take miles of unnecessary steps each day. You stand for long stretches of time, when you might as well be doing your work seated—at your ease. You encounter needless backaches and muscle-strains, because your work-table is unsuited to your height. And you waste hours of precious time that should be given over to rest and recreation.

Why HOOSIER Excels

Nothing you can buy or build will do so much to simplify your work and to save your energy as the HOOSIER. The built-in shelves and counters which add so much to the good looks of the room are useful only as storage equipment. They can not take the place of the HOOSIER, and are never as helpful as they should be unless there is also a HOOSIER in the room.

For the HOOSIER is a scientifically correct labor-saving machine that almost hands you the things you need, as you need them. Its arrangement is so superior that its helpfulness, we believe, is not even approximated by other cabinets.

Many of its most important improvements are *exclusive* and protected by patents. Only on the HOOSIER can you get the wonderful shaker-flour-sifter, the revolving spice caster, the unobstructed work-space, the completely equipped automatic cutlery drawer and the adjusted height which gives you a work-table exactly suited to your build.

A HOOSIER Model for Every Kitchen

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special HOOSIERS have been designed for the smallest kitchen of the coziest apartment. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER which best fits your needs.

Get Your Christmas HOOSIER on Liberal Terms—You'll Never Miss the Money

Why not join the ranks of the women who do their work the easy way? Tell your husband to get you a HOOSIER for Christmas. You can afford it now. Every day you do without it, you pay an unnecessary toll in needless work and worry.

Let us tell you how to get the HOOSIER on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money. Also write for a copy of our beautiful booklet, *"A Hoosier Kitchen You Will Love."*

A Free Book for Home Builders

The illustration and kitchen plan on this page are reproduced from HOOSIER'S Kitchen Plan Book—a book made up of prize-winning kitchen plans, submitted in competition by 343 leading architectural draughtsmen

If you are planning to build or remodel a kitchen, mail the coupon for this book. It is full of money-saving ideas. And it is FREE.

To the HOOSIER Manufacturing Company, 1222 Sidney Street, Newcastle, Ind.:

I will appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.

Name _____

Address _____

Saves Steps

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1222 Sidney Street, Newcastle, Indiana
BRANCH { Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, California
OFFICES { 308 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., Canada
IDEAL FURNITURE EQUIPMENT, 9 Preston Street, Liverpool, England

HOOSIER

© 1922

(Continued from Page 56)

"It isn't nice of you to forget my name," stalled the young woman, very white now, as she waited for the storm to break.

"It isn't nice of you to let yourself be used as a tool as well, to be peddled around to business men in order to get business for your—for this damned cowardly this unprincipled "

"Don't get mat, Mayhoot," cautioned old man Jast. "Your tongue gets tiet. Miss Denniver," the old man continued hastily, "I gif you any salary you ask to come back, and this advertising business we forget all about. Miss Denniver, since you left I get no time to play my pinochle games at Schulte's. I gif you ——"

"So that's what you came for!" cried Mayhood angrily, turning upon Jast. "If that's the game I don't wonder you thought Kingfield had pulled a sort of smart trick. Now, if it comes to that, I've got something to say myself. Miss Denniver, you come back to my office and I'll give you a thousand a year better than the best offer you can get from Jast or anyone else. I'll—I'll even overlook this Kingfield business. I'll—well, don't begin to cry, Miss Denniver! Aw, don't do that! If I said anything "

"Now you make the poor little girl cry, Mayhoot," said old man Jast indignantly. "You haf a right to be ashamet."

"Oh, I'm all right again," said Miss Denniver, dusting her eyes quickly with her handkerchief and trying to be gay through the moist film that still remained in them. "Mr. Mayhood, I'm terribly sorry if I've done anything that wasn't fair or honest. Please please believe me when I tell you that Mr. Kingfield hasn't the least idea of what I did I I don't know what he'd do if he knew. I'll take any punishment you please, but you won't let him know, will you?"

"Kingfield doesn't know?" interrupted Mayhood incredulously. "Oh, say ——"

"On my honor, he doesn't—he doesn't dream of it! Oh, you must believe me! It was entirely my own idea. I did so want to help him, Mr. Jast. He was trying so hard, and doing such fine work, and yet nobody could quite see him as he was. He couldn't sell himself—that was his weak point. I thought if I could only get people interested in him—get them really to consider his work—talk him up a little get him to the men who really count, like you two gentlemen—advertise him ——"

"You sure did that," growled Mayhood, but in a much milder vein

"I tried to, Mr. Mayhood. Was it so very wrong to do it? I did good work for you, didn't I? I didn't neglect your work in his interest, did I? And he is as good as I said he was, isn't he? Oh, believe me, he's much bigger than I could tell! He's just beginning. He's got wonderful ideas and he's so straightforward and honest. I felt so sorry for him, day after day, when things were all blue and dismal and nobody would give him a real chance I had to do something for him. Why, Mr. Mayhood, he thinks I quit him because he wasn't making a success, because I couldn't tell him why I was leaving him or where I was going. And now he thinks I came back and asked him for a job because he is making good! That's how little he knows of what I did. You wouldn't tell him, would you?"

Old man Jast suddenly reached over and took the young woman's hand and locked it between his own great palms. A roguish seventy-year-old gleam danced in his gray eyes.

He leaned toward her and whispered, "I belief you, little girl. You are gold You—lof him!"

The young woman shot a frightened look at her captor. Her lower lip trembled. Suddenly, in a weary, overwrought way, she dropped her head against one of the arms that held her and sobbed like a child.

"Mayhoot," said old man Jast softly, "ve are a couple of old fools. Ve better be attending to our work."

IV

H. WADE KINGFIELD swung vigorously into the office next morning before anyone else arrived. He hung up his hat and coat, dropped into his chair and lighted a cigar. Then for some moments he smoked reflectively and blew large rings at the ceiling. It was about nine when Miss Denniver arrived.

"Good morning, Mr. Kingfield," she breezed in her old-time way. "Did you have good luck upstate?"

"I think I've got them nailed," responded Kingfield, gazing at the pretty face steadily. "I don't know for sure, but it looks good."

"That's splendid," said Miss Denniver, opening the typewriter desk.

"Yes," went on Kingfield expansively, "I've done pretty well. And the best of it is, I've done it all by my lonesome, by plugging and plugging and refusing to say die. That's what makes success so sweet—when you've done it without any help from anybody."

"It must be wonderful," said Miss Denniver, brushing the typewriter keys. "I'm so glad."

Kingfield looked at her a long time before he spoke again. Suddenly he rose and went over and stood by her desk.

"Miss Denniver," he said, "are you going to sit there and let me get away with that bluff and never make a move to call it?"

She looked up quickly and breathed a little faster.

"What do you mean? I don't ——"

"Are you going to sit there and say yes, sir, and no, sir, and hear me advertise my importance and salute myself and lay cut flowers all over my desk—and never give a sign that you know I'm a big hulking four-flusher?"

"Why, Mr. Kingfield, what do you mean, anyway?"

"I mean that I had a long talk with Theodore Jast last night, and ——"

"Oh, he didn't tell you anything, did he?" She caught herself too late. "He promised "

"Oh, it's all right. The old man didn't mean to break his word. He thought he was doing the right thing. He simply couldn't keep it to himself. He was so tickled with the idea of springing it on me that his feet wouldn't be quiet. Not a word, now! I feel cheap as dirt—but I feel gladder than a little boy. We won't say another word about it this morning; but—say, do you know I've never in all my life taken a stenographer out to dinner?"

She did not look up.

"But it isn't too late to begin." Kingfield laid a hand gently on one of the pink muslin shoulders, which trembled under the pressure. "Would you prefer the Ritz or Claridge's or somewhere else?"

A Bit of Rustic Scenery on the Island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii

The Rainbow

"The evrite gift"

boxed stationery

Here is a gift—beautiful, useful and inexpensive. The new Rainbow stationery box contains a splendid quality of fine linen finished paper. The envelopes are fancy lined in 4 different color combinations—each rich and vivid—and correct.

Look for the Rainbow Box where fine stationery is sold.

This photograph can merely suggest the beauty of the envelope linings—which come in gold on four colored backgrounds.

Whiting & Cook, Inc.
Holyoke, Mass.

Makers of Hand Loom Linen

A Bag of Laundry
– a stubborn Telegraph Pole and a slippery pavement –

IT was six o'clock and the bag of laundry had to be delivered that night. The driver was in a hurry—and the pavements were slippery. The car skidded. The telegraph pole stubbornly held its ground. And even the sturdily built side panel of the delivery car had to give way.

Just Stop and Think of the Owner

Place yourself in the car owner's shoes for a moment. Suppose the driver comes in with a side panel or other essential parts of your delivery car badly damaged. And suppose you discover that it will take a custom body builder a week or ten days to repair it? Surely, this long and expensive lay-up would make the value of standardized body construction mighty obvious.

A Case for the Engineer

Martin-Parry Engineers wrestled with this problem for many years, and finally devised a manufacturing method that has completely standardized the building of commercial bodies. Panels—tops—bases—in fact, practically every part of every Martin-Parry body is built on a steel jig. Production has been so thoroughly standardized that parts built in York, Pennsylvania, and other parts built several hundred miles away in Indianapolis, or Lumberton, Mississippi, may be assembled in San Francisco, with the assurance of a perfect fit.

The problem of replacing a damaged part is merely the matter of removing bolts and nuts and fitting a new one in. The time involved is reduced from days to hours. The actual cost in dollars and cents is proportionally reduced.

The fact that Martin-Parry Bodies are built in separate units at our factories and assembled in any of thirty Assembly Plants located in all parts of the country, demonstrates conclusively the unvarying accuracy with which they are made.

Martin-Parry National Assembling and Serviceing Branches

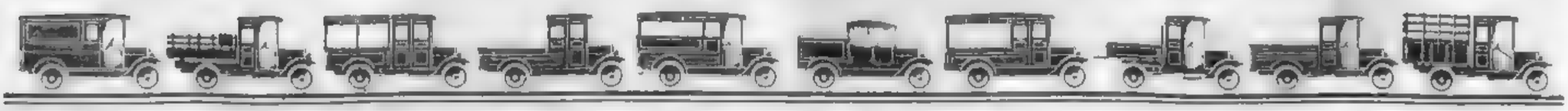
MARTIN-PARRY CORPORATION *General Offices:* York, Pa.

Factories: York, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Lumberton, Miss.

Martin-Parry Bodies are sold by reliable chassis dealers everywhere

Martin-Parry

A Standardized Line of Thirty Eight Commercial Bodies for Every Business Need



MISS SMITH OF SMYRNA

(Continued from Page 7)

hell so that they shrank back, ashamed. After that some Greek officers surrounded her and threatened to shoot their own men if they touched another Turk.

"Pretty good for my revered aunt, don't you think?" asked Gerald Tuck, after his narrative.

"Perfectly splendid! I would like to get a glimpse of her."

"Nothing easier," he said. "If you don't mind morning and evening prayers—she keeps up the Victorian tradition—you could put in a week with me at the old lady's place when the Dragon goes to Smyrna. She'd be delighted and it would do me a bit of good to have a companion who at least has the appearance of respectability. She regards me as a limb of Satan, destined to eternal perdition."

"Another proof of your aunt's remarkable sagacity," I observed, and had to stand him another drink to make amends.

As it happened, I was first in Smyrna, and had been there a week before I met young Tuck, by chance, in the Turkish bazaars at the end of Frank Street—now a heap of cindered ruins. He looked very bright and breezy, as usual, in his white ducks and naval cap, as he sauntered through the narrow passages with vaulted roofs, where old Turks sat cross-legged in their wooden booths, selling carpets from Ouchak and Angora, dried raisins and vegetables, strips of colored silk for Turkish dresses, Sofrali linen, Manoussa cotton, German-made hardware, and all manner of rubbish from the East and West, drenched in the aroma of spices, moist sugar, oil and camels.

What attracted my attention to young Tuck of the Royal Navy was a sudden flutter among a group of Turkish ladies who were doing their afternoon shopping. They were very smartly dressed in frocks of blue, black and gray silk, short enough to show their neat ankles and high-heeled shoes—worthy of Paris—and their veils were drawn on one side, revealing their oval faces and large lustrous eyes, touched up, like all Turkish girls' eyes, by the black pigment of kohl.

I had glanced at them as they handled some rolls of silk in one of the booths, which a white-bearded old Turk spread out over his knees, and then I noticed one of them blush deeply and pull her veil over her face with a quick gesture. At that signal her companions veiled themselves as quickly, so that their faces were completely hidden.

I wondered what had scared the birds, and turning round I saw Gerald Tuck, who, without any doubt at all, had given the glad eye to these Oriental beauties.

"Hullo, young fellow!" I said. "You'll get into trouble if you're not more discreet with those naval optics of yours."

He grinned cheerily and gave me a punch in the ribs.

"Hullo, old bean! Isn't it a damn shame these little pigeons pop behind their curtains at the first sign of Christian homage? They don't give a fellow a decent chance."

The Dragon had come to Smyrna, and Gerald had shore leave for a week, which he proposed to put in at his aunt's place. Would I come and keep him company? Much as he admired the old lady, he confessed that a little of her went a long way.

By a coincidence which Gerald Tuck did not find in the least remarkable we met Miss Smith that afternoon at the house of Lieutenant Mazarakis, where I took him to tea. The boy was much taken with the children, whose pretty ways and broken English amused him vastly, and he entertained them so much by a series of conjuring tricks and other parlor games that I was quite cut out in their affection. Madame Mazarakis fell in love with the boy, in a motherly way, and confided to me that the presence of an English battleship at Smyrna gave her a sense of reassurance.

"Great Britain," she said, "is on the side of the Greeks. They will never allow the Turks to retake Smyrna. That thought gives me courage when I am most fearful."

I didn't tell the lady that I had grave doubts whether Great Britain would give any help with armed force if the Greeks could not defend their own position. England, after her exhaustion in the Great War, was all for peace, and could not afford either money or men for any conflict in the Near East.

It was after that conversation that Gerald Tuck gave an exclamation of surprise:

"By all that's wonderful, there's my sacred aunt!"

Through the window looking onto the road I saw the unusual sight of two European ladies mounted on camels, one white and one brown, preceded by an old Turk sitting on the rump of a little gray donkey. They all halted at the gate, and the Turk, getting off his donkey, helped one of the ladies to dismount from the white camel. She was a little old lady in a long white dust coat, carrying a parasol of black silk with a long fringe, and I knew at once that this must be Miss Smith of Smyrna.

The excitement of the Mazarakis children, and their cry of "Mees Smeet!" proved my guess to be right.

Madame Mazarakis rose and smoothed her dress nervously.

"A visit from Miss Smith!" she said in an awed voice, as though a queen had arrived without warning.

Miss Smith advanced down the garden path, holding her parasol high—a stiff-backed little lady, with a thin, sharp-featured face, piercing gray eyes, and a most resolute look. Behind her came another lady, who had dismounted from the brown camel—a young woman in an English-looking frock of white drill, and at first glance, and second, amazingly good-looking. Not English, certainly, but with large liquid eyes, dark brown, as I saw later in our acquaintance, and a pale oval face, with fine features of an Eastern type.

"By Jove," said Gerald Tuck, drawing in his breath, "Miss Halid has developed into a choice blossom! Last time I saw her she was a lanky kid with rat-tail hair. How these young things grow!"

"Who is Miss Halid?" I inquired.

It was not then, but afterwards, in Miss Smith's house, that he told me that this girl had been adopted by Miss Smith—the waif of some Turkish woman who had been killed in a Greek massacre. Miss Smith had found the child alive among a heap of Turkish bodies in a half-burned village among the hills beyond Burnabat and had brought her home, where she had stayed ever since.

The old lady and this girl came into the drawing-room of Madame Mazarakis, and Miss Smith did not show the least astonishment when she was greeted by her nephew:

"Hullo, aunt! Going strong, I hope? I see you still ride the old white camel, like a lady in a circus!"

She gave him her cheek to kiss and, though she spoke severely, had a glint of humor in her keen gray eyes:

"Well, Gerald, I see your manners haven't improved since we last met. As for your morals, no doubt the least said the better. In the navy there are more souls lost than drowned."

This epigram made young Gerald laugh boisterously, at the end of which ebullition of high spirits he introduced me as his very particular pal.

The old lady gave me her little wrinkled gypsylike hand, on which I noticed some handsome diamond rings.

She looked at me for a moment with her searching gray eyes, and didn't seem certain of my respectability or general character.

"What are you doing in Smyrna?" she asked rather snappishly. "Not one of Lloyd George's agents, I hope, inciting the Greeks to claim an empire which will be the ruin of 'em?"

I disclaimed all such responsibility and explained that I was a humble newspaper man, taking a look round.

"You may see more than you bargained for," she answered grimly, and then, turning away from me, poked one finger into Gerald's shoulder, and said, "You haven't said how-de-do to Halid, and the child looks as timid as a lamb in the presence of a wolf."

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Gerald Tuck and the girl smiled at each other and shook hands, but for once Gerald was shy and embarrassed—he who gave the glad eye to every pretty girl whom he met on his way through the world! I think he was rather overwhelmed by the remarkable beauty of this young lady, whom he had remembered only as a child, on his last visit to Smyrna.

Madame Mazarakis directed a little maid to arrange the tea tray and was nervous to the point of foolishness at what she seemed to consider the immense honor of this visit from Miss Smith.

That old lady, I remember, ate an astonishing number of Greek buns, and directed most of her attention to the pretty children of our hostess, with whom she spoke in their own tongue.

At that time I saw, as I thought and think still, the immense love and tenderness of this strange old woman for these children of rival races, Greek and Turk—it was clear to me now that Miss Halid was of Turkish origin—whom she tried to protect with equal benevolence from the outrageous cruelties that threatened them in Asia Minor, where she had made her home. The hard lines of her face softened as she spoke to them and caressed the dark head of the youngest boy, while her old-maid soul shone with mother love through those gray eyes, which had seemed to me like gimlets when she had taken her measure of me.

"They're adorable, these Greek mites," she said to me presently, as the two babies sat in her lap and played with her diamond rings, fascinated by the sparkle of them. Then she gave a deep sigh, and a moment later asked, in her queer, abrupt way, an amazing question: "Have you any bowels of compassion, young man?"

I murmured something about not having the instincts of a Nero, but she ignored my answer.

"If you have any mission as a writer, beyond sensation-mongering," she said, "you ought to do something to save another massacre of innocents."

I asked her, "What massacre?"

"Save for the mercy of God," she said solemnly, "that preposterous treaty made by the Allies with Turkey will lead to a great tragedy hereabouts."

The word "Allies" seemed to irritate her as she spoke it.

"Allies! A precious alliance between France and Great Britain—snarling at each other like cats and dogs! Up to their eyes in intrigue against each other from Syria to Constantinople!"

When she rose presently she took one of Madame Mazarakis' hands in her own and caressed it a little.

"You are a good mother, and a brave woman. But my wish for all Greek women and their little ones is for them to be far away from Smyrna."

Madame Mazarakis went white to the lips.

"My husband ——" she stammered.

"Yes," said Miss Smith, "your husband believes that Greece will regain her old supremacy in Asia Minor. Tell him from me that he is a fool, like all his comrades."

She stooped to kiss the little ones, and then turned to me and gave me her hand. "You seem honest," she said. "Come and stay with me a week, with that impudent nephew of mine. Your old bedroom is ready, Gerald."

"Excellent!" said Gerald. "Halid and I will have some tennis together"

He spoke in his usual light-hearted way, but I could see as plain as a pikestaff that he had gone all soppy under the gaze of that strangely beautiful girl with her long-lashed eyes and Oriental grace.

Afterwards he said as much to me, when we walked back through the Turkish quarter to the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace, wedged for a while against the booths while a long caravan of brown mangy camels heavily laden with bales of merchandise thrust their splay feet into the ruts and ambled past.

"Gee whiz!" he cried, thrusting back his peaked cap. "That girl Halid makes me feel like Omar Khayyam!

"'A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!'"

He quoted the old familiar verse with an emotion that was half sham and half sincere, and was quite oblivious of the looks of hatred that came from beneath the shaggy eyebrows of five old Turks, smoking their nargiles round a little brazier by the corner of the bazaar, at this young Christian dog in naval uniform with shining eyes and sonorous voice.

So, by a little thread of circumstance such as Fate weaves about the lives of men, I found myself a guest with Gerald Tuck in the country house of Miss Smith of Smyrna, away between the hills in the village of Burnabat.

I remember the drive I took with Gerald to the old lady's place, in a cart drawn by two Anatolian ponies—sturdy little fellows with long tails like Arab steeds—because it was the first time I had seen Smyrna from the heights of the Turkish quarter above the port, and now that it is all a blackened ruin with the charred bones of Greek women and children under its fallen stones I look back in remembrance to the beauty of that view and its semblance of peace.

We went out of the bazaar, with its crowded booths, through the street called Kallih Djadessi, to the Bridge of Caravans across the tawny river of Oued-Meles. On its steep banks were a few wooden houses, closely shuttered, and above them rose tall cypress trees, cutting the absolute blue of the sky like black spears. Here and there beneath their shadow were Turkish graveyards with tombstones, cut at the top into the form of the fez, leaning sideways, as though tired of standing guard over the dead. A few little Turks waded in the river, down which came the warm breeze known as the *imbat*. Across the bridge passed a patrol of Greek soldiers, singing. Turkish women veiled their faces before them, and an old Turk, squatting under a wall, spat as they passed.

Dark and somber rose Mount Pagus above us, with the fortress built on the ruins which were the palace of Alexander the Great, who founded this city in the dawn of history. But below us, where all the city was outspread, the hot sunshine glowed warm on its huddled roofs of brown tiles and its whitewashed walls, while in a great curve the gulf stretched round more deeply blue than the sky above, and not less serene. The Greek gunboat Imbros lay at anchor there, with its metal work sparkling, and H. M. S. Dragon—Gerald's ship—was farther out from the shore, with its guns reflected in the mirror below.

"Rum old place!" said Gerald, gazing at the scene. "I seem to remember something about it in my schoolbooks at Winchester."

"I'm afraid it will be mentioned in history again," I said, and at that moment I felt, in spite of the hot sunshine, a queer little chill down the spine. It was the foreboding of tragedy I had had in the house of Madame Mazarakis.

"Can't think why my remarkable old aunt likes it so much," said Gerald, yawning in a bored way. "With all her ducats I'd take a house in civilization, and live among people who wash now and then."

Miss Smith's house looked as though it had been transplanted from that place which Gerald had in his mind as civilization—little old England. Outside the gates a long camel caravan had halted by a drinking well, and here, on the white dusty road, with cypresses and minarets pointing skywards from a village below, was the old, old East, with its color, its silence, its smells, its mystery. But inside the gates there were lawns and flower beds, prim and neatly kept as though in Surrey, and beyond, a square-built house with a stucco front exactly like any mid-Victorian mansion built in Clapham Park for a city merchant with side whiskers and a prosperous business.

Its furniture, and the whole spirit of the place, as I saw when we entered, belonged to that period. In the hall were engravings of the British royal family, from paintings by Winterhalter, showing Queen Victoria as a young woman, and the future King Edward as an infant in arms, and the future Empress of Germany as a little girl in a white frock with long trousers.

The dining room, into which we were ushered by an elderly butler who looked as if he had just stepped out of St. James' Square, was crammed with heavy mahogany furniture and shaded from the hot light of Asia by plush curtains tied up in silk sashes exactly like those which outraged my childish sensibilities when I used to visit a great-aunt of mine, more years ago than I care to remember!

This house was in the heart of Asia Minor, but it belonged to the spirit of England of 1850, and had not changed by a hair's breadth since.

Gerald Tuck regarded it all as a great jest and laughed boisterously at the antimacassars, or lace coverlets which hung over the backs of plush-covered chairs.

"Did you ever think you'd see such things in Smyrna?" he said. "My aunt is the most eccentric old creature since the time of Queen Elizabeth."

Whether she heard his remark I do not know, but she came into the room at that moment, and her shrewd eyes glinted with amusement at her impudent nephew, who tried to cover himself by a cheery salutation:

"Morning, aunt! Have you been for a trot on Mustapha today?"

Mustapha was the white camel, which Miss Smith fed every morning with devoted affection and rode every afternoon for his health's sake, and hers.

"I trust you will behave with decency and respect to my habits of life while you are a guest in my household," she answered with severity. "I am delighted to welcome you, my dear, but please remember that old age has its peculiarities and its privileges."

Life was not without its comedy in this little English oasis in the village of Burnabat, at the back of Smyrna. Gerald Tuck, with his irresistible sense of humor and high spirits, could not resist the temptation of teasing his old aunt, for whom secretly he had a real affection and admiration; and even at morning and evening prayers, which she conducted with great dignity and solemnity in the presence of the butler and two English maids—the Turkish servants and stablemen being exempt from the ceremony—he could not refrain from winking at me and making comical grimaces between his fingers.

Romance, too, was not absent from my week's sojourn in this strange household, for Gerald Tuck fell hopelessly and joyously in love with Halid, his aunt's ward, whose beauty put a spell on him and whose sentiment he awakened by his amorous pursuit—though she was as timid as a doe and as haughty as a daughter of the Sultan. The Turkish blood and character of the girl were evident in every gesture she made, in the grace of her body, in the smile of her long-lashed eyes and in the quick changes of temper that caused her to be merry and sad as the sunlight chases shadows.

Gerald made her laugh, but made her angry, too, and sometimes she fled from him across the lawn where they played tennis, and once, as he told me, he found her weeping under the cypress trees behind the house, because she thought he mocked at her.

But my remembrance of that visit to Miss Smith of Smyrna is not made up of comedy or romance, but rather is darkened by the reality of tragedy which came as a message to this house, and as a warning to the Greek people, and to Europe. It was a message from Islam and the Mohammedan world, and though it was brought in friendship it threatened massacre and all the horror of war as it is made by the Crescent against the Cross, when Turkish bayonets are greedy for Christian blood.

The messenger came one evening at dusk to the gate of Miss Smith's house. It was a young Turk, mounted on a little Arab horse, and I happened to be standing in the hall with Gerald, at the open door, as his figure came riding up the drive. The young man dismounted, raised his hand to his fez, and asked in very good English whether Miss Smith was at home.

Gerald took it upon himself to answer, and I noticed that he spoke with a slight hostility.

(Continued on Page 66)

Part of the Waterfront of Smyrna, Photographed While the Ruins Were Still Smoldering

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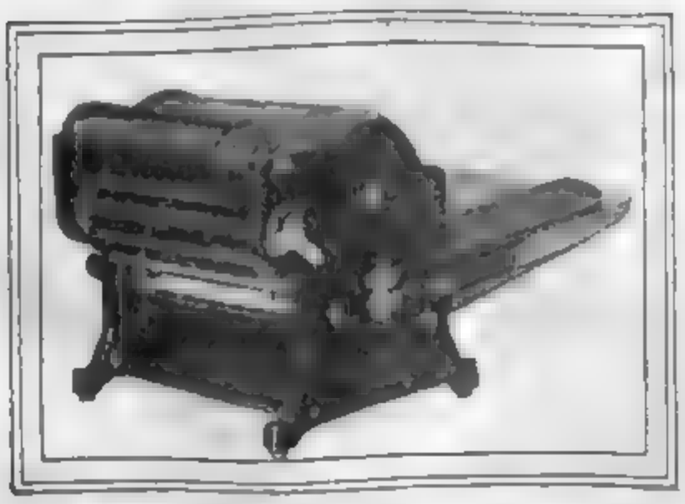

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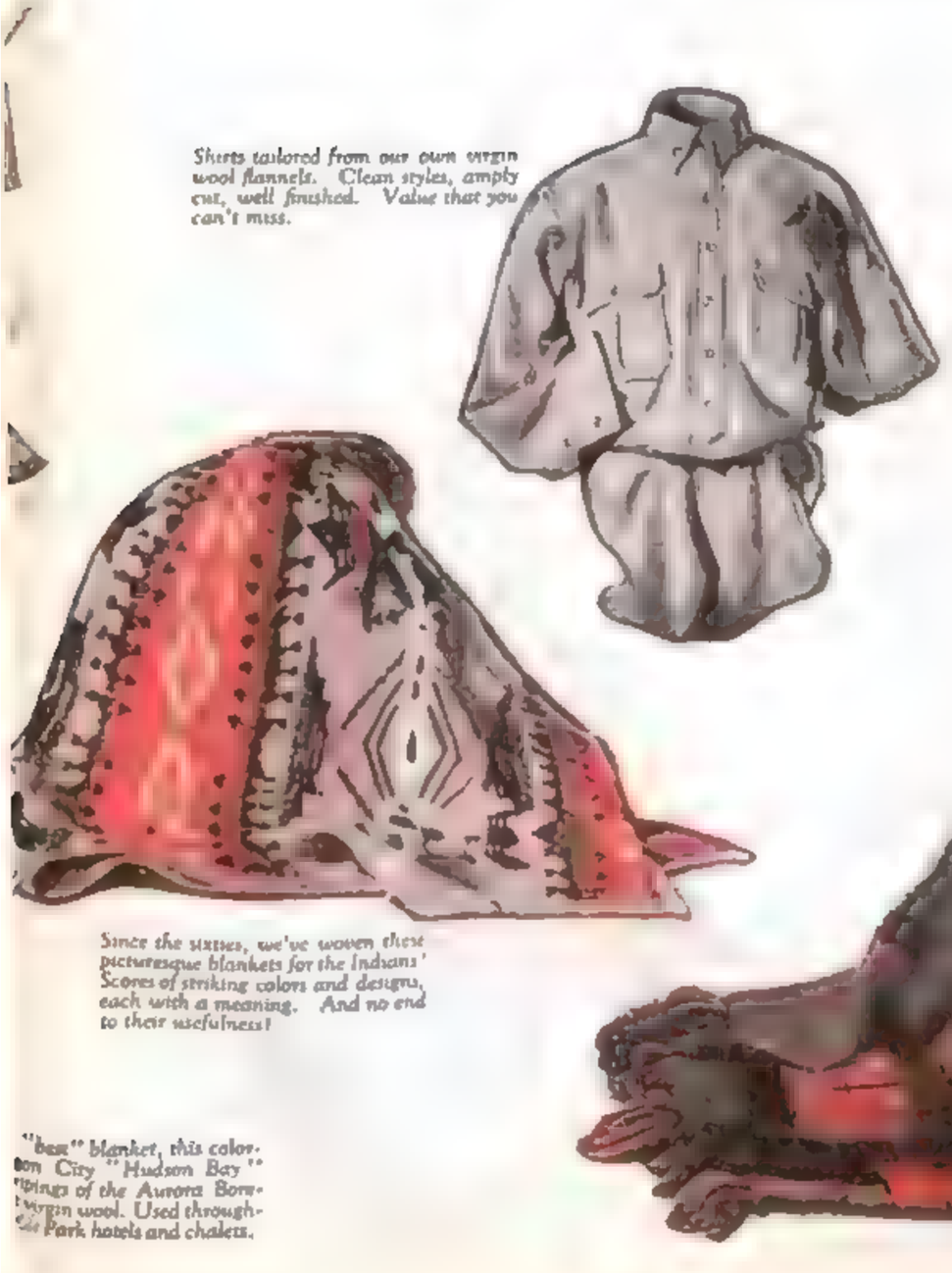

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I'll see—if you care to wait. What name shall I give?"

The man hesitated a moment, measured Gerald with keen eyes, and then smiled.

"Tell her that the son of an old playmate craves a word with her in strictest secrecy."

"You do not care to give your name?" asked Gerald coldly.

"It is better not, if you please," answered the young Turk politely.

"Then I will not mention Ahmed Mejid Pasha," said Gerald, with what I thought was a note of irony in his voice.

The young Turk gave a slight start, and for a moment his hand went to his belt, to which a holster was strapped. Then he spoke quietly again:

"Have I the honor of your acquaintance, sir?"

"I had the pleasure of seeing you once in Constantinople," said Gerald. "You were then a prisoner of the British Mission, on a charge of conspiring against the Sultan."

"That is true," said the Turk gravely. "I had the good fortune to be liberated. I trust that, as a friend of Miss Smith, whom I regard as my second mother, you will keep my name and history secret in Smyrna?"

"Certainly," said Gerald carelessly.

"Otherwise I may be a prisoner again, in hands less friendly than the British. I come here with a message of friendship to that very dear lady, Miss Smith, whom all Turks revere."

"My aunt," said Gerald.

"Your aunt! Then, indeed, I need have no fear!"

Gerald's announcement of his relationship seemed to relieve the young Turk of all anxiety. He saluted again, by touching his fez with the tips of his fingers above the forehead, and then his breast, which is the Turkish sign of faith.

"Come this way," said Gerald, and he led the young man to the room that Miss Smith called her study.

Before he could knock at the door the old lady opened it and stood there, looking out into the hall. At the sight of her Ahmed Mejid Pasha gave a little cry of delight, and striding forward bent very low, and seizing Miss Smith's hands kissed them effusively. To my surprise the old lady returned this greeting and kissed the young man on both cheeks.

"My dear boy!" she said, as though it were a mother speaking to her son. "How enormously you have grown since I saw you last! But, good gracious me, that is ten years ago!"

The young Turk laughed, and followed Miss Smith into her study and shut the door.

It was two hours later when the door opened again, and during that time Gerald and I, sitting in the next room, heard their voices—mostly the man's voice in what seemed like an interminable narrative, interrupted now and then by questions from Miss Smith.

Gerald gave me some clew to the man's personality and purpose.

"He's the son of old Ahmed Mejid, who was Foreign Minister of Abdul-Hamid. This fellow's father was my aunt's playmate as a child in this house. Her lover afterwards, I'm told, by those who know. Queer to think of my withered old aunt inspiring passion in the heart of a Turk! This lad was up to his neck in intrigue in Constantinople, until foolishly enough he was pushed out by the British. The worst thing possible! Of course he skipped off to Angora, and now he's one of Mustapha Kemal Pasha's cavalry leaders."

"What's he doing in Smyrna?" I asked.

And Gerald's answer was, "Nothing good, you bet! But he showed pluck in coming. The Greeks would wring his neck if they caught him."

After that two hours the door of Miss Smith's study opened again and we heard their voices in the hall. They spoke all but a few words in Turkish, and then I heard Miss Smith say good-by in English.

"Good-by, dear lady," answered the young Turk.

For a moment there was silence. Perhaps he kissed the old woman's hand again. Then she spoke once more, with painful emotion:

"Ahmed—for your father's sake—and he was chivalrous—be merciful in the hour of victory, if that should be yours. My God and yours—our same Eternal Father—hates those who are without compassion for helpless women and little children and those who are defenseless. There has been too much blood and agony in Asia Minor, and the cry of murdered children reaches to the ears of Allah in whom you have faith."

Some such words as these she spoke, though not, perhaps, exactly as I have written.

The man answered with equal emotion:

"Mustapha Kemal Pasha is a noble leader, dear lady. He will restrain his followers, so far as human nature allows. Alas, that is not far! For if the Greeks pillage and murder in their usual way, the swords of our men will be hungry for vengeance. It is that I fear."

A few minutes later there was the clip-clop of hoofs down the carriage drive to the garden gate. Ahmed Mejid Pasha came in the dusk and went in darkness.

That night at dinner Miss Smith looked very old and very gray. Not once did she speak of her visitor, but towards the end of the meal she brightened a little, for the sake, I think, of the girl Halid, who glanced at her anxiously from time to time. She told little anecdotes of her early days, when she had gone hunting in the hills, and then spoke of her children—Greeks and Turks—for whom she had founded schools in Smyrna, and whom she loved without prejudice of race or creed.

Later, when Miss Halid had gone to bed, the old lady summoned Gerald and myself to her study.

I remember her now, as she sat in a high-backed chair, looking very tiny and frail, yet with a spiritual strength in her keen, sharp-featured face.

"My dear," she said, "you know I had a visit today from the son of an old friend. He tells me, Gerald, that you know his name and rank, and trusts to your honor and mine not to mention it beyond this house."

Gerald said "Righto, aunt!" and with that she was satisfied, as indeed she might be, knowing the honest character of the boy.

"He came with a message," said Miss Smith; and for a moment her face twitched with an expression of pain.

"What message?" asked Gerald, and for once he spoke gravely.

The old woman searched him with her eyes, as though wondering how far she might trust him, and then seemed reassured.

"It was, of course, deeply private, though, for the sake of peace, he allows me to make use of it at my discretion. The army of Islam—of Mustapha Kemal Pasha—is ready to attack the Greeks, and is certain of victory."

Gerald gave a low whistle and sat up in his chair.

"They wish to avoid the blood and massacres that will inevitably drench this country if that happens," said Miss Smith; and again a spasm passed over her face. "There is only one means by which these horrors can be averted."

She looked at me, as though I might guess what that way might be, but I asked the word "How?".

"By the rapid withdrawal of the Greek army from Smyrna and Thrace."

It was my turn to sit up in my chair and draw a deep breath.

"That will never happen," I said. "There are too many interests involved, and too many passions."

That remark of mine angered her intensely. She struck the arms of her chair with both hands, and her eyes were afire as she turned them upon me.

"Too many interests involved! Yes. And too many villainies and stupidities among the powers and politicians who are ruining the world and condemning its innocents to death! Why does the British Government support the Greek claim to Smyrna, which their army can never hold by their own power? Are British forces coming here to defend this unhappy population when the Greek army is routed—or before? Tell me that!"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "Our people are for peace, and sick of war."

"Then why adopt a policy which leads to war?" asked the old lady. "It is madness! Every man in the Mohammedan world will die rather than submit to Asia Minor being parceled out among the Greeks. I have lived among them all my life. They have been good friends to me. Old woman as I am, I would have made a better peace with them than that treaty, which was botched up by politicians greedy for power and drunk with victory."

"French as well as English," I said; "pro-Turk as well as pro-Greek; Italian as well as French."

The old lady struck the arm of her chair again.

"Do not talk foolishness like that to me," she said angrily. "France and Italy and England bargained with each other for their own selfishness, forgetting the interests of millions of humble folk who wish to live in peace. Now they quarrel with each other, like thieves dissatisfied with their share of loot. Not for love of the Turk but to get even with England, France sends arms and munitions to Mustapha Kemal. Not for love of Greece, but for self-interest, or for sheer folly, England incites the Greeks in their imperialism, and both sides will betray both sides if it suits their purpose."

"You are very severe," I said. "We're not as bad as that, though I agree as to the stupidity of our politicians."

She ignored my words and continued her excited monologue.

"They call me pro-Turk," she said bitterly. "The English mission here in Smyrna call me the old Turkish woman and suspect me of sending news to Angora, because Mustapha Kemal learned his English in this house. I am no more pro-Turk than pro-Greek! It is because I love the Greek people in Asia Minor—have I not taught them in my schools and loved their little ones?—that I wish to save them from further massacre and a renewal of those dreadful horrors that come with war. Now it is too late."

"Why too late?" asked Gerald.

"Have I not told you?" she answered. "In a few weeks Mustapha Kemal will advance with his army. He is a great general, and more of a soldier than that fat old man who sits in the Greek headquarters, ignorant and vain and futile."

"The Greeks can put up a good scrap," said Gerald. "They may knock hell out of old man Turk."

"Don't be a fool, child!" said Miss Smith.

"Sorry, aunt!" said Gerald with great cheerfulness, and he winked at me.

The old lady seemed to be thinking very deeply. She sat silently for quite a while, with her little wrinkled hands playing with some jet beads on her dress.

"There's one man who might listen to me, and act in time," she said at last. "He's a fool, of course, but not quite such a fool as he's painted."

"Who's that?" asked Gerald.

"Constantine."

"Tino? That blighter?"

The old lady nodded and said, "He's got courage, and is obstinate in his decisions. He might listen to me and avert the disaster that is coming."

She rose from her chair and walked nervously up and down the room with quick little steps, while Gerald watched her curiously, puffing at a cigarette.

Presently she stopped and spoke to us again.

"Yes, it's my duty. I'll go and see the king in Athens. I will tell him what I know. I may be the messenger of God's mercy."

"My dear aunt!" said Gerald, sitting up and throwing away his cigarette. "You'll probably catch your death of cold on the boat and do no good whatever at the end of the journey. My advice to you is to sit tight here. Even if the Turks do advance they won't hurt you."

"They'll hurt my little ones," said the old lady. "In peace the Turk is a good man. In war he has no pity for man, woman or child."

Nothing would divert the old lady from this idea in her head—a journey to Athens, to warn the king of coming danger and defeat.

It was not my place to dissuade her, and Gerald's advice was ignored as though a child spoke.

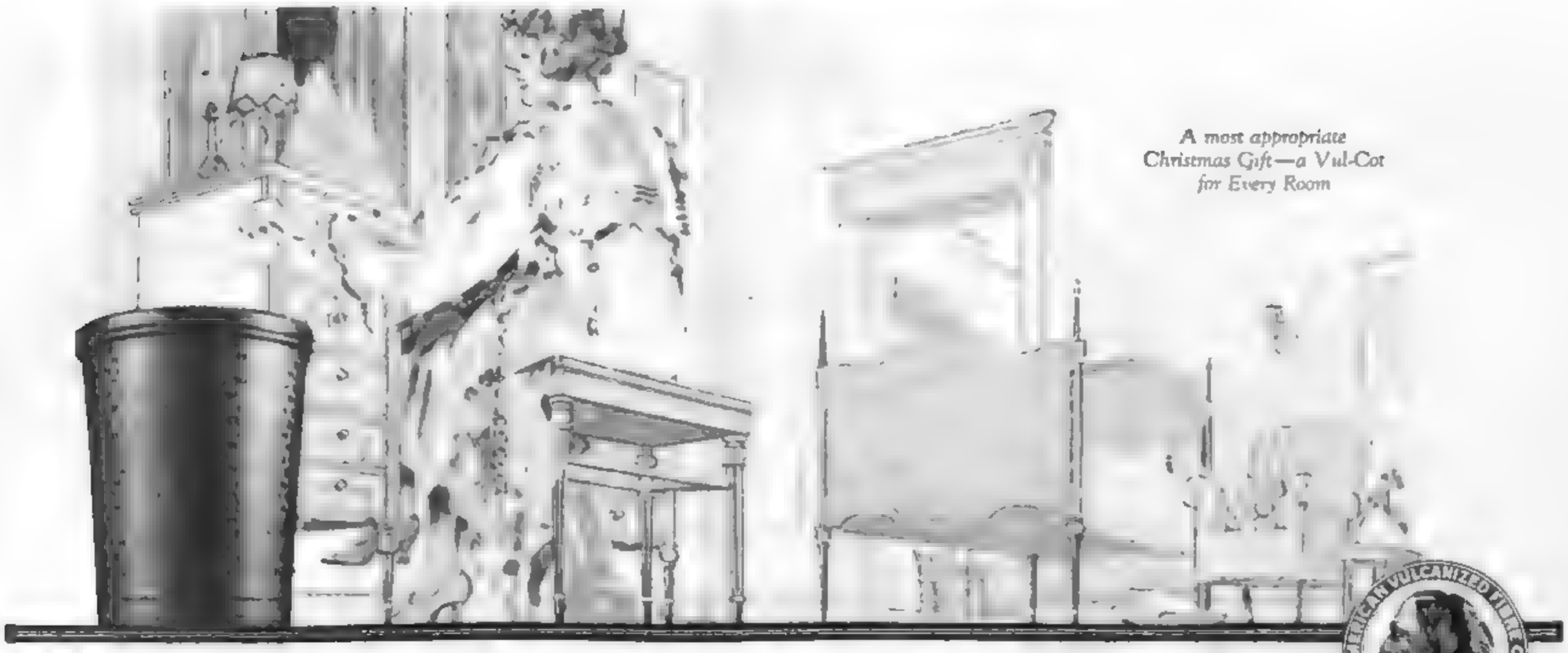
It was for his sake as well as out of admiration for an old woman's pluck that I offered to accompany her to Athens on my way back to England.

I think she was glad of that offer and the little help I could give her in the way of carrying her hand bag to the boat.

"I shall be back within a week, my dear," she told the girl Halid, whom she embraced tenderly. "You will be safe here in this old house with my faithful servants."

The girl wept bitterly at parting with the old lady, but I think some of her tears were

(Continued on Page 69)



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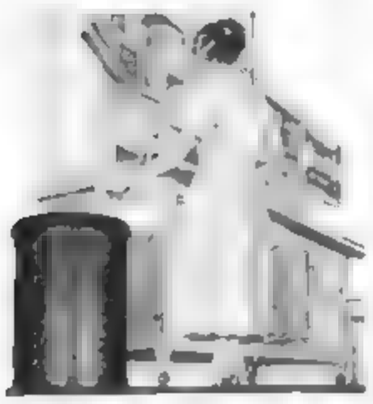

In the Kitchen

THE most carefully cleaned room is made untidy by a few stray bits of trash left or thrown where they don't belong. There's a very proper place for them—those pieces of crumpled paper, torn envelopes, shavings from a sharpened pencil, numberless odds and ends.

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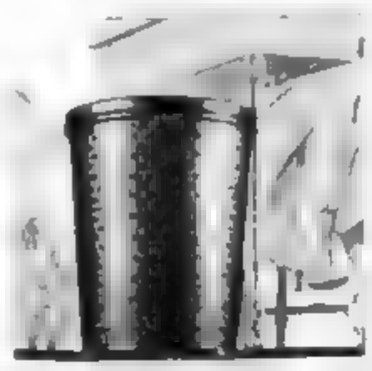

In the Living Room

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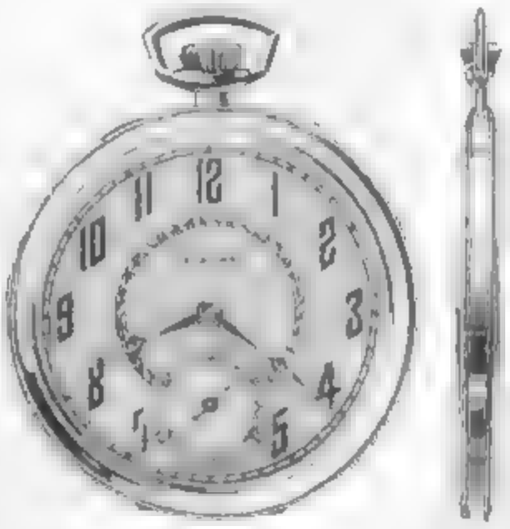

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TAVANNES

(TA-VAN)

WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

(Continued from Page 66)

for Gerald, who was returning with us to his ship. They had a little love passage in the garden, I think, and Gerald told me afterwards that he had kissed the girl, and promised to come back to her.

All the servants, Turks and English, gathered round that carriage drawn by two Anatolian ponies before we drove off, and the old white camel Mustapha snuffled and stamped as though indignant that his beloved mistress should travel without him.

"Be a good boy!" she called out to this hideous beast.

At the gateway Gerald and I turned in the carriage to wave our hands to Miss Halid, who stood there weeping, and yet laughing a little because of Gerald's ardent demonstration with his naval cap. It was the last time I saw Miss Smith's stucco-fronted house and her smooth lawns and flower beds—this English oasis in Asia Minor. No eyes will ever see it again, for the house is a black ruin of charred timbers and brick, and the flower beds were trampled into mud by Turkish cavalry.

On the way through Smyrna I was astonished by the royal progress of the old lady. Certainly she had the love of this people. Turkish women came to the doors to raise their hands as she passed, and little Turkish children ran alongside the carriage for a way with shouts of "Mees Smeet! Mees Smeet!" It was the same in the Armenian and Greek quarters, where the children were coming out of school—some of the schools she had founded for them, and maintained at her own cost. They greeted her appearance with shrill cheers, and one pretty girl threw into her carriage a handful of flowers she had plucked from some garden. Miss Smith turned to me once and put her hand on mine.

"I would give my old life to save these little ones," she said. "Perhaps God will bless my journey's end."

If I remember rightly it was a voyage of sixteen hours to Athens, in a little boat that had once been the steam yacht of Vanderbilt and was now converted into a passenger ship and named the Polikos. It was vastly overcrowded with Greek officers and men, a group of Italian soldiers and a number of Israelites. I managed to secure a cabin for Miss Smith, and had a berth for myself amidships, with Greek officers above and below, violently and emotionally sick when the sea rose after dusk and made the boat pitch in a most unpleasant way.

At Athens the old lady and I put up at the Grande Bretagne, a very beautiful hotel, not far from the king's palace.

That very morning, with indomitable energy, the old lady, who had passed a sleepless night, as she told me, drove in a hired motor car to the palace; and I think I see her now, as she sat there, under a black parasol, with the hot sun of Athens pouring into the car and dazzling so fiercely upon the white marble-fronted houses that it was painful to the eyes. She looked to me like a little old queen, and it was with the dignity of such that she bowed to some Greek officers who passed and saluted her.

"My dear," she said to me, "if you were not a journalist I should ask you to pray for me now. I go to a meeting which may save the lives of thousands of poor simple folk and innocent little children. There is at least the chance of a miracle."

Not more than that, I thought; and miracles, alas, have not been frequent of late.

And yet I think I said something like a prayer for the old woman as I walked through the king's gardens—open to the public in part—and then sat on the terrace of an open-air café looking towards Mount Hymettus, where once Homer lay and listened to the bees, and to the ruin of the Acropolis, where the sunlight fell upon the amber-tinted pillars of the Parthenon, and the Temple of Athena, under a cloudless sky of fathomless blue, as when Euripides described the Athenians of old "marching through an ether of surpassing brightness."

Some Greek schoolboys went singing towards the white arena where, three thousand years ago, other boys of their race threw the discus, as they were going to do, for some contest between their schools. In white vests and shorts, their necks and arms and legs were burnt the color of terra cotta, and in their beauty of youth they were not unworthy of those young athletes whose forms were carved in marble by a master hand, for the world's delight.

Sitting there, in this scenewhere all the glory of Greek history had passed, where those very stones around had been worn by the feet of men who gave the grace of art to life, and a philosophy to which we still turn for wisdom, I was moved by the thought of the tragedy that seemed to be coming swiftly to the modern Greeks and was filled with pity for the wreck of their illusions, hopes, ambitions, sacrifice. They had gone back to Asia Minor, lured by the old tradition of Greek empire, finding old stones as its proof in history, and remnants of their people. They had looked with greedy eyes towards Constantinople, in which they had founded the Byzantine Empire as a bulwark of Christendom against the infidel. There was an old prophecy that Constantine would come back there, that the Mass of the Greek Church would be resumed in San Sofia, from the point where it had broken off with a cry of terror when Mohammed II rode in with his Turks and slew until the walls were splashed with blood. It was that legend of the coming back of Constantine which had uplifted the Greek people and inspired their army. Now an old woman was with the king in whom their hopes were centered, telling him, perhaps, that defeat was certain, and that to save his people from massacre he must surrender their claims!

Strange episode of history! Fantastic that an old lady named Miss Smith should go on such a mission! Incredible in its absurdity, when one believed, as I did, and do now, that Miss Smith of Smyrna, this shrewd old maid, beloved by Turks and Greeks alike, had received a message of fate from Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and knew the truth of it.

I saw her coming out of the king's garden in her hired motor car. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, and her head bent.

I held up my hand to stop the car, and took a seat beside her.

"What news?" I asked.

She put her hand on mine with that little gesture which was a habit with her.

"I have failed," she said simply. "They jeered at me as a mad old woman."

Presently she told me that she had given way to anger. She had threatened those who jeered with a tragedy that would make them weep blood for their folly. She had told Constantine that his crown was worth no more than a jester's cap and damned him as the assassin of his race. They had turned her out, as an old lunatic.

"Now I go back to Smyrna," she said, "to await the red flame that will rise before the flag of Islam."

I tried to persuade her to stay in Athens a while, but she spoke of Halid, her best beloved, and of the children who believed in her as a protectress.

"Because once I stopped a massacre of Turks," she said, "they may listen to an old woman when she prays for mercy on the Greeks."

That very night, without rest, the old lady embarked again for Smyrna, and I shall not see her again in this life.

The attack by Mustapha Kemal began three weeks to the day after her return, and the whole world knows the tragedy of Smyrna, the burning of that fair city, the driving of Christians into its hungry flames, the bayoneting of women and children, the cry of agony that went out to sea above the roar of fire, and was heard by naval men watching from their ships.

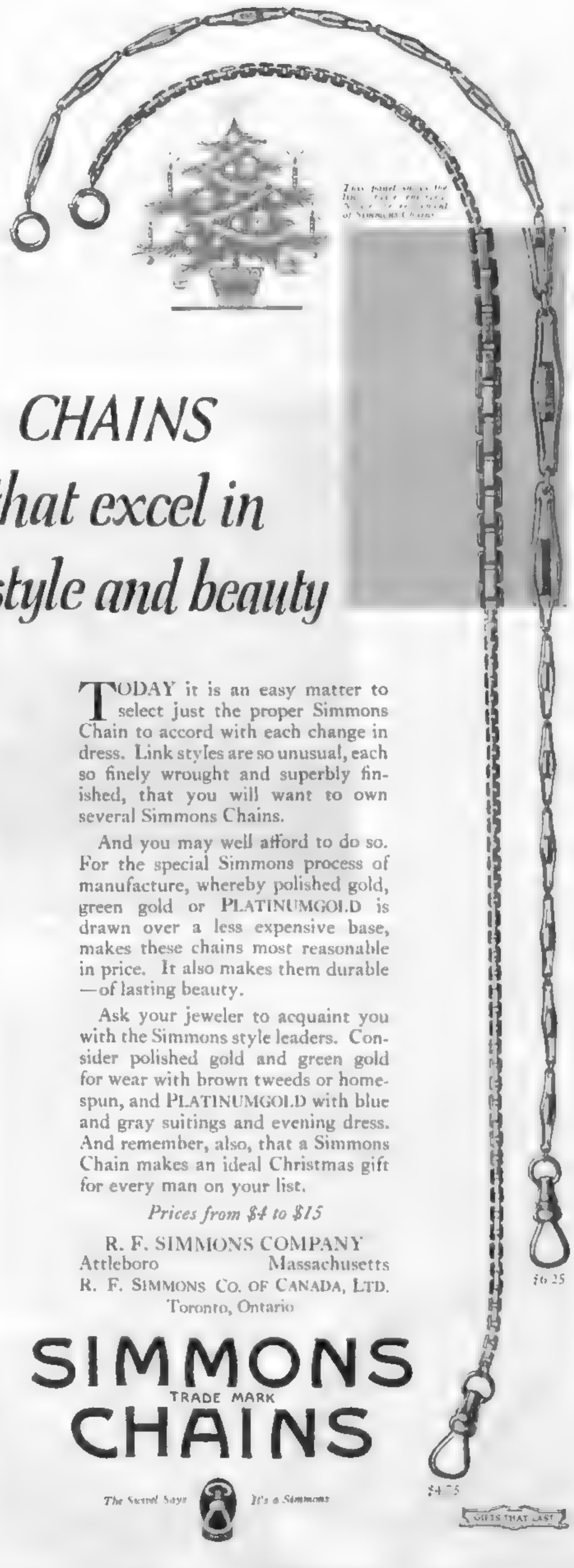
Gerald Tuck was there, on the Dragon, and knew that somewhere in that hell was the old lady, his aunt, and the young girl whose beauty had put a spell on him.

From an American Red Cross worker I heard of Miss Smith in her last hour. She had come down into Smyrna with Miss Halid and stayed with the Greek children and teachers of one of her schools. When the first squadron of Turkish cavalry rode down the quay side she went out to meet them and spoke to the commander, who was Ahmed Mejid Pasha. He bent down over his saddle and spoke to her gently.

It was not the regular cavalry that began the massacre, but the irregulars who came with them. The leaders tried to restrain their men, but could do nothing when their madness began.

Among the houses that went up in flames was that of Lieutenant Mazarakis, where I had taken tea so often with a woman who was afraid, and children who sang to me.

It is certain that Miss Smith of Smyrna died in the fire of her schoolhouse, where many little ones of Greece whom she had tried to save went with her, as I verily believe, to that great peace where no cruelty of men may enter in.



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GIFTS THAT LAST

AN AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATER

(Continued from Page 23)

They have lately taken the matter into their own hands; and turning aside from the commercial manager as well as from the morbid and introspective side of some of the little theaters, they have gone into community singing, pageantry, neighborhood games, interpretive dancing, processions, and a free out-of-doors and pastoral issue of the wholesome impulses to which I refer and in which youthful sanity and good health abound

The present epoch shows the greatest attention by the everyday people to the theater and its kindred activities in the history of the Anglo-Saxon, not excepting even the stirring period of the Elizabethans. Following our poetess, I have sought to find the reason for this in the natural revolt against the claims of modern industrial demand, because most work today is specialized, narrow and monotonous. The recoil is a wish to be something different. The wish to be something different is basically histrionic The theater is its avenue both directly and indirectly.

If I am right in these deductions, and not merely flying Mr. Dick memorials for King Charles, there should be nation-wide evidence and consciousness of it. Every American village into which this publication goes should be engaged in some such enterprise or aware of one somewhere in its state or neighborhood. I believe such general knowledge is the condition; certainly here on Long Island, where I am writing, the evidences exist. In Nassau County, New York, are some thirty-odd amateur dramatic societies, not only at work but conscious of one another's existence and competing progress. Similar conditions exist throughout the state and throughout neighboring states. Dramatic clubs are competing in my home state of Missouri, with Kirksville and Columbia as centers. They are organized and competing in Iowa, Kansas, Dakota, Montana and other trans-Mississippi states; in the Carolinas and others of the Southern belt, and in far California. The Drama League has on its list, which is not complete, no less than three hundred and fifty-two little theaters with organized players giving occasional plays. When the geographical extent of this interest is considered, as well as the intensity of its prevalence, it displays a character approaching spontaneous combustion.

Pedro de Cordoba as Orlando

The Demand for Shakspere

An almost similar revolt is working in the ranks of the professional actors themselves. They read of the glorious opportunities of the classical days. They listen to the memories of their older colleagues who remember Booth, Davenport, McCullough, Barrett, Edwin Adams, five notable Hamlets playing in one epoch with such visitors as Fechter and Barry Sullivan, and who find now conditions so happening and controlled that only one of their generation, Walter Hampden, can with a struggle play it occasionally. They read the classics that give an actor scope, opportunity and practice, and are inwardly worn with the desire to do equal things, with a hope constantly deferred. It is pathetic to have the confidence of actors and know how many really languish under this wish and its denial; to know how many studious men and women of the profession are up in the parts in a faint hope that something may happen.

And an equal wish invites them on the part of the public. Last winter, in Philadelphia, Ethel Barrymore was the guest at a meeting of the Charlotte Cushman Club in the Academy of Music. Ethel doesn't like to talk on the platform, and the presiding officer asked me to attempt an address. Floundering for material, I reverted to this desire of the players and said I knew of Miss Barrymore's wish to do Rosalind. There were about three thousand listeners in that theater: the burst of applause with which the statement was received was even greater than the first reception the actress herself had evoked.

One of our most experienced and charming players is Marjorie Rambeau, wasting her fine talents on such comparatively indifferent importations as The Goldfish. She once confided to me that her life's ambition was Shakspere and gave me two photographs of herself as Rosalind. What fondness of what dreaming amateur can be more wistful than that?

I don't think it is alone his remarkable likeness to Edwin Booth that makes Hamlet the goal of Pedro de Cordoba's ambition, or his Jewish impersonation with Weber and Fields that makes Warfield study Shylock. Jack Barrymore has persuaded Hopkins to let him play Hamlet; but why should this generation not have these masterpieces every week as their fathers and grandfathers had them?

A year or two ago, in a mixed program in a New York hotel, I heard Brandon Tynan, in costume, recite Hamlet's soliloquy in a way that made me wish to see him play the part with adequate support. We don't need a new theater for that kind of experiment; we need only a fine company of America's best actors, wisely directed and giving occasional opportunity to different and worthy and ambitious and ready actors in great rôles. We would stumble at first, but we would soon restore a neglected department of art and literature, and we would rapidly develop and justify our claim to a national theater; and the profession and the great public are eager for such an attempt.

At the center of this conflagration is this association of professional managers, busily intent each upon his private dream and each absorbed in personal and competitive effort. And yet the highest technical knowledge of the theater's arts, certainly the most sure coördinating ability in the country, is in their possession.

A respectable majority of these fifty-six members has each a vision and a desire above the possibilities of his business, circumscribed as the business is by its commercial conditions. And by its commercial conditions I mean the cost of a physical production in material, in rent, in wages, in competing salaries, in royalties, in newspaper advertising and printing, and other running costs in the most expensive section of the most expensive city in America. These personal visions are necessarily temperamental and by temperament limited. But they are also by temperament diversified and different, and to that degree inclusive. And with fifty-six temperaments selected by the law of the survival of the fittest they are of their generation the theatrically most competent.

At the head of the dramatist-actor-manager group is David Belasco, the typical realist of the modern theater. He is easily the most skilled of all the producers in getting scenic and light effects and in closely counterfeiting Nature in the physical features of a play's production. The ability is guided by a poetic feeling for atmospheric effects and an Oriental liking for richness in color. Belasco is a wizard in the ambush of contrast, and for contrast there must be definition. The pastel *nuances* and impressionistic vagueness do not belong in his technic. This is equally true of his effects in acting. His happiest field is melodrama in which there can be a ruthless revelation of feminine temperament. No other man in the theater has his flair for ability in an actress or his patient mastery of the development when discovered. Among our actresses of two generations who found their greatest advance under Belasco's tutelage are Ida Jeffreys-Lewis, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Henrietta Crosman, Blanche Bates, Nance O'Neill, Frances Starr, Janet Beecher, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire and Lenore Ulric. This in ability is a National Theater Company of itself. Belasco's dramas alone and in collaboration are among the most powerful in America's record.

In nearly exact opposition to Belasco is a younger manager who promises to be as successful. The art of Arthur Hopkins is ultra-modern as expressed both in the impressionistic scenic effects and in the repression of his actors. Hopkins' hobby is to eliminate, to cut out every move and gesture not absolutely vital; to err if he must on the side of naturalism. The ability to center light upon that part of the stage to which he means to bring such episodes as he will emphasize is his great delight. But the focused rays are not of the operatic spotlight kind but rather the dim infiltration through a dusty skylight or cellar window, and always with a knowledge of the emotional effect of its color. In the opinions of some this dimming of the lights is occasionally overdone, as in the same opinions are his simplifying of the scenery and the repression of the actors: but others, and in these times the majority, find magic and mystery in the combined effect. And now and then—especially now in Miss Barrymore's Hauptmann play—some of the peasant pictures in the open have the beauty of Millet's Angelus. It would take a fair diplomat to harmonize Belasco and Hopkins in these departments, but the accommodation would be fine.

The leaven that is so stirring the present theatrical situation in America was greatly augmented by the work of the New Theater. In the minds of many, no doubt in the minds of some of its founders, this enterprise is regarded as a failure; but it would be difficult to overestimate the effect of the endeavor and its increasing influence. One or two more cautious managers declined the conduct of the enterprise. Winthrop Ames rode into it with no misgivings, at least none that he voiced. He gave it all that was in him, and the credit for what it achieved will lastingly belong to him. The effort nearly wrecked him physically, however, and his recoil was to the Little Theater, which he immediately built with his own funds and managed in his own fashion. From endeavoring the almost impossible in that big auditorium, he became a painter of theatrical miniatures. That was always more to his liking, anyway. By nature he is a dilettant. His Harvard education and his Boston experience intensified in him that leaning. In any national theater that had his advice, everything not measurable to the highest degree of excellence would find one challenger at least. The very announcement of a production by Ames commands an expectant and discriminating audience.

Cohan's Genius

As it amuses one to oppose Belasco with Hopkins, it is perhaps equally appropriate to contrast Ames with George Cohan. Cohan's education was in the vaudeville theater, playing with his entire family in five-a-day. This constantly shifting experience, travel, meeting of all kinds of people in those general strata, afforded a course of study that might be estimated; but genius defies computation; and George Cohan is a genius if the American theater ever had one associated with it. Dancer, singer, player, dramatist, librettist, musician. Up to a certain point in his self-control he is quite the ordinary man of business the calculating, astute, informed person of affairs. Beyond that, beyond what may be described as the point of Celtic explosion, Cohan under any enthusiasm or pressure passes into lyrical levels where people who do business with him are alien. He is then a poet, original, erratic, unpredictable. It is a singular distinction that the foremost song that came out of the great World War was Cohan's Over There. There were other tunes, as Smile, Smile, Smile, and A Long Trail, that had popularity; but Over There was the only tune that had for the soldiers any of the quality of the battle hymn of the 60's. Cohan's value in such a theater as we are discussing lies in the fact that he is Avenue A articulate. Cohan speaks the argot of the river front, and more than any other dramatist has the measure of the common people. There is a cultivated side to him that is at home in the library, and he is well-read in the more basic philosophies. But he has a cunning that prevents them from interfering with his transcription of the simple people.

There are a dozen others whose contrasting viewpoints would be useful, as both Sam and Will Harris, Broadhurst, Brady, Ziegfeld, Dillingham, Selwyn and Morosco. A principal influence would be John Golden, producer of Lightnin', Turn to the Right, The First Year, and other recent popular successes. While Lightnin' holds the record for length of run, number of companies, gross receipts and profits, its very popularity points Golden's selection of what appeals to the great home-loving middle class. The experimental, the sensational, the *risqué* are completely outside his consideration. Golden's two dominant qualities are wholesomeness and energy.

On the business side of such an enterprise as an embryo national theater, this

(Continued on Page 74

Just Around the Corner

CHRISTMAS—The Great Home Day—that brings the scattered loved ones back to the home nest is speeding towards the Old Earth as if on the wings of love.

Visions of Sugar Plums—are already dancing through the children's heads and visions of happy faces around the gayly lighted table are dancing through Mother's head—interrupted only by the world-old question of what to have for dinner.

If Mother is wise, she knows that we *are* what we *eat*, and that her family's health and happiness depend upon the character of the food she provides. She knows that the dinners under which the festive board groans may mean groans for the family later—irritable youngsters and sluggish grown-ups. And she knows that the best food can be spoiled by poor cooking—that simple, inexpensive foods can be made appetizing and health-giving by care in preparation.

The Hand that Rules the Kitchen Rules the World—

literally holds in its hollow the world's health, happiness and efficiency. For it is said that the destiny of a nation depends upon its food. A nation is but a great collection of homes. The home maker is largely responsible for the health and happiness of her family, and as each of its members takes his or her place in the affairs of the world the home maker's influence widens until it is felt industrially, commercially and professionally.

Many Business Troubles are Stomach Troubles—

and much of the sickness and death laid to other causes is the result of eating poorly cooked food. Many domestic troubles have their origin in the frying pan, and many a backward schoolboy is punished for "creeping like snail—unwillingly to school" because he is improperly fed.

"Food Makes the Soldier"—

said Napoleon. Food just as truly *makes the worker*—the every day Soldier who fights life's every day battles. For upon well-cooked, easily digested food depend the bread-winner's ability to earn more bread and the schoolboy's ability to do his work—in fact family prosperity and happiness.

The Economy of Good Cooking—

is evident when we consider that food is fuel. It is burned in the body to produce heat and energy just as coal is burned in your furnace. Food that does not burn (digest) not only endangers life but is waste just as the clinkers in your furnace are waste. Fuel food is expensive. Why waste it? The food scientist measures the energy value of food in calories just as we measure distance in blocks and dress goods in yards. So with a scientific cook book at hand, the home maker can find out just what her workers need and she can find out how to preserve the food's strength-giving, health-giving values. Then there is no waste either of health, food or money.

We Eat with our Eyes—

as well as with our teeth. "Appetite juice"—a most important factor in digestion—is produced by food that is appealing to the eye, and by cheerful surroundings. "The spirit of kindliness must be supreme at the table," says Gilbert Chesterton, and a noted physician says: "Never allow an unpleasant subject to be mentioned at the table." Here at least people should be joyous.

The World's Most Famous Cook—

Brillat-Savarin, noted lawyer and eminent judge, left to the world the hygienic order of a dinner, to be followed always with a *light* dessert. Savarin made it the fashion for the Nobility of France to cook. Louis XV, in kingly velvet and lace, spent many hours in his palace kitchens concocting rare dishes. Now it is the Nobility of Motherhood that produces the best cooks, and "like Mother used to make" is the great home standard.

So if Mother will but invite Science into her Kitchen—

to help in preparing the regular three meals a day, and follow the great Savarin in serving fewer over-rich desserts and more *simple* Sugar Plums, she may be sure that it will be a healthier, happier family that gathers around the Christmas table to celebrate *The Great Home Day.*

Cooking is now recognized as a science. It is closely related to longer life. Therefore, to Life Insurance.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for years has helped the home maker to make the three meals a day count for health and happiness.

With the teachings of domestic science in schools and educational work by magazines and newspapers has come general improvement in cooking.

As a result of the combined efforts to improve all living conditions our death rate has been lowered 31.9% in the last ten years. 55,000 of the Metropolitan's policy holders, who paid their premiums weekly, sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as for 1911.

"Next to the Bible, the most important book in any home is a reliable Cook Book," says a prominent clergyman, formerly a physician. This is true from a standpoint both of health and economy. Food values are often entirely destroyed by improper cooking—the juices of meats are lost and the precious minerals of vegetables go down the drain pipe in the water in which they are cooked.

As the Holiday Season approaches when the thought uppermost in millions of mother-minds is the best dinner for the least expenditure of time, labor and money, the Company offers free and with the best of good will—"The Metropolitan Cook Book."

Your name and address on a post card will bring by next mail, this scientific but non-technical book, which will help to solve the problem of three good nourishing meals a day throughout the entire year.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

MO

This ham is delicious!

RRIS

Supreme Ham

A Palatable Food

Meat contributes more to the palatability of the diet than does any other food. Palatability aids digestion.

You're sure of delighted guests when you serve Morris Supreme Ham. Our Supreme cure produces that mild flavor you enjoy so much.

All Morris Supreme foods are individually different in flavor. Choose them by that well-known Morris Supreme yellow and black label. You'll find it on a great variety of good things to eat.

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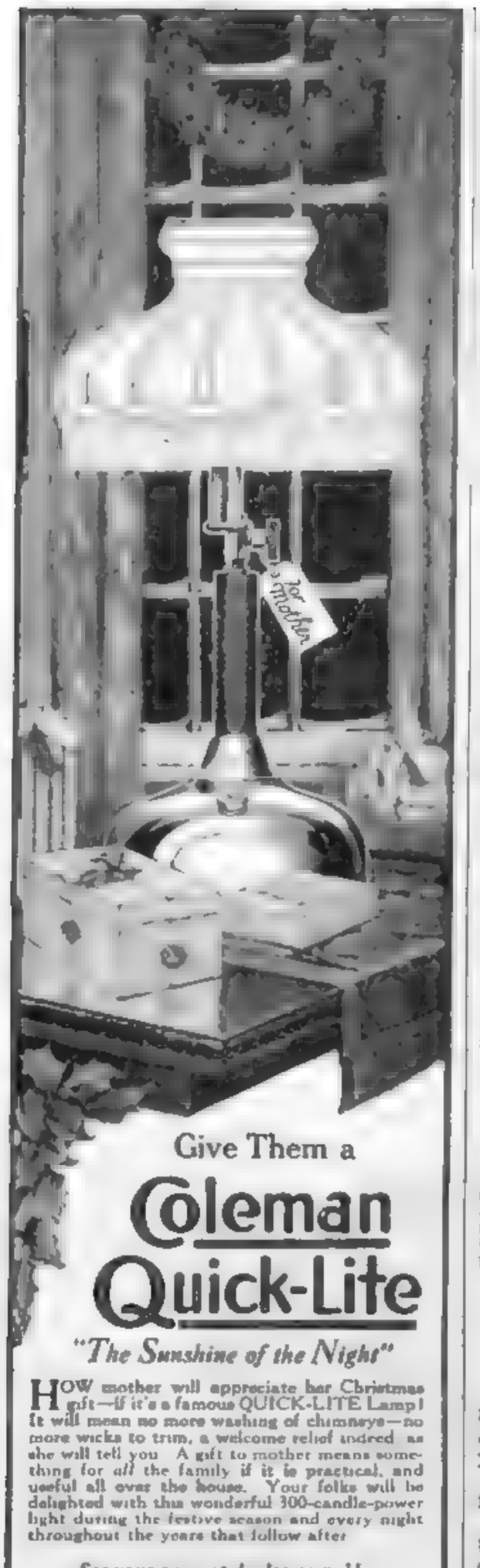

Give Them a

Coleman Quick-Lite

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HOW mother will appreciate her Christmas gift—if it's a famous QUICK-LITE Lamp! It will mean no more washing of chimneys—no more wicks to trim, a welcome relief indeed as she will tell you. A gift to mother means something for *all* the family if it is practical, and useful all over the house. Your folks will be delighted with this wonderful 300-candle-power light during the festive season and every night throughout the years that follow after.

See your nearest dealer now. Have him reserve a Coleman Quick-Lite to be delivered Christmas Eve. If he can't supply you, write us, Dept. P-51

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Wichita, Kansas
Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles
Toronto, Can.

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managers' association has both A. L. Erlanger and Lee Shubert, each of whom established one of the two great syndicates that have controlled the theaters of the United States for years. And notwithstanding that the fine New Theater had on its board the ablest bankers and financiers of the country, much of its hard luck was due to the absence of just such show-business acumen as these two potentates possess.

The material from which this American National Theater is to be constructed is therefore at hand and available. The machinery for its organization exists and requires only to be put in motion. The intelligent direction to start this machinery and conservatively to control it when going, is associated and ready to be organized. A sufficient purpose to stimulate it all and to reward it by accomplishment is in sight, and the necessary idea to bind all the elements into a respectable structure exists. For one familiar with these facts to refrain from such simple initiative as would bring the desired result about would be to be guilty of a neglect to my mind highly reprehensible.

The first materials that should be utilized are these amateur dramatic clubs already existing in the larger cities and the interested young people in these cities who could be attached to such organizations. These clubs should be encouraged to organize themselves on a self-sustaining basis, and somewhat after the manner of the old McCullough Club, which was a powerful institution in my own town of St. Louis in the early 80's, and of which I have already written in these columns. That organization had an active membership of fifty or more young men and women, and a lay membership which supported it by a yearly subscription of ten dollars each. My recollection is that this lay membership numbered from eight hundred to a thousand people. The eight or ten thousand dollars so contributed enabled the club to give four or five plays a year in respectable fashion and still have some surplus for other uses. Clubs of that kind choose their material from printed plays sold by special publishers.

These plays are necessarily not new. Occasionally such a club produces an original play written by one of its members or some local author with whom the club is in communication. To do this the club needs no outside assistance, and there is no particular inducement for it to be in connection with or in any way associated with similar organizations throughout the country or with New York City. But if such clubs are permitted to play some current success, some play that is attracting attention in one of the great theatrical centers, that timeliness of performance, that unanimity of attention throughout the country, will at once give otherwise inchoate elements organization and a general and national character. If one or two such plays chosen in a season are of the kind that invite or require proper diction and pronunciation in counterdistinction from what might be called distinctively character work, and an attempt is made by their individual managers to approach the model of the professionals playing the same play by sending their stage managers to the city to see the original company, there will be a purpose that has long been in the minds of national educators.

Similar attempts are upon record elsewhere. In the early years of this twentieth century when Earl Grey was governor-general of Canada, it was his annual practice to call together at some principal Canadian city six amateur dramatic companies from various parts of Canada and have them respectively play the same play on consecutive nights in the same theater before a theatrical jury. On two occasions I was invited by Earl Grey to be one of the judges. My own engagements in the States kept me here; I never witnessed these meetings; but other playwrights who went as members of the jury were enthusiastic in their praise of the undertaking and in their approval of the work accomplished.

Some four or five years ago the American Academy of Arts and Letters consulted a committee of theatrical people with a view of finding a way to give a prize for diction. An endowment was available for the purpose, but nothing came of the plan, because the machinery for the project seemed absent or inadequate and the possible decision when made would not in importance measure up to the desire. The wish of the academy, of course, was to do somewhat toward standardizing our American pronunciation. This will be one step in the Americanization not only of the assimilated element in our population but of the proper Americanization of much that is native, because with the dramatic clubs in the large cities from Seattle to Charleston, Bangor to Los Angeles, busy upon the same material, a basis for a standardizing of pronunciation would be offered broader and more substantial perhaps than could be had in any other way.

My ideas of the matter, which I am glad to say are not as yet set or in any embarrassing degree inflexible, include among other elements the fairly certain factor of the discovery and cultivation of a wealth of talent that is now lying dormant in various sections of the country; not only talent of player but also talent of the writer. Again reverting to the encouraging example that I have always in mind, the McCullough Club, I recall that that organization in four years produced at least a score of professional actors of high merit, many of them of stellar proportion, and two or three writers of plays. We cannot doubt that the plan I am sketching would encourage such writers everywhere and give them the opportunity of trial in all parts of the country, with the result that we should produce a body of dramatic literature considerable in volume and significantly colorful.

Optimism in regard to the output of this enterprise would seem justified by the data in hand. There is a little company of players at Scarboro-on-the-Hudson, producing plays after the manner suggested and occasionally getting an original manuscript. From their output of last year alone three new plays were sold to professional managers and are to be done this year. Scarboro enjoys the advantage of being well within an hour of New York. Persons interested can get out there and back again in the same evening under the proposed plan. Something of this advantage would be shared by the young people who would write for companies as distant as California or Oregon if they were linked in a league that kept its center informed of what they were doing and brought to the attention of producers any notable work that happened here or there to occur.

I write of this idea—one might almost say this enterprise—to answer through THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the questions that come from all over the country as to what I intend to do in this present office to which I have been led. I mean to endeavor to set up the start of an American National Theater. I expect some inertia, but—I believe in the country.

THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART

(Continued from Page 30)

never get that hard-boiled old totem of a Jedburgh to take any stock in you or in your national internal-defense movement."

"I'm afraid not," Clamart agreed cheerfully.

"That isn't what I was really after, though. I wanted to let Olivant know in detail just what my object is, and to convince him, if possible, of my own disinterested sincerity in that same effort."

"Why?"

"Because I have reason to believe that Jedburgh is being guardedly approached by a man who proposes to import large quantities of opium, and needs his secret support. I wanted Olivant to know that they were up against myself if they undertook any such attempt. Jedburgh is the man to tackle a nefarious scheme like that and to get away with it."

Shane thought of the conversation carried on so openly between Jedburgh and Olivant while he was sketching. "Is that man's name Don Quinto?"

"Why, yes. What do you know about him?"

"Jedburgh was asking Olivant that same question when I was sketching him this morning. All they evidently knew about him was that he had a big hacienda down in Yucatan and that he wanted Jedburgh to finance the marketing of its produce. They mentioned hemp and cotton and henequen. Just after that Jedburgh spoke of you. He told Olivant to find out what you really wanted, and to look up your past record."

"Looks like association of ideas, doesn't it—speaking of Don Quinto, then of me?"

"Yes, rather," Shane admitted. "Of course Jedburgh might not tell Olivant all he knew. But Olivant told Jedburgh that this same Don Quinto had offered him a fifty-thousand-dollar bribe to be paid him the day that Jedburgh took up his scheme."

"That young man is not the half-wit that you seem to think him."

"Perhaps you're right, Frank. Then your object just now was to scare off Jedburgh from mixing in?"

"Yes. Without letting him know that I was wise to Don Quinto's actual scheme. He's apt to guess that, though, if he doesn't know it already. Don Quinto is here in New York now. He approached Colling tentatively, and Colling made the same mistake about my sincerity that Jedburgh is in danger of doing. I am very much inclined to believe"—Clamart's tone was brittle—"that error cost him his life."

"These people thought he meant to blow their game?"

"Not exactly. Get my help to hold them up. Blackmail 'em to the limit. I think they trailed him here and then got me identified, not for what I am but what I used to be. When Colling discovered that I was really in earnest about this thing and not holding out on him he may have tried to get in on it. But they considered that he'd spilled the beans in coming to me, so they decided to get us both—and half succeeded," he added grimly.

"But how about Miss Cabot and me?" Shane asked.

"Well, you've been here quite a lot, and Léontine and Miss Cabot have got fairly intimate. You didn't just stumble over that killer down there on the beach. You were tagged for the scrap heap and he was assigned to you. He was on your trail. He had cut around ahead and was waiting for you in that cabin. Thought you might look into it, perhaps. There was that smell you and Léontine both mentioned. Lucky you did. It started me thinking and saved our lives last night."

"But, darn it all, Frank, there's not sufficient motive!"

"There is, though. It must be a big scheme or they'd never go to Jedburgh with it. They'd know he wouldn't listen to anything where his share couldn't be shown him in big money."

Shane looked his disbelief. "Where could they get so much opium? Not all from China, because its production is limited there."

"Not at all from China, Shane. From a whole lot nearer home. Right from Don Quinto's hacienda in Yucatan; that's only three days from Texas ports."

"But could he grow it there?"

Clamart laughed. "The Mexican Government should worry. And I should say the *Papaver somniferum* would flourish there better than almost anywhere else. Just under the tropic, rich soil, plenty of moisture, with dry weather at the time for incising the pods, letting the sap exude and dry overnight on the capsule. A hard shower during that time would be fatal to the harvest by washing it away. But they could time it right down there."

"Then you think this Don Quinto is planting it?"

"I think he turned his army of peons to work planting poppy in the maize and maguey and sisal fields. He could have imported a shipload of Chinese that understood the culture, and when they'd taught it to his peons he could have sent them across the Campeche Gulf and into Texas, charging them ferryage at the amount owed them for their labor. It would all work out beautifully—up to a certain point."

"Its distribution?"

"No. Creating a wide demand for it. Americans don't want opium. More than that, they don't want to want it. The infinitesimally small percentage of opium habitués would not constitute a market for the drug. And the rest of the population would decline to be taught—even to try it once for fun. Drugs are not compatible

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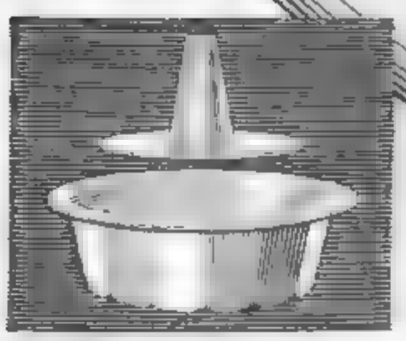

Viko Tubed Cake Pans, several sizes, solid and loose bottoms, 70c to $1.35*

Viko Tea Kettles, welded spouts, 4 sizes, large bottoms, $1.85 to $3.70*

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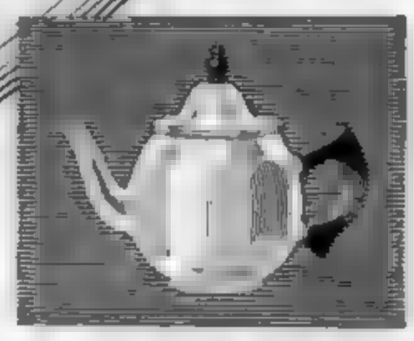
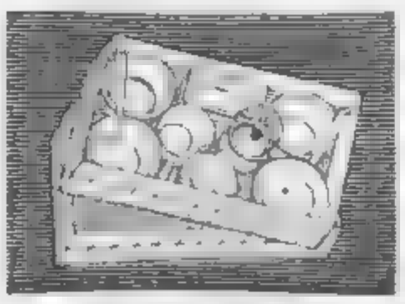
Viko Percolators, detachable handles, welded spouts, $1.30 to $3.00*
Viko Double Boilers, 4 sizes, extra large bottoms, $1.20 to $2.10*

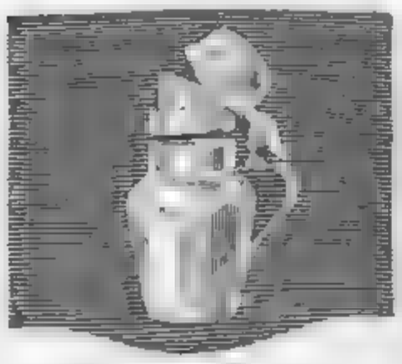


Viko Tea Pots, welded spouts, nickeled brass hinge, $2.10 to $2.70*

VIKO—*a gift for her lifetime*



Nursery Rhyme 8-piece miniature cooking sets, $1.10.* Practical, sanitary



Viko Syrup Pitchers, inset lips with furrow to catch drippings, 70c to $1.35*

It is a compliment to her ideals of housekeeping—your thoughtfulness in giving her fine aluminum cooking utensils—VIKO, The Popular Aluminum.

Viko utensils are a constant inspiration in any kitchen.

Every Viko Aluminum utensil, whether percolator, double boiler or tea kettle, is made from thick, pure, sheet aluminum rolled repeatedly under heavy pressure in our own mills, to give a dense, hard grain which assures a lifetime of service.

Your dealer has Viko Aluminum utensils in decorative holly boxes. Watch for his window display!

Remember—Viko is not at all expensive and its quality is pledged with a guarantee which represents thirty years' experience in the making of aluminum goods.

Leading stores, everywhere, are Viko stores. Their stocks of Viko are sold out early. Better not wait too long to make your gift reservations—or selections for your own kitchen. Send for miniature Viko Catalog No. 5V.

For the children, there are Nursery Rhyme sets, exact miniature copies of mother's kitchen utensils, in beautifully colored boxes with Mother Goose tales on each side, a novelty which sparkles the eyes of the little folks.

**Prices somewhat higher in extreme West and Canada*

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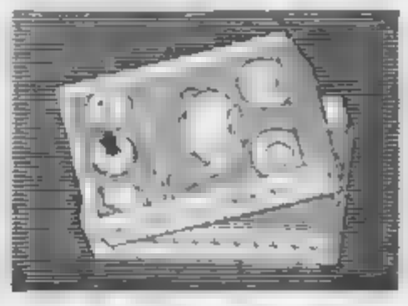
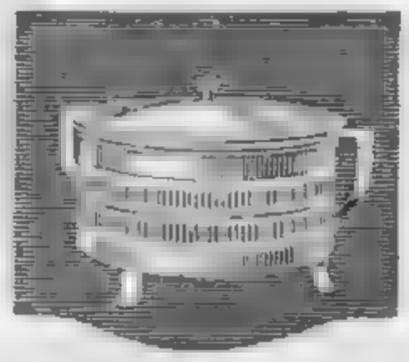
Makers of Everything in Aluminum



Nursery Rhyme 7-piece miniature cooking sets, 60c.* Other sets, 15c to $1.40*



Viko Casseroles, with sturdy, counter sunk rivets, $1.80 to $2.10*

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

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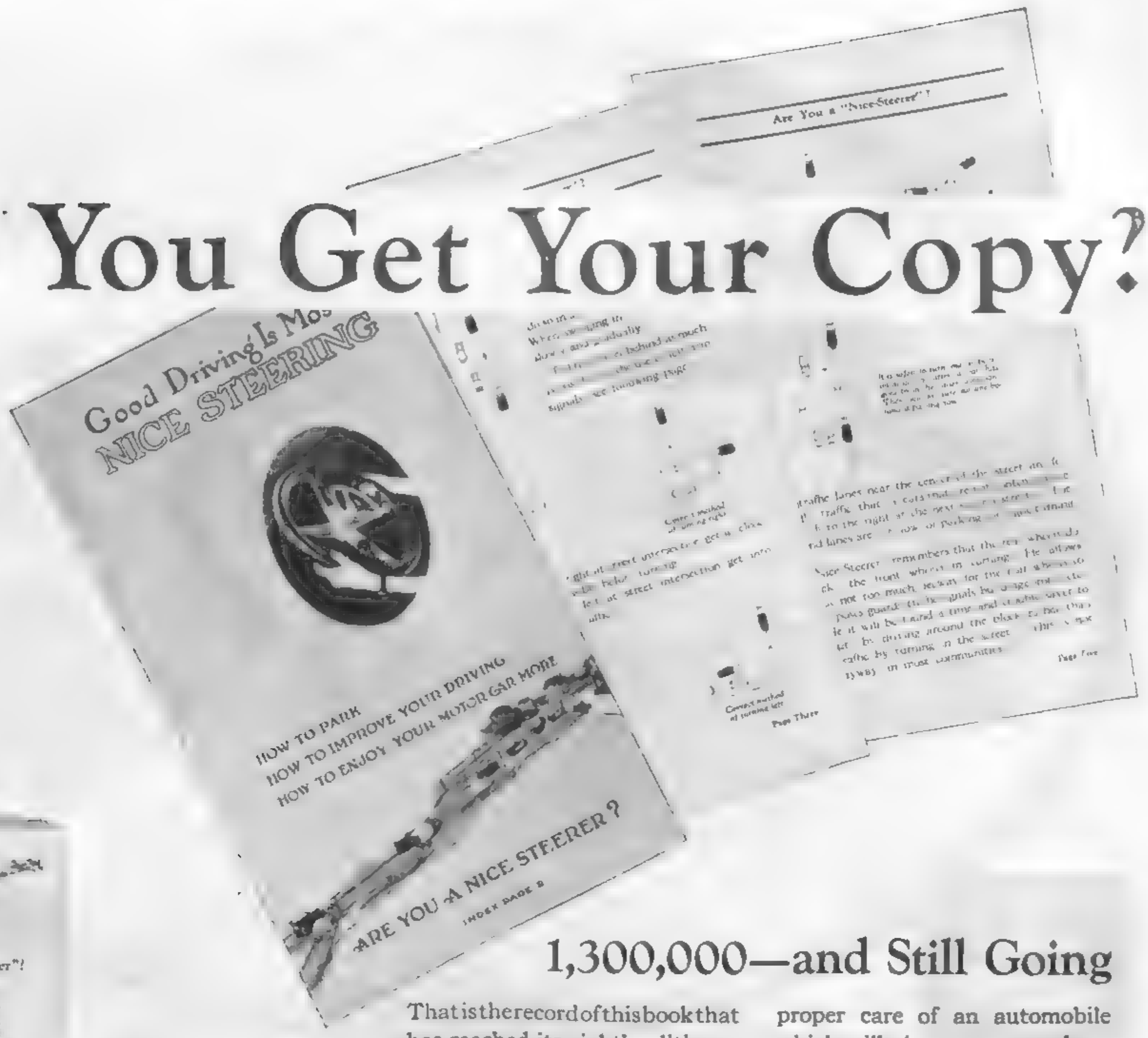

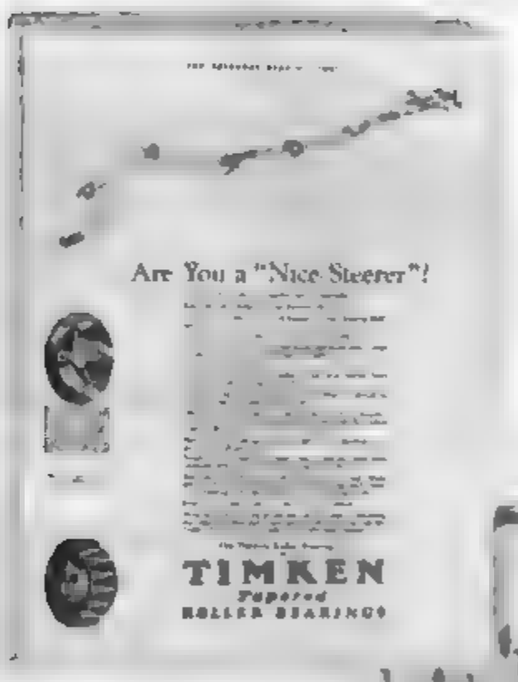

Enlargements of these instructional advertisements for window display are being used by many progressive dealers and garagemen throughout the country. Copies will be furnished upon proper request.

1,300,000—and Still Going

That is the record of this book that has reached its eighth edition—

The book that shows how to park in half the time and with half the effort—

The book that sets down in clear, concise language what should or should not be done at every turn—

The book that contains color diagrams illustrating every move that you should make in traffic or on the open road—

The book that tells briefly and concisely many points about the proper care of an automobile which will give you more pleasure from your car—

The book which thousands of city officials, police chiefs, and traffic experts from all parts of the country have highly praised—

The book that is making saner, safer, more comfortable, more pleasant, *better* driving wherever it is distributed.

Requests for more than a million and a quarter have already been received. Are you one of these "Nice-Steerers"?

The Timken Roller Bearing Co
CANTON, OHIO

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The Timken Roller Bearing Co
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I am interested in better driving. Please send me a copy of "Good Driving Is Mostly Nice Steering".

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Business _____

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TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 74)

with the temperament of the American commonwealth, especially opium. There is the same dislike and distrust for it that our clean-minded compatriots feel for some of these bland insidious Hindu rotters, nosing about amongst our restless women for possible converts to some neurotic pseudo-religious cult. We have some few fools, of course, but they are pretty well absorbed in the national good sense."

"Then how create a demand?" Shane asked.

"By disguising the true principle at first, just as they used to do in nostrums and quack medicines before the Harrison Law; in sleeping draughts and soothing sirups and in colic and cholera cures and things. And in tobacco, preferably cigarettes. Or new nonalcoholic beverages. I remember when the cotton and corn regions were pretty well dosed up with such narcotic remedies, but there wasn't opium enough and it was too high priced to do much damage. Of course the state laboratories would soon discover what was going on, so that they'd have to keep changing their vehicles. But the trouble is this, that few people can try a narcotic for a little while and then chuck it. One might as well try falling out of an airplane. Alcoholic people, even confirmed ones, can and do break off the use, and for good and all. Lots of them are doing it right now, and are considerably surprised to find that it really isn't so hard when they have to. But about all narcotic specialists agree that such habitués can't and don't. And while you can fool an alcoholic about what he is really getting, you can't deceive the drug victim. The throes of prohibition enforcement will soon be over and the country will come clean out of the liquor miasma, but this is a critical period in convalescence and one in which narcotic sedatives might prove terribly dangerous. But just now, Shane, you and I have got something a lot more fatal to grapple with."

"Hooray," said Shane dryly. "What sort of a bogy is that, Frank?"

"The one we've just had a couple of whirls with. And it's such a devilish one that I am going to drop this opium business flat and try a fall with its thugs. For some time past I've had more than a hunch that there was something of the sort at work. So my immediate efforts shall be to take the offensive and try to clean up this mob of paid assassins before going ahead, just as they cleaned up the Isthmus before starting to dig."

"Some big order, isn't it, Frank?"

"No bigger than I once had, and got away with. The methods now employed are more subtle and scientific, but one has got to keep abreast of the times, and we know what to guard against. Besides, I've found out about this thug that tried to kill you two down there. Ling Foo recognized your sketch. He says it's a Mott Street gangster called Leffy, drug peddler around the roaring forties."

"Seems to mix his activities," Shane observed.

Clamart nodded. "I've instructed Ling to shadow him these nights to find out where he goes. It's not surprising that he should have been detailed to switch off your light. You trail around with the police and are chummy with the Broadway crowd and seem to be in the know of whatever is going on. But you are known for a clean liver, and that with your penchant for looking under the lid of this potpourri which is New York is enough to lay you open to suspicion, even without your coming here and being seen about with me."

"How about that carrier pigeon?" Shane asked.

"I'm inclined to think that was fortuitous. Some bootlegger's bird, perhaps. This Leffy wasn't waiting for it, because the pigeon didn't home in where he was. No, I think that Leffy had been on your trail and flanked you and was waiting there for a good chance at you. The pigeon furnished it. No need for poison down on a deserted beach, and besides, it wouldn't work in the open air. The stuff acts instantly or not at all. I took a tentative sniff in the room just after you had left, then went in. I got no reaction whatever. And there wasn't any smell. That's something else. The antidote, perhaps. Now look here, Shane." Clamart leaned forward with an intent expression in his steely eyes. "Are you going to see this thing through with me or would you rather drop out? If the latter you've got to leave the country. Your life is in very great danger, but no more than it was before you went down there. Leffy would scarcely expect you to be able to identify him in that sudden startled glimpse you got of him. He doesn't know your photographic eye. But I shan't insist upon your further exposure, Shane. You would be entirely justified in taking Miss Cabot away and not coming back for some months."

Shane frowned. "I'll see it through of course."

Clamart looked relieved. "Well, I'm glad of that. I never needed help before, but I do now. Ivan's mob was a well-organized concern, but the game that's going on right here makes any of our old ones look like pinochle."

"Do you think Miss Cabot is in very great danger?" Shane asked.

"No. This Leffy thought that he had killed you when he ran after her, and he wanted to make a thorough job of it. But you tell me that he got only within about fifty yards of her, and she was running away. No doubt Leffy thinks that neither of you could identify him. All the same, I'd advise her to go back to Boston."

"I shall, of course. How about Léontine?"

"I don't think she runs much danger as long as I'm alive."

Shane smiled. "It seems up to us to keep alive. Isn't she apt to be investigated in connection with Colling's death?"

"No," Clamart laughed. "That's been managed rather well. I sent Ling Foo, dressed and looking like an Irish chauffeur, up to that apartment house. He told the elevator boy, Manuel, that he had a big deal on that would make him a lot of money. He didn't know Ling Foo from Adam, but one look at that Irish Mongolian mug of his was enough. Ling Foo took him in the car to Don Quinto's apartment, was shown in and said to the Mexican, 'Here's a boy, señor, that knows more about high-life custom in your line than anyone in New York.' Don Quinto was so astonished, I suppose, that he didn't know quite what to say. Ling Foo slid out, leaving Manuel with him. Of course if Manuel had known anything about Colling's murder he'd never have left the place. But he must have interested Don Quinto enough to have been taken on in some capacity then and there. He'd got a boy to relieve the rest of his watch, so he didn't go back to the apartment, and when he learned what had happened he didn't dare go back at all. So here's Manuel, badly wanted by the police, and probably wished fast onto Don Quinto, who must be a bit upset about it too. And the tremendous joke about it is that neither of them can have the slightest possible idea of who brought them together, though they must guess why."

Shane laughed. "Finesse! My word! Who'd ever have thought of that?"

"It was Léontine's idea. That sort of thing was her long suit and what made her Ivan's chief of staff. Wit backed by audacity. Manuel can actually be of tremendous service to Don Quinto in a lot of ways, and Don Quinto would be quick to appreciate this fact and keep him on, the more so as he's got such a vital blackmail on him. He's the only person that can swear just where Manuel was after half past eleven that night. It wouldn't help either of them much, all things considered. But Manuel is an ordinary-looking yellow boy and not apt to be suspected in his capacity of Don Quinto's valet."

"Where are they now?" Shane asked.

"At Don Quinto's hotel."

Shane left Clamart with the understanding that they were to keep closely in touch. As he went into the street he noticed a man sitting on a bench in the little square opposite. His back was turned to Clamart's house. Gramercy Park, actually a square, was inclosed by a tall iron fence and reserved to the property owners of the houses facing it, the householders having their keys. Thus a studious gentleman, apparently engaged in reading peacefully, should have been the last person to excite suspicion. But what Clamart had said the night before about the roofs of the houses adjoining his being of about the same level had implied a suspicion of his neighbor, and it flashed across Shane's mind that if indeed some poisonous etheric substance had been dropped down the chimney, contained possibly in a capsule that would be melted by the heat, then access to the chimney must have been had over what must be in most cases that most unprotected part of a house, which is the roof. And this might be accomplished without much difficulty by a tenant of some house adjoining.

Therefore he looked closely at the solitary reader, observing that he had a professional aspect and wore a beard. At that moment Shane's eye was caught by a flash from the open book that he was holding.

Puzzled at the origin of this Shane paused for a moment on the curb, drawing on his gloves and looking up and down the street as if for a taxi. In this brief moment he was able to discover at the lower corner of the book a square shining object, evidently a pocket mirror. Then the man, without changing his position, turned a page and hid this from view. Shane walked round the square, entered the Players Club, of which he was a member, and calling up Clamart told him of what he had seen, in guarded words.

"Yes," came the answer. "I saw him just as you went out. He's leaving. Where will you be tonight?"

"I'm dining at the Duanes'," Shane answered.

VI

THE dinner mentioned by Shane was in honor of the wife of a distinguished foreigner visiting in this country. This princess was known to be an eccentric woman. She had seen fit on visiting America to assume a pose of superiority, to snub or patronize her entertainers or their guests. This pose, which might have been successful before the war, was now getting her not only extremely disliked but even ridiculed by those who had expected to find it a distinguished pleasure to entertain her.

Shane had heard in Washington some stories of her foolish behavior, and felt rather interested to discover for himself if she had actually the cheek to attempt her haughty imperialism of pose in so exclusive a house as the Duanes'. They were people accustomed in the past to receive the best graces of European nobility and royalty, and Mrs. Duane, a *grande dame* in her select circle, was a woman of too much pride as well as wit and *savoir-faire* to take petty nonsense of this sort.

Quite aware of this, and for other reasons, Shane was astonished to discover that he was to take out Miss Sharon Jedburgh. He stared at the name on his dinner slip. There could be no mistake as to the identity of this young lady, as he had several times admired her portraits in different publications. He wondered now in what sort of stricture Emerson Duane might find himself involved that his wife should invite the daughter of such a man as Julius Jedburgh to meet this princess, for to Shane there could be only such a reason for it. He knew nothing of Duane's affairs, but immediately concluded that they must be considerably involved for him to have been driven to such an affiliation. It could only be a matter of business policy. Jedburgh's name was too unusual and too conspicuous to escape unnoticed.

He was presented to the princess, a stocky, youngish woman, who gave him a fishy but not disapproving stare. Some few of the guests he already knew. He then found himself looking into a pair of big eyes, indescribable in color, of which the expression struck him as rather appealing. He decided that Jedburgh's daughter was a little frightened and asking a support that Shane immediately determined she should have. Despite her beautiful gown and its being to his eye absolutely and becomingly correct for a girl of twenty-two, she gave the indefinable but unmistakable impression of being out of place. Shane's quick wit immediately analyzed the situation. Duane had positively demanded that his wife show some distinct social recognition of the Jedburghs. She had no doubt rebelled, then at his insistence had in a moment of pique invited her to this particular dinner and washed her hands of what might happen. Nothing might happen, Shane thought, but there was always the risk.

He himself was entirely in his *milieu*, being of excellent family on both sides, well-bred, well educated, of wide cosmopolitan acquaintanceship, and known the country through for his cartoons—these, often bitter and daring, due as much to his own feelings as to the political sentiments of the publications that he served. He had reason to know also from sundry approaches

(Continued on Page 80)

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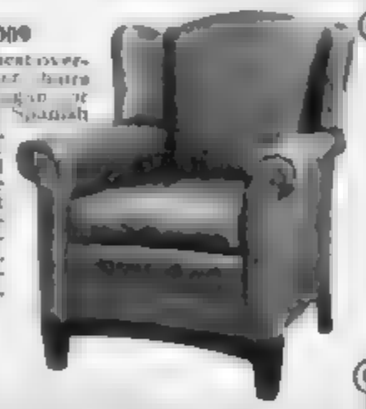

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(77)

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- Bar Pins
- Lavalliere
- Hair Ornaments
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- Bracelet Watch
- Dinner Ring
- Ear Ornaments
- Vanity Case
- Manicure Set

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- Silverware
- Desk Set
- Candle Sticks
- Picture Frames
- Vacuum Bottle
- Desk Lamps
- Table Ornaments
- Dinner Gong
- Vases
- Clocks

Gifts for a Man

- Ash Tray
- Cigar Cutter
- Match Box
- Tie Clasp
- Lodge Emblems
- Scarf Pin
- Binoculars
- Belt Buckle
- Pencil
- Signet Ring
- Watch Fob
- Watch Chain

Gifts for a Boy

- Cuff Links
- Tie Clasp
- Watch
- Knife
- Fountain Pen
- Key Ring
- Pocket Comb
- Military Brushes
- Set Ring
- Dress Shirt Studs
- Vest Chain
- Monogram Buckle

Gifts for Baby

- Baby Ring
- Baby Necklace
- Baby Bracelet
- Baby Pin Set
- Silver Spoon
- Gold Locket
- Silver Fork
- Bib Holder
- Silver Cup
- Teething Ring
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GIFTS THAT LAST

How fast does your mind work?

Successful people invariably train their minds to racing speed by associating with quick thinkers, and by concerning themselves with matters that call for rapid thought. That is why most of them

Play cards for recreation

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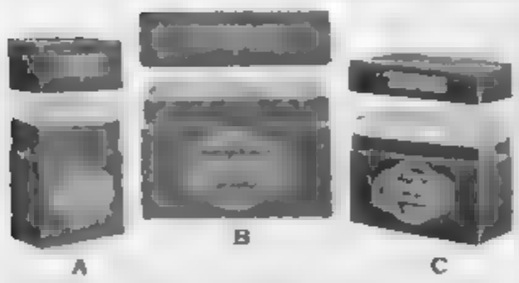

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All 7 books postpaid, 50c.
Also send_____two-pack cases Congress Cards, Whist size, case style_____$1.70 per case.

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(Continued from Page 77)

made him from time to time that he was considerably feared. He had been placed somewhat in the position of the famous Thomas Nast when attacking the Tweed Ring, and Boss Tweed had said to him with characteristic frankness, "Name your price; a good bulk of my constituents can't read but they can understand your pictures." And like his famous predecessor of nearly half a century before Shane had answered, "I am not for sale."

"I am so glad you are going to take me out," said Sharon. "I've always wanted to meet you. I feel now as I did once when crossing on one of father's chartered ships during the war and as we were dropping behind the convoy a determined-looking destroyer came slipping up out of the haze and stuck alongside us."

"You don't need protection," Shane said, "but all the same, it's here. Nobody's going to start anything with my dinner partner."

"I've heard such awful things about her," Sharon muttered. "How do women get like that?"

"Envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness," Shane answered. "But she's more apt to attack position than wealth and beauty. Her raw work is principally for those who dare look at her with level gaze. At the name of this princess all heads should bow, according to her peculiar form of egoism."

"Then I shall keep my eyes averted."

"Don't do that. She might take it for aversion. But if you feel that you must, then please turn them my way."

"How long are you going to spare father?" she asked. "He's a bidder for Muscle Shoals."

"I'll back him up. Now that I've seen his best achievement my respect for him is very great—and for myself less."

"Why that?"

"Because I'm a cartoonist instead of a portrait painter."

His resonant voice with its singular carrying power had reached the ears of the princess in a little lull.

Ignoring a remark addressed to her she crossed to where they were standing and, without a glance at Sharon, said to Shane: "You're a reporter, aren't you? Seems to me I saw you on the wharf."

"I report in sketches mostly, princess. Leave the writing up to the real talent of the staff."

She glanced at the red ribbon in his lapel. "What did you do in the war?"

"I drew pictures of nuisances. Dangerous ones."

Her eyes turned to Sharon, through whom they seemed to look as if the girl were not there, as if they had expected to be arrested by something, and failing to find it took a longer focus, then returned to Shane.

"Artists interest me—any sort," she said. "So do your reporters—they've got such colossal cheek. One of them was going to snapshot me in a bad pose. I said 'Wait!' and he answered, 'All right, aister, say when.'"

"His idea of friendliness," Shane said. "No doubt he'd worked on the lot of some motion-picture concern."

She gave her thick shoulders a little shrug. "One doesn't mind cheek when it's nation-wide. Are you going to do a sketch of me?"

"I don't believe so, princess. My cartoons are mostly political."

He spoke a little shortly. His annoyance at her absolute disregard of Sharon was growing. "People very prominently in the public eye—statesmen and baseball players."

She frowned. "I don't believe you know just who I am. My title doesn't amount to anything. I think I'll ask Mrs.—Mrs.—what is her name?—to let you take me out."

Her eye passed over the dinner guests, most of whom were standing, and rested on Mrs. Duane with a purposeful expression. Shane felt a wave of anger and disgust. He knew that the woman was quite capable of offering this affront to her host and hostess, and to put Sharon in a most humiliating position. He had no intention that he should be the cause, innocent or passive, of any such effort to show off. He was fond of the Duanes and had conceived an immediate liking and admiration for Sharon, whom also he had just promised to protect. And he held this foreign guest already in a good deal of contempt. He did not care two cents what she thought of him. He forestalled her attempt with cold finality.

"I am afraid I shall have to decline that great honor, princess. I should not wish our hostess whose name, by the way, is Mrs. Duane, to think that I was trying to hog the camera—as your other reporter might express it."

There was no mistaking the decision of his voice, no apology contained in its hard tone. The cold eyes of the princess gleamed at him with anger and astonishment, but she was clever enough to see that he meant what he said. She turned her back on him abruptly, stood in that position with as much emphasis as possible. Shane, angry and disgusted but showing no hint of what he felt, began to talk again to Sharon. The girl's face looked distressed, but her eyes were glowing.

"There is this advantage in being a reporter," he said in a tone that though not loud was vibrant enough to reach the ears of the princess. "One has access to the columns of the press throughout the country and to some extent abroad, so that one has often to use considerable self-restraint where one's personal feeling is involved."

Sharon shot him a look in which fright at the audacity was mingled with a tremendous admiration. There was gratitude also, and something else. A man far less observing than Shane must have seen that he had made an immediate conquest. It may be a very telling act to protect a girl from the villain of melodrama, rescue her from drowning or a burning house or shoulder the blame of her brother's crime. But the chances are that a warmer feeling is evoked by just such a simple act as this, stepping into the breach through which a social humiliation threatens.

The princess moved away. Sharon looked up again at Shane with shining eyes. "You've kept your promise," she murmured.

"Well, let's hope it's taught her something. These foreign snobs that think they can come over and wipe their feet on us need a jolt or two."

"She'll try to get even."

"Oh, no. She'll assume I'm scum. Besides, I think she got my covert threat."

"I think you're wonderful."

"Well, I'm not. Good Lord, what do I care? I wouldn't have you hurt for all the Almanach de Gotha."

They went out to dinner then with a strict observance of precedence that must have cost Mrs. Duane some considerable anxiety, as there were two senators, a judge of the Supreme Court, a distinguished French general, an ambassador with his wife, and if anybody knows precisely the rules of precedence where such are concerned, it is by no means undisputed.

Shane was in contact—to use a military term—on his other side with a Frenchwoman of title, between whom and Sharon he divided his attention impartially. He was wondering a little grimly all the time what this distinguished company would think if they knew what he knew—that their most beautiful fellow guest, the girl at his side, was the daughter of a capitalist now in train to import opium in quantity, and he reflected with cynical amusement that probably the only person there who would not be dismayed by such knowledge was the guest of honor.

The dinner party was on the point of breaking up when Shane was told by a footman that he was wanted on the telephone. He excused himself and on picking up the receiver was not surprised to hear Clamart's voice.

"Can you meet me in half an hour at that Greenwich Village cabaret, The Melting Pot?"

"Yes. Anything wrong?"

"L—— and Miss C—— are there, and I think it's imprudent."

"So do I," said Shane shortly. "You'd think they'd have better sense."

"Well, women are like that. I don't think they ought to leave there unescorted."

"All right," Shane answered. "I'll be down as soon as I can break away."

He hung up the instrument, a good deal vexed at Cynthia's imprudence, and even more at that of Léontine. This intimacy must be broken off immediately and Cynthia persuaded to return home. But there was a streak of stubbornness in Cynthia, Shane reflected, and it was not going to be easy to induce her to give up her new and interesting life and relinquish her work because of a danger, vague if

(Continued on Page 83)

"Inventory? It's No Job Here"

So says Mr. Thomas McBride, who runs an up-to-date (and *profitable*) men's furnishing business in Troy, N. Y.

"With our Burroughs Adding Machine, it's no job at all to get a complete, accurate, physical inventory showing quantity and value of our stock, *in eleven different lines*.

"With the same machine we also run a continuous stock record by summarizing cost and selling prices right from our sales slips every day."

That's how Thomas McBride combines brains and a Burroughs for greater profits. A Burroughs man can show you how to do as much for your business.

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You watch every penny of your cash. If you are out a few cents in balancing cash or in totaling your customer's accounts, you hunt until you find the error.

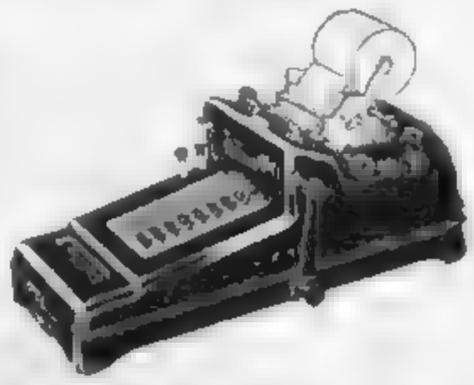
But what are you doing to protect the much larger amount of money tied up in goods on your shelves?

Thomas McBride, whose store is pictured at the left, doesn't wait a whole year to know where he gets his profit. He's the kind of merchant who wants to *know all the time* how much he has tied up in stock, how it compares with sales, and how different lines pay out.

He knows how many ties, shirts, trunks and bags, hats and caps, suits, overcoats, collars and pajamas are in stock, what they are worth, what he sold yesterday and whether it paid him a profit.

He believes that this information is worth a lot of money—but he says it doesn't *cost* a lot of money to get it.

He does the whole job with a little Burroughs Adding Machine, and says, "The simplicity of compiling this information has more than paid for the machine."



This is a picture of the type of Burroughs machine used by Mr. McBride, but there are many other Burroughs models used in inventory work, according to the size and figure needs of the particular business. The Burroughs line includes machines for every application of adding, bookkeeping, billing and calculating.

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He will talk in a brass tacks way about your business and show you how you can make it produce greater profit.

Start getting this profit today. Telephone your Burroughs man now—or

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Please send a salesman to show me how I can use a Burroughs Adding Machine on inventory and other figuring in my business.

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IT IS the Bond which has brought more health and pleasure than any other bonds ever issued.

For it is the Bond printed on the wrappers of the millions of Bond Bread loaves which American housewives serve on their tables every week.

These housewives know that this Bond (shown on the loaf below) absolutely guarantees the purity of Bond Bread's ingredients—the best wheat flour, finest lard, granulated sugar, table salt, purest milk and compressed yeast.

They know, too, that this Bond insures Bond Bread's "home-baked" flavor as well as its purity. *From this BOND, the bread gets its name.*

Despite the fact that America now buys more loaves of Bond Bread than any other brand, and despite the 24 Bond Bread bakeries scattered over the country, there are still many places where Bond Bread cannot be had. Bond Bread bakeries cannot be built fast enough to give Bond Bread to all the people who desire it—*because Bond Bread quality does not permit haste.*

But even where you cannot as yet buy Bond Bread, it has pointed the way to bread-quality. Bread is better today *everywhere* in America—because Bond Bread has proved that the best home-made bread *can* be duplicated, IF "home" ingredients are used (as guaranteed by our Bond) and if the bakery process is so skillfully controlled as to duplicate the most ideal conditions of the finest home-kitchen.

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THIS BOND, printed in green on each wrapper, guarantees each ingredient. From this Bond, Bond Bread gets its name.

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(Continued from Page 60)

grave, that threatened her. She was like one of her Puritan ancestresses who, having established herself remotely in a region threatened by Indian attacks and dreading these, yet persistently remained there in a state of frightened stubbornness.

As Shane returned to the drawing-room his eye caught that of the princess, who made a little gesture with her head summoning him to her.

Perhaps she may have decided that it was scarcely worth while to make an enemy of a man able to render her the benefit of a flattering publicity if he chose, and she may have learned from someone there of his potentialities. No doubt, also, there was something about him to attract her despite herself.

As he stepped to her side she said not unpleasantly, "You're a bit of a bully, aren't you? I rather like bullies."

"Not many women do, princess, but they all need 'em now and again. Especially the spoiled ones."

"Are you going to make a hideous picture of me for your paper?"

"No; but I might have if you hadn't made peace overtures."

"Then let's disarm. It's a relief to find a man that doesn't have to bother with diplomacy."

"Journalists are the antidote for that thing," Shane said.

Her eyes flickered at him with livelier interest. "Not bad, that. Rather wish I were one myself. I get so sick of all the humbug. Beastly country, this of yours. What does one do from this time on?"

"Go virtuously to bed."

"But even that gets tiresome. These people are enough to drive one mad. They are all so smug and self-satisfied and polite and hospitable and tiresome, and now that it's almost time to leave, there's nothing left."

"All dressed up and nowhere to go."

"There wouldn't be that if one weren't all dressed up, would there?"

"It might be found," Shane said. "I might find it for you myself if I hadn't promised to go directly from here to a moldy little hole of a cabaret where two very pretty women and one most uncommonly interesting man are waiting for me."

"Take me," she said.

Shane could have laughed. Here seemed to be the very pith of humor of a sardonic sort.

He had first seriously offended this guest of honor, and here she was now asking him to lead her into danger. It then flashed across his mind that this danger, if actually existing, might be negatived entirely with the Princess Karescu in the party. And with this brilliant idea came another, as often happens. Why not consent to the princess' request on condition that she ask Sharon Jedburgh to go with them?

Such an arrangement would be killing two birds with one stone. It would erase the discourtesy shown Sharon by the princess early in the evening, which must have caused the girl distress, and at the same time banish any stealthy attack that might be impending. It was to strengthen the guard, because with Jedburgh the object of advances to finance their nefarious scheme, these vultures would scarcely try to strike at a group of which his daughter was a member. If any such attack was indeed contemplated they would be certain to have some watcher on the premises, in the cabaret as well as outside, and on discovering the identity of Shane's guests the word would be promptly passed to abandon any attack.

Shane did not believe that such a danger actually threatened. He thought that Clamart was merely exercising prudence, in which of course he was quite right. But aside from that it would be amusing to make the princess show this attention to Sharon, and the girl would probably be delighted. It would redeem an evening likely otherwise to leave her hurt and unhappy.

"Oh, come, don't balk," said the princess. "I don't want to go home, and I'd like to see something amusing after this stupid session."

"You don't deserve to," Shane answered, "after snubbing my dinner partner. We're at war."

"Then let's have a peace conference," she suggested.

"I'd want indemnity," said Shane.

"What sort? I'll pay."

"Then, as a *pourparler*, what if you have a heart and invite my little partner to go with us?"

"Julius Jedburgh's daughter?"

"Just that."

"You've got a *béguin* for her."

"No; but I've got one for her father."

"That's different, if it's an ax to grind. A man like that comes in handy sometimes, and they're apt to be touchy about their daughters. But I can't say that I fancy much being made the grindstone. There are some lines to be drawn, even over here."

"Say, especially over here. That's what you really think. But you're entirely wrong. Aside from a very small coterie, Americans actually look upon a title as a sort of joke. It tickles them to exploit the holder of it a good deal as it might amuse them to kowtow before a victim of paresis who claimed that he was Napoleon or Julius Cæsar."

The princess frowned. "How typically American."

"Absolutely. Another typically American trait is to get sore when this homage, whether sincere or not, is discourteously received. Then they're apt to jump to the other extreme."

"So I've just discovered."

"Then let's call it a stalemate—unless you feel like accepting my terms for the sake of a little fun. I can really be very nice when I'm rubbed the right way. I might even give you a party where, whatever happened, I'll guarantee you'd not be bored."

The princess was quick to weigh the value of this tentative bribe and to accept it. "Very well," said she. "You're on." She rose and crossed the room to where Sharon was talking to Mr. Duane.

"Mr.—what's his name?—has offered to take me to a cabaret of sorts," she said to Sharon. "Don't you want to come?"

Shane explained.

"The princess wants to see our stab at a Latin Quarter, and I've promised to join some people down there."

Sharon's eyes shone. It must have been immediately obvious to her that her dinner partner had by some mysterious means coerced the guest of honor into showing her attention to efface a snub of earlier in the evening. Sharon was doubly delighted, less perhaps at being invited by the princess than at being in Shane's company for the rest of the evening. He had suddenly assumed for her dimensions of an Olympian—a man who could dictate to this terror, come back and make her do his will after she had pointedly turned her back upon him and later told her hostess that she thought him scum, to which Mrs. Duane had replied with wit and spirit that there were different varieties of scum, one of which was cream.

And here, now, was the impossible woman inviting Sharon to join them on a Bohemian party. Duane also looked pleased. Perhaps he was reflecting with elation on Jedburgh's masked but actual satisfaction when he should learn that his daughter had spent the latter part of the evening with the princess, escorted by the well-known cartoonist, Shane Emmet. Jedburgh took such honors as were thrust upon himself for no more than they were worth, this always estimable in terms of dollars; but his daughter was a different matter, or at least Duane thought it might be a different matter.

And so Shane led out his two magnificent charges, one the daughter of the man to win whose powerful backing the murder net had been cast, the other a woman who was in a social way the nation's guest, though an uncomfortable one. Sharon suggested that they take her car, one big enough to live in, thus playing deeper into Shane's hand. He gave the destination, then chuckled.

"Share it," said the princess.

"Well," said Shane, "I couldn't help thinking of what you said early in the evening about reporters' cheek; and I was wondering what you'd think if there'd be a row or something and you'd find yourself pinched."

"By whom?"

"The police."

She shrugged. "Your police are the best-looking men I've seen over here. I don't know that I'd so much mind if I were to be pinched by several that I've seen."

Sharon laughed, and in such pleasant relations they set off for the Melting Pot, where were waiting for them those two ex-criminals, Léontine and Frank the Clam, and the girl with whom Shane believed himself to be in love.

VII

IT WAS nearly midnight when Julius Jedburgh's big limousine with its choicely assorted freight drew up in front of the Melting Pot. Some sort of blind alley pierced in beside its dingy entrance. The psychology of whoever had arranged the cabaret was good. There was nothing about its front to dismay the slender purse, but ample means for its depletion lurked in what was behind, this interior being attractive and equipped and furnished like a big studio. It is far better to pass from a shabby approach to a pleasing ensemble than the reverse, where the blatant promise of the portal is not sustained in tawdry, vulgar pretense.

As Shane stepped from the car his first quick glance showed him a dark figure slouching against a wall of the alley in the shadow of the single dimmed urn of light on which was painted in letters that showed dull and lurid -Melting Pot. It looked like Leffy, he thought. If so, this potential assassin must have been considerably astonished to hear the princess say in her harsh but carrying voice: "Looks like a proper dive he's brought us to, Miss Jedburgh," and at Sharon's laughing answer: "Let's hope we get out alive, Princess Karescu."

They entered, when Shane immediately discovered Cynthia and Léontine at a table on the farther side of the big room with Clamart, who was sitting negligently and facing a table at which was seated a bearded man in evening clothes. The music stopped as they entered, the dancers resuming their seats. In this momentary lull Shane made the presentation in a slightly lifted resonant voice. As he was in the act of doing so a man who evidently had entered just behind him brushed past and seated himself at the next table but one, where the bearded man had apparently been awaiting him. Shane scarcely noticed this until a moment later when, happening to glance in that direction, he observed that this newcomer also wore a closely trimmed Vandyke.

Clamart shot a puzzled look at Shane. Cynthia was pale and seemed nervous and ill at ease. She greeted Shane coldly. He thought that Clamart must have warned her and Léontine of the danger and told them that Shane would soon arrive further to safeguard them. And here now was Shane arrived, and bringing with him two striking and prominent women, at one of whom the whole room was staring. The identity of a celebrity spreads in such places by a sort of radio telepathy, but the princess was of distinct personality and her portrait had been published broadcast. The news of this distinguished guest was flashed to the orchestra, a Hungarian one, and good—gypsy players of course. There was some hasty shuffling of scores, then the four pieces composed of cymbalon, clarinet, violin and harp swelled into some old Magyar folksong of welcome.

"Rather nice, that," said the princess, taking one of the proffered Russian cigarettes. "What a jolly place!" She inhaled deeply. "Where do you get these? I've hunted in vain for 'em."

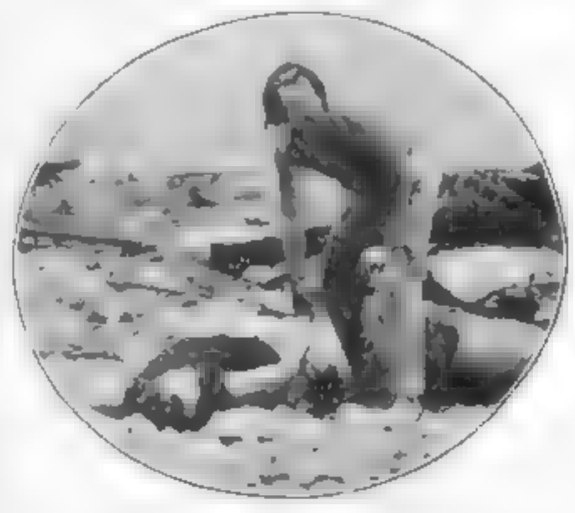
Shane, who had seated himself between Cynthia and Sharon and facing Clamart, felt a foot pressed firmly on his own. All doubt as to its owner's identity was immediately removed as it began to tap off dots and dashes in the Morse code. It took some doing for him to read the message while saying casually to Cynthia that there was safety in numbers. She gave him a poignant look, but the color began to return to her cheeks.

A good deal of nimble-wittedness was immediately required by Clamart, also. He was conversing easily with the princess, watching the two bearded men without appearing to do so, and at the same time tapping out to Shane, "Be ready for anything." Shane shuffled his foot on top and answered "Why?" then asked his guests their pleasure in the matter of refreshment. The waiter was whispering something about champagne that might be drunk with perfect safety out of beer glasses. Shane took a desperate chance on health, and ordered it, and oysters, then signaled to Clamart to repeat. His brain had not the many facets simultaneously presented of this former subtle thief and present watch dog of the country's weal. Clamart, assuring the

(Continued on Page 86)

Watch This Column

"The Greatest Turf Drama"



I have repeatedly said I would recommend no picture in this column unless I knew it to be a good one. When we produce an old stage play we base the selection on the way the play was originally received by the public.

* * *

On that basis I picked out "The Kentucky Derby," Chas. T. Dazey's turf drama which created a real sensation years ago under the name "The Suburban." This play required a hero of unusual ability. And King Baggot picked out Reginald Denny as the actor best fitted for the rôle. Then he added an All Star Cast.

* * *

Since I have seen it in advance, I can commend it to you earnestly. It is full of thrills. It is bubbling over with adventure. It has the flavor of the picturesque South and it is enchanting to a degree. It has beautiful women, rushing horses and handsome men. What more could your fond heart desire? Tell your favorite theatre to book it.

* * *

Incidentally look out for the new Universal Collier's Weekly "Leather Pushers" series with Reginald Denny in the part of "Kid Roberts," the rich man's son who took to the prize ring to restore the family fortune.

* * *

Also, "One Wonderful Night," from the novel by Louis Tracy, with Herbert Rawlinson, and "Forsaking All Others," from Mary Lerner's Collier's Weekly Story, with Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, June Elvidge and others.

* * *

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Many women will read this advertisement. But it is written for the average man—the man who is not in a position to understand just how hard it is to keep the home clean, and how endless is the pursuit of dirt.

Trying to keep carpets and rugs *clean* by sweeping is a depressing, obsolete method—unsanitary, inefficient, exhausting, and futile. It is unsanitary because the broom stirs up a cloud of germ-laden dust that is dangerous to breathe. It is inefficient because the layer of dust that settles on each object in the room must later be wiped away. It is exhausting because it taxes shoulder and back muscles beyond their limit. And in the end it is utterly futile, *because the most energetic sweeping merely brushes the surface of a carpet or rug, missing the embedded, invisible gritty dirt.*

Fresh and Happy

Sweeping and dusting take so much time that a woman must hurry all day long to finish the rest of her household work. And if she is not fresh and happy when you come home at night—that incessant hurrying is primarily responsible.

If the cost of a rapid, easy method of keeping a home clean were prohibitive, there might be some reason for allowing obsolete cleaning methods to criminally waste a woman's time and strength. But the Grand Prize Eureka —frequently called the most perfect vacuum cleaner ever designed—is so moderately priced that it can be paid for in a few months at a few cents a day.

Dual Cleaning Method

The Eureka cleans rugs and carpets by a dual method—a powerful suction which quickly removes embedded, gritty dirt—and a sweep action brush which picks up hairs, thread, and other surface litter.

Cleaning rugs and carpets, however, is only a part of the work that the Eureka will do. With it are sold complete attachments that allow regular cleaning of portieres, upholstered furniture, mattresses, cushions, radiators, plate rails, and door frames. The time, the work, the climbing saved by Eureka attachments are really amazing. To connect them is not a problem in mechanics. They are made instantly ready by turning a small lever and slipping on the hose. Women marvel at this simplicity.

Internationally Famous

As to the *quality* of the Eureka, remember that it has won more international awards of merit than all other electric cleaners combined; that it is used in more than 600,000 homes, and that it has been so simplified and refined that it will give a lifetime of service and satisfaction with no more care than semi-annual oiling. Take ten minutes to see the nearest of our 3500 dealers—whose name we will send you on request. Have him show you the new, improved Eureka, of which over 125,000 have been purchased [largely by women] since its introduction a few months ago. Its performance and its moderate price will quickly convince you that the Grand Prize Eureka is the perfect Christmas gift.

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5. *On in a jiffy—whether stiff or soft collar.*
6. *Adjusts like any four-in-hand—you fix the knot as you like it.*
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8. *Never needs pressing.*
9. *Stylish! You never saw a neater looking four-in-hand*
10. *Made in an assortment of beautiful silks—just the kind you like*

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If your dealer won't supply you, send $1 00 for a Spur Tie Four-in-Hand, specifying color preference—send for a Bull Dog style book anyway

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princess with his most winning manner and perfect truth that Léontine, talking to Sharon, was an exiled Russian noblewoman who had rendered distinguished war service with the French and been decorated by them for it, managed at the same time and without error to rap out his warning to Shane: "Watch bearded men."

Sharon, delighted at finding herself with so interesting a group, was talking animatedly with Cynthia, but her eyes went constantly to Shane with that telltale inability to keep them long away from their dear objective that is a conspicuous symptom of a sudden and intense attraction in the young. Older people have learned to school it better.

The sudden infatuation of the girl was evident enough to Cynthia, but did not arouse her jealousy. She was used to seeing women fascinated by Shane on first meeting him. Cynthia knew precisely the effect of him. She had likened him in her mind to a magnet that having drawn to it a piece of malleable iron so overcharges it with its own essence that attraction diminishes.

Shane, Cynthia thought, was overcharged. Even those liking him best soon grew fatigued in his society. Also, he shocked his best friends a little by his absolute indifference to and sincere disbelief in disinterested friendship. He was too self-sufficient for it or for such love as Cynthia dreamed of. He was kind but hard, could be devoted but not tender, be sorry for a person in distress but not distressed himself about it. Cynthia thought she knew the phase through which the young girl beside her was at that moment passing. She felt a little sorry for Sharon. She had immediately liked her.

Shane, thus finding himself for a moment on a sort of mental thank-you-ma'am, turned a little in his chair as if taking opportunity to give the room a looking over. His glance, trained to this sort of thing both by habit and by profession, swept the pair almost behind him like the quick special lens of a panoramic camera. But with this difference, that it slurred all other detail to concentrate on one of the two bearded men. He did then an extremely difficult thing, one practically impossible to any but such a lightning portraitist as himself. He visualized the face without its beard. More than the mechanics of sight was required to accomplish this. He had to supplement by imagination the features and expression actually observed.

Then reaching for the menu card he turned it over and made a rapid sketch, as if toying with his pencil. The waiter approached, when, turning again as if to see what he had brought, Shane photographed the other of the two with that discerning faculty of his. This one, too, he got beardless, so that even the waiter laying down the covers could not have recognized the object of his delineation. He folded the card and slipped it into his pocket.

Another little respite, in which Shane was amused but not surprised to observe an absolute change in the erstwhile sulky demeanor of the guest of honor. The princess had slipped out of her drab manner as if it had been the mask and domino of a court lady stealing from a tiresome audience chamber to join kindred souls in a clandestine revel. This was indeed, perhaps, her case. She was enjoying herself. She had been immediately charmed by Léontine and Clamart and felt beneath their surfaces some poignant tension, the throb of some sort of passion, veiled but vibrant. The intolerance of her own nature for prosaic things responded to it. Léontine, as always in moments of stress, was in the acme of her beauty. Clamart had told her that at any moment something violent might happen. He had decided that both she and Cynthia must be warned. The agile mind of this ex-criminal, to whom disguises had once been of almost daily habit, was quick to understand the reason for these beards, just as Shane had guessed it on discovering that they were real. Even in such a gathering of folk whose pretense was artistic, two bearded men are bound to be conspicuous. This had been a trick of the fearful Chu-Chu—to grow a beard before a meditated murder, not trust to a false appendage after it. A beard in the nature of things is slow to grow, but easy to remove, and in the matter of disguise the values of the change are equal. Both Clamart and Shane had arrived immediately at the same conclusion about those beards—that they had been grown for a definite purpose.

The waiter served the cider cup from a pitcher. Shane, tasting it, decided that it was a fairly honest champagne. He began to give himself to a real enjoyment of the party. The conversation became more general. In lulls of the noise Clamart, speaking to Sharon across the table, emphasized her name in a voice that must have been audible to the suspected pair. Shane did not believe that there was any more to fear.

There came, then, a phase in which he found his quickness of mind sorely beset to maintain a running conversation about the table while at the same time keeping in touch with what he thought to be Clamart's unwarranted insistence that danger still hovered, and his code tappings on Shane's foot. To distract him further was Cynthia's vexation, apparent only to Shane, at his having evidently taken it for granted that she might be glad to meet the princess in this informal way, and as if she, Cynthia, were a habituée of the place, which as a matter of fact she was visiting for the first time. Shane speedily found himself involved in some such maddening colloquy as this:

THE PRINCESS: Extraordinary country, America. Such a hodgepodge of hospitality and censure and display and cheek.

SHANE: A genial desire to give the visitor a show at any cost. I once saw a cowboy lasso the stack of a passing freight engine for that same purpose.

CLAMART *(tapping as he speaks)*: Don't order wine.

CYNTHIA *(sotto voce)*: Don't you think you might have brought them some other time?

SHARON *(also sotto voce, to* SHANE*)*: She's having a lovely time. Could you ever have imagined such a change?

SHANE *(trying desperately to read* CLAMART'S *message, answer politely and look composed)*: Things are in a jumble just now, princess. Prohibition makes strange bedfellows. You're apt to find some distinguished visitor who doesn't know the ropes rubbing elbows in a key club with hopeless soaks who have decided to invest their last half dollar in a drink and go without the bed. *(In* CYNTHIA'S *ear.)* Don't be cross. There's a reason. *(Leaning past* CYNTHIA *to* SHARON.*)* She's uncoiling like a prickly porcupine. Must be fed up on polite parties.

CLAMART *(turning from the princess to fasten* SHANE *across the table with a meaning level look)*: Good plan to keep one hand on your companion and the other on your pistol nowadays.

Clamart emphasized this with a look that was almost savage. It irritated Shane, because it struck him as absurdly melodramatic.

He began to wonder if Clamart might not have a tendency toward the quiet phase of melodrama, and from the actual menace that undoubtedly did exist as a foundation enjoy building up an extravagant structure of mystery and peril.

As Shane saw their situation, it was merely this: There were two criminal gangs at work, one planning to smuggle opium in great quantity, and the other engaged by them to smooth out the more difficult obstacles arising in their path. Clamart and himself were perhaps known to these people as wartime secret-service agents who had worked together. More than that, Clamart was known to them as a dangerous renegade criminal at war with his former cult, *à l'outrance*, and working independently of the police. Clamart was therefore a bomb that might go off at any moment to wreck their machine unless promptly removed, while he, Shane, as Clamart's friend and intimate, and no doubt still of the secret service—which he was not—equally dangerous to them in a different way. But there Shane believed their objective to end. Once Clamart and himself were suppressed, there was little to fear from Léontine and Cynthia. Shane thought that Clamart had done the worst thing possible in joining the two and getting him to do the same. He was angry about it, but considered that the presence of the princess and Sharon would nullify the danger for the moment.

And here now was Clamart continuing to flash his stand-by signals as if some immediate attack were to be expected. Shane considered this to be extreme. No assassins, however desperate, would try to destroy a whole cabaretful of people for the sake of getting two, and these two forewarned. Besides, there had been no time in which to set such a trap, and they must now be

aware that the daughter of the man whose support was most desired was of the party.

Yet in spite of this Shane's nervous tension steadily increased as the gayety of the party augmented. He wanted to leave the place, and wondered at Clamart's sitting there talking animatedly with Léontine and the princess while yet throwing from time to time these warnings toward himself

It then occurred to Shane that Clamart might be waiting for the two bearded men to leave. They were the closest objects of his suspicion, and Clamart was perhaps hoping that they might go out and pass the word to other members of the gang that the moment was not favorable for an attempt at violence

Shane looked across at Léontine. Up to this time he had observed her as a beautiful and gracious woman of unruffled repose of manner, slightly subdued and with a hint of melancholy that was not dreary but sweet. She had preserved her calm even while reporting the discovery of Colling's lifeless body, and had not betrayed the slightest agitation at the attack upon their own lives in Clamart's study. But now she portrayed an astonishing change of both manner and appearance. The nervous tension had drawn something to the habitually unruffled surface of her to make her glow. It was as if the presence of danger reacted as a stimulating elixir to quicken the pulses that in another person might have been enfeebled by it. The warm blood suffused her lovely features. It changed her aspect and vitalized the former serenity, which was of a sort one might admire unmoved, as a statue. The contour of her features seemed actually to be changed, altered, and suffused with a nymphlike allure, so that there was a sort of reckless mischief where Shane had previously found a cool and classic immobility. He discovered that her former accent of sober maturity was entirely one of expression, the kind of tonic reserve in which she was wont to hold herself.

In curious contrast was Cynthia, who, though holding herself bravely enough in what must have been to her an ordeal, accomplished this by virtue of the pride and race in her. The difference was merely this, that Léontine, a danger habituée, craved this reagent as the narcotic user yearns for his drug. Her nature rushed to meet it like a *bashi-bazouk*. Cynthia would meet it with the courage of one of her Puritan pioneer ancestresses defending the door of her log cabin with an ax, turning to prayer between assaults.

Shane, a much greater artist than even his clever work could ever indicate, indulged these observations critically, because he did not actually believe that danger was there. He was more influenced by precedent than possibility. Such violence as Clamart insisted on anticipating did not occur under circumstances like these. The times might be troubled, many outré crimes continually committed. A stringent law, with its measures of enforcement on a people still roiled by the topsy-turvydom of war, had perhaps resulted in a violent contempt of jurisdiction. Folk who attack some predominating ukase with fang and claw are apt to include others in their insurgency. But Shane did not believe that it had got to the point where such a party as this in a Bohemian café in the very heart of the country's greatest city could sit in danger to their lives. That would be too bizarre, too insanely extreme.

But he realized that the strain was telling on Cynthia, that hitherto tenderly sheltered girl. The rest might be enjoying it, but Cynthia was suffering. There is no pleasure in a deep-sea fishing party if one guest is in the throes of seasickness, at least not for the kind-hearted.

Shane suggested that they leave. Clamart shot him a negative look, and the princess, who from the moment of her arrival had shown the most unexpected vivacity, raised her voice in protest. She was enjoying herself. There seemed no reason for her not having enjoyed herself at the Duanes', but this may have been perversity at feeling herself exploited for the social *réclame* of a hostess who had actually no need of such.

Whatever the reason, her manner had changed on coming there with the abruptness of turning off the cold faucet of a shower and turning on the warm.

Nearly all the patrons of the place were at that moment dancing. Shane, irritated and impatient, glanced at his watch, then leaned forward and said to the princess in a tone of finality: "I really think we had better go. These ladies have been sitting here all the evening and must be tired, and we ought to take Miss Jedburgh home."

The eyes of the princess hardened at what she chose to consider a presumptuous infringement on her prerogative of rank to give *congé* when she desired.

"There's no hurry."

Scarcely had the words left her lips when there came from near by a shock of a violent stamp upon the floor. And then, as if the concussion had jarred loose something in the electric wiring, the lights went suddenly and completely out, and the room was plunged in utter darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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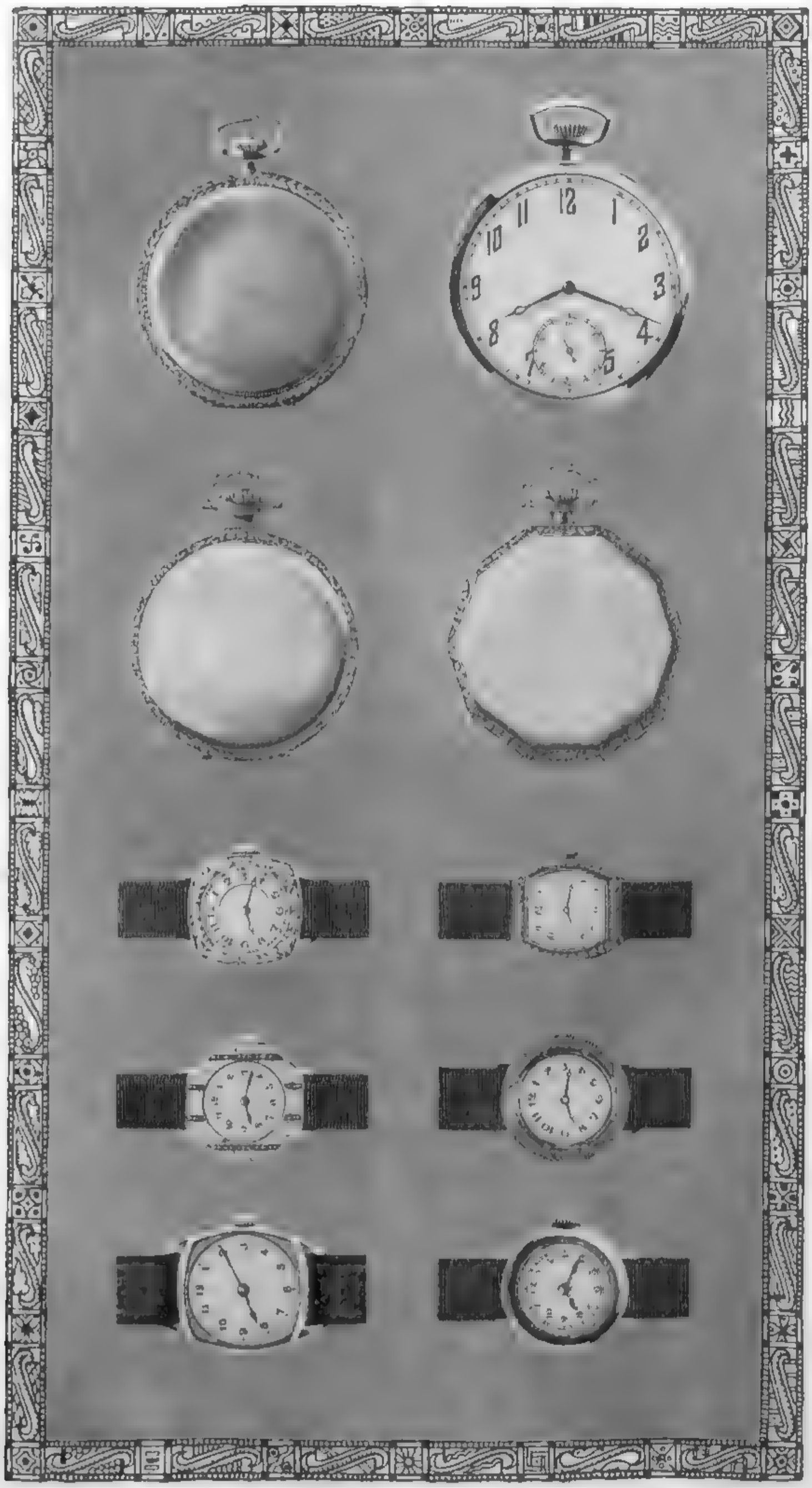

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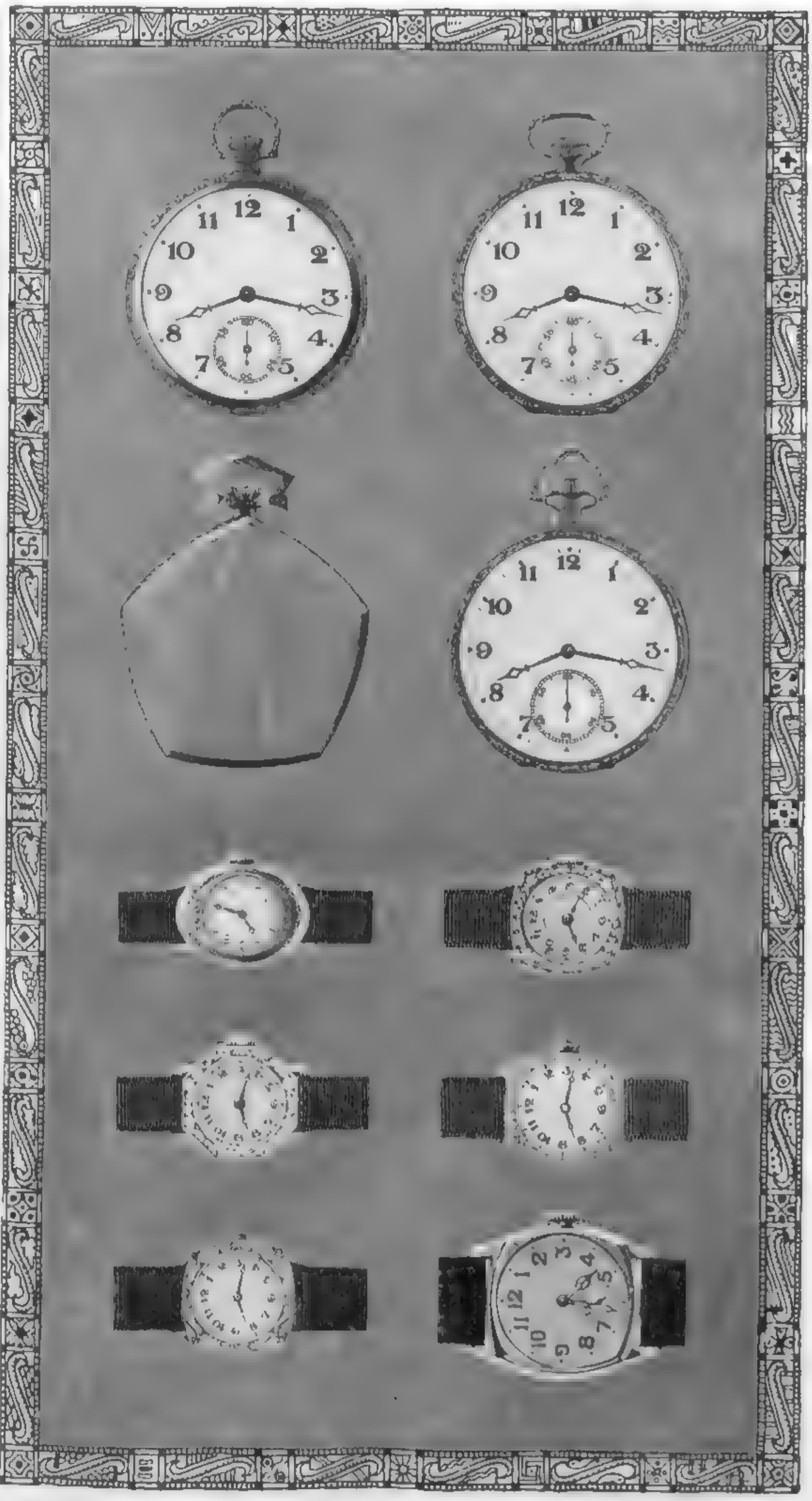

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THE GATE OF MIGHTY DREAMS

(Continued from Page 17)

rose—rose and rose, stood ponderous over my head. The stream, stretching up, touched clay. I held it. My foot did not slip.

Safely, with a mighty whoosh I brought it down again. It was simple, after all, wielding that vast force between thumb and finger. You needed a certain amount of clay to slide your rock into the flume and away, to pour far out on the dam. Expertly I gauged it. How quickly, with my superior intelligence, I had grasped the principle of the thing!

The monitor man, nodding, sat on the pipe line and rolled a cigarette. He explained how the rock settled along the faces of the dam and the clay ran into the middle, forming a water-tight core. It was very simple, the process of building a mountain.

He told me of other camps yonder in the hills, driving tunnels to pour many rivers into the valley; of huge conduits dropping over precipices to the power house, feeding mighty turbines. I myself had seen the twenty-thousand-volt line marching endlessly across the hills, carrying light and power to half a million people. My imagination, exalted, took in the vast simplicity of the scheme.

And I was in it!

I looked almost with affection on the monitor man. A worthy fellow, though simple. Already I wielded his iron pet with more grace and assurance than he himself. With a long free swing I swept it roaring up, down, over, looping around—P!

"Better let me have her now. I go off at three. Clean up the pit a little."

"Just a minute!" Tickled, I followed the P with an R; now an E—writing my name in letters seventy feet tall!

I thought my foot had slipped. I sprawled on muddy rock, my wrist numb, the coldly furious voice of the monitor man in my ears:

"Wha'd ye think you got hold of there—a garden hose? Git up and git t' hell away from here, you fat slob!"

Away? If I had known how I would have got three thousand miles at one leap, vanishing not to reappear this side of Milo, Indiana! In Milo no man would have dreamed of laying hands on Howard Pressley; Milo's most abandoned character would not openly have called me a fat slob.

I got somehow to Tom Cotter's house and squeamishly out of my mud-fouled clothes. I heard my housemate come in, heard zestful grunts and the splash of ablutions; but I had no heart for human contact. Then, upon a clamor of children going by, I heard a droll, maternal little contralto, laughing. That was different!

I bounded to the door, shouting, "Ah, there, Footman!"

Effie Maring answered gayly, "Hi, Alice!"

On the adjoining step loomed a square masculine figure freshly clothed but not disguised in blue serge that was too tight about the shoulders.

The girl said, "Do you know Mr. Cotter? Tom, this is your new neighbor, Mr. ——"

"Yeah," grunted the monitor man, "I know her. Ah, there, Alice, you sweet thing!"

"Why, Tom!" said the girl, distressed.

My social training was superior to his. I said lightly, "I'm afraid I've been guilty of disrespect to Cotter's lady love."

Instantly I knew the jest fell flat. The girl's eyes cooled; violence breathed from Tom Cotter.

I added hastily, "His monitor, you know. His monitor. Ha-ha ——"

"Oh," said the girl, nodding; and Tom Cotter, breathing through his nose, clapped on a hat that was slightly too small, and they strolled off together.

You'll admit I had no sort of luck? Well, listen!

At the supper gong men drifted toward the mess hall, shirt-sleeved clerks, lean, laconic men in putties, men in overalls, men in hobnailed boots; men of such various degrees that I entered with them gratefully, unnoticed. With a prodigious scrape of chairs they subsided and left me standing uncertain, alone. I saw Tom Cotter's face regarding me; in measured concert heavy voices spoke.

"Ah-h-h, there—Alice!" Then a falsetto, jeering "Oh, sweetie!"

A hundred pairs of eyes focused on me. I looked desperately for a seat, my ears huge, asinine, flaming. First one and then a dozen men sprang up.

"Have this seat, lady!"

Spying a chair that seemed unattached, I dived into it. A heavy hand fell on my collar.

"Out of it, sweetie!"

Jeers, whistles, catcalls broke over me. Hands hustled me; a foot kicked me; I was jammed into a chair. It bucked under me and I was sitting on the floor.

"No women at this table! Take her away!"

I heard a native waiter who insisted, "Yes, sair, zis is your seat, sair"; but I could not have swallowed a mouthful if my life had depended on it. I stumbled out between my ears. Shamefully, as I went, a whistle piped up, plucking at my heels. Others joined it. Ignorant louts! It was the only Alice they knew.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Not thus, not thus had I pictured the romance of building for civilization! I had been prepared to cope with hostile Nature, hostile natives, always with my staunch comrades, my countrymen at my shoulder. How could I have guessed that my own fellow pioneers would prove so coarse, so crude, uncomradely?

After the third day even Duncan, the superintendent, called me Alice when he spoke to me at all. A dump foreman needs little attention from anybody above the grade of shift boss.

All I had to do was to stand out there at the end of my flume and watch slimy rock come crashing down, pile up and break and vanish into the bottomless mud that formed the core of the dam. At first it fascinated me to think that I stood over a mass of mud a hundred and seventy feet deep, precariously held between two slanting shells of earth and rock; but the thrill of giant building was lost in fatigue and monotony and the pain of sunburn, and the end of my shift released me only to loneliness and humiliation.

If I thrust myself on any man's attention he answered with negligent contempt, calling me Alice; if I didn't, no man knew that I was there. Only, when other diversion failed, they whistled after me that maddening, sickening thing:

Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown!

My hostile natives proved to be stolid brown fellows who thought all Americans were naturally born to authority. They were merely so many extra pairs of hands and feet with which I kept the dump breaking, breaking always away from the face into the puddle. Yes, that was the name of that crater core of clay—puddle!

So much for the majesty of giant building.

Nature was wild enough, but its solitude was more friendly than isolation among men. There was a spot, I remember, high on the mountain by the canal that fed the monitors, where wind whispered in the trees and the sun was broken on mossy rocks; where, looking down, the valley flattened, the camp and the distant confusion of the dam fell into proportions the eye could grasp; and the hills led away and away, green and then misty blue under the sun. Here, sometimes, I almost found my dream again.

I had no name for it, that dream. My vagabond had had no name for it, but he had known. Distance and space and color, the sweep of wide horizons; something that called to me; something great and sweet and wild and—unattainable? Must it lie always elsewhere?

It was Effie Maring who told me what it was.

I Remember the Feel of Shouting, "Where's Your Other Eye?" But I Didn't Hear Anything

III

NOBODY whistled after me when I walked with her. She did not call me Alice; she never called me Alice again; and when I was with her I forgot—forgot Tom Cotter, forgot the feel of Ben Bolt plucking at my heels, forgot and was almost happy. I took her to that high place by the canal that fed the monitors; and here, speaking softly for some reason, I told her about Milo, Indiana.

I had been proud of Milo. It was no mean city, with its four railroads and its lively spirit of enterprise. Now, queerly, I remembered it as a quiet town. I remembered shaded streets and tranquil homes, where neighbor called to neighbor from verandas where honeysuckle climbed. And summer evenings at the country club, music and laughter and the careless comradeship of friends—how I remembered! Where all men had respected Howard Pressley!

"It's a nice little town," I said, afraid that I had spoken too earnestly.

Effie Maring nodded. "I've seen towns like that," she said. "I've seen them—passing through; from a hotel or a train."

I was silent. You know how, from a train, you look out and see ridiculous hamlets where apparently the whole population is at the station? And then you see the family across the aisle gather up their belongings and descend; and the thought strikes you, "My word! Do people actually live here?"

That would be how Milo seemed to her. Her father, that adventurous engineer I had pictured, was none other than the personage I had seen; he of the white side whiskers, assistant to the chief himself. He was not a romantic figure. He chewed gum,

(Continued on Page 92)

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"Five Convex Wheels Per Car"

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Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 90)

he giggled and he called me Alice. Yet it was true that he knew the wild Americas from Patagonia to the Rio Grande; and Effie knew them too. Milo, indeed!

She sat with the fitful shade of leaves across her face, and I had a curious illusion that her lips trembled.

"Just glimpses. Porches with vines, and children playing. Men in shirt sleeves and suspenders," she said, dimpling so whimsically that I knew I had been mistaken, "mowing lawns; looking as if they never went anywhere in all their lives."

"You wrong them," I protested humorously. "They've been to conventions of the Hardware Dealers' Association."

"Looking," she said, "as if they never expected to go anywhere; never had to go anywhere! As if they lived all their lives in the same houses, knowing the same people, the same people they knew when they were children; calling them by their first names, talking about things that happened years ago —"

There was no mistake. Her lips did tremble. With a hand too small for the passion of the gesture she accused the camp below.

"That is the sort of place where I have lived; and hotels in cities. I was in boarding school; but the girls I knew, do they remember me? No, I am gone. I know people and then I am gone. I am not the daughter of a grocer or a banker or a lawyer. I am the daughter of an engineer."

I was moved, troubled by the pathos of it; but she laughed.

"Am I not silly? That has been my dream—to live always and always in one little town, so small that I may know every house, every person, every little dog. I should love your Milo."

Of course Milo wasn't that small. But it was curious, eh? My life had been her dream and her life was mine. Trying to get this clear, I came upon a thought of somber wisdom.

"You'd find it awfully dull after all the places you've seen."

She denied this with a quaintly wagging finger, her eyes moody on the hills that made an ache within me; but I went on.

"Yes, you would. Look," I told her; "this is my dream, all this, here!"

It seemed natural to speak, to make wide, simple gestures, out here so close to—what? I didn't know then. Something was near and I was not ashamed of dreams.

"But it's nothing like I thought," I said. "It —— Oh, I don't know! I think all dreams are always just over the edge of the world. Always moving on, just out of reach."

"No," said Effie Maring. "You see the dam down there? That is my father's dream. It is almost finished."

I hadn't thought of that. It must have been somebody's dream—the dam and the canals and tunnels, penning in this valley the wild power of many mountain rivers. But the incongruity of it struck me first. Old Maring, with his deaconly whiskers, giggling, chewing gum—dreaming a Titan's dream!

"They said a hydraulic dam could not be built so big. He made this survey many years ago; nobody would give the money then. Millions, you know. But always my father believed, and now you see it there."

He believed, and now you see it! I was thoughtful.

"Well," I challenged her, "and is he satisfied?"

She lifted one slim shoulder, a moody little gesture.

"This English syndicate—of course they had to send their own chief engineer to have charge. But the plan is my father's. He is—satisfied. He is old now; he knows he will never do a bigger thing."

It was big. But I was somehow sorry for old Maring. Surely it was better to be young and confused with many dreams than to be old and know that you would never dream again.

"Satisfied!" said Effie Maring, examining the word. "I think men are never satisfied. Big things; bigger and yet bigger things! Always reaching out for bigger things."

On behalf of my sex I accepted from her that proud charge, countering "And women?"

"Inward. Inward, toward ourselves! Safety and comfort and friends. Little things! Things close about us, not somewhere in the clouds."

It was a thought of splendor. Man, the conqueror, walked with his eyes on distant pinnacles; scaled them and saw yet higher pinnacles beyond. On and on—toward something!

My chest filled; I felt strong and bold; I was a man.

"Men are vain," said Effie Maring.

But she wasn't looking at me. She sat, her hands listless in her lap, her eyes thoughtful on her father's monumental work; a forlorn and wistful little figure, helpless in a heroic rôle—the daughter of an engineer!

"They need to stand very tall in their own eyes. It is themselves they seek to measure by the things they do."

That—that was the name of my dream! Distance and space and color, the sweep of wide horizons; room, room in which to find my stature!

The sun, going down, hung a moment on the edge of those mighty hills; faded. Dusk fell as we went down the trail. High on the valley's flanks the searchlights cut the gathering darkness, shooting into the sky, crossing like swords; dropped one by one to flood the dam with luminous mystery. Lanterns winked along extended lines of flumes. Big! This was the measure of one man's vision. Out here, somewhere, mine lay yet before me.

At the door of the mess hall I met Tom Cotter, coming out. He jerked his head aside; I understood that he wished to speak to me. Quite openly, in the light before the place, he wielded a toothpick. I fixed my eyes coldly on this; he examined it for a puzzled moment and tossed it away.

Said he, "Ever know Effie before?"

"Before what?"

"Before you came here."

"No. Why?"

"What's all this Alice bunk, then?"

"A book."

"Yeah," grunted Tom Cotter, "I know. A kid's book."

"Yes," I admitted, amused but careful.

"What's the joke about it?"

"If you don't see it," I said, "I can't tell you."

"Well," said Tom Cotter, "here's somethin' I c'n tell you! Don't you go takin' her off into the woods again—not if you want to keep your health and do good. You want to see her, you come to her house like a man."

I had tried that—once. Cotter was there. Cotter, it seemed, was usually there. Old Maring was coaching the fellow in some engineering course. It wasn't a successful occasion. Old Maring patronized me; Cotter, planted solidly in his chair, disclaimed entirely the burden of the conversation. He watched and listened. At intervals, as though words accumulated very slowly in him, he delivered himself of some laconic phrase, watching me with those vivid, hostile eyes.

I had not gone again.

I said coldly, "My dear fellow, I imagine Miss Maring is the one to decide where she shall go with me."

"Yeah?" said Tom Cotter. "Well, sweetheart, you just imagine again."

It was unbelievably crude. He made no move; his hard red face did not change; yet the air was charged with violence. I could fairly feel it tingle in his hands, burn in his eyes, prickle in his short red hair—threatening me. With dignity I turned and walked away.

I had no supper. I didn't want any. My pride demanded it, but my feet carried me on toward my room; it was all I could do to hold them to a pace of dignity, my eyes to the front. I tried to light a cigarette and I remember how my hands were shaking—with disgust, you know.

That's what I told myself. But I knew! I knew!

Did I seek my stature? Well, I had found it. I had found it—and its name was Alice, the name of a timid girl.

That night I was conscious of every sound in Tom Cotter's room. Next day I couldn't watch the ponderous swinging of his monitor without a weakness, a sort of vacancy in my middle, though a long flume lay between his post in the pit and mine on the dam. At the end of the shift I lingered, talking to the horse-faced Swede who relieved me, and I knew why I lingered. I passed Tom Cotter walking with Effie, and I knew why my tongue went dry and my fingers fumbled on my hat—feeling his glance like a blow in the face.

Why was I afraid? I was as big as he and almost as muscular; work and sun had

done something for me since the day he had called me, with some justice, a fat slob. Probably I could hurt him almost as much as he could hurt me. I wasn't clear on this point; I had never tried to hurt a man. I was civilized.

Yes, that was it. I was more finely strung, more sensitive than he. Violence was repugnant to me. Because of my superior quality he feared me as a rival, but precisely because he lacked it he could walk unconcerned through the vast fog of my hate for him. He had no imagination; he felt no aura of anything about me. His skin was too thick.

Oh, yes, I reasoned it all out; and still I couldn't pass the fellow without a dryness, a taste like quinine in my mouth; couldn't hear him in his room without moving softly myself so that he might not hear—which was absurd, because he didn't care what I did so long as I kept away from Effie.

I wasn't avoiding her. We were on afternoon shift now, from three to eleven, and in the mornings she was in school. I couldn't follow here there, could I?

Then we went on graveyard shift and even that lie failed me. No man can claim even to himself that he needs to sleep sixteen hours a day. There is no reasonable way to be invisible day after day, but let it baldly be set down—I tried

In that high place by the canal that fed the monitors she came upon me. She didn't pretend to be surprised; her eyes were grave, her voice gentle.

She demanded, "Why do you run away from me?"

IV

I PICKED up a stone and sent it sailing down into space—to keep from catching at her hands, for I was very lonely.

I muttered, "I don't."

"You do. I've wanted to talk to you, but you dive into your house like a frightened rabbit when you see me coming."

I shrugged my shoulders, for the moment hating even her.

She touched my arm. "Howard," she said, "you don't—get on very well with people, do you?"

In Milo—but I hadn't the heart to think of that. I couldn't look at her nor speak.

"It doesn't pay to despise people just because they're not your sort."

I hadn't thought of it that way. It made the matter more a thing of choice. It was true that I despised those crude fellows, wasn't it? Subtly I was heartened.

"You don't give yourself a chance to like them. You keep to yourself all the time. You let them see you think you're better than they are."

Maybe, after all, I had been too reserved, too cold and distant. No doubt those fellows were worthy in their way.

She went on, gently scolding me:

"You only make yourself unhappy, Howard. It shows in your face, and you're too nice to go about looking so hard and grim"

Hard? Grim? A hunted rabbit doesn't look hard and grim. So I looked hard and grim, did I? It is marvelous how a woman can soften the stern, proud nature of a man.

"Effie," I said, "I haven't meant to. I guess maybe I have been rather—upstage with these fellows; but I haven't meant to, honestly. You're a darling to take the trouble to set me straight."

It seemed natural to talk to her that way; she was so little and earnest and sweet with that maternal air of hers. I felt strong and generous and kind—and sad. Sad for her, the daughter of an engineer, this tender, wistful girl who dreamed of the tranquil existence of a little town; sad for myself, for all of us whose dreams were lost in the crude necessity of getting along. We did not talk of dreams that day.

But nobly I kept my resolution to be kind. That evening, spying a light in Tom Cotter's room, I approached his door with kindly greeting. Incongruously his thick hands were spread upon a book.

"Feeding the old noodle, eh?" I offered jovially.

He closed the book, looking up. The light fell on the title—Alice in Wonderland, and Through the Looking-Glass.

"O-ho!" I chuckled. "O-ho! Come to it, have you?"

"I reckon you forgot what I told you," said Tom Cotter.

Deliberately he got out of his chair. A chill, a blight fell on my noble resolution The light behind him set a red nimbus about his head, threw him up huge and threatening. He advanced, bringing with him that aura of quiet, deadly violence.

"Took her up there again, didn't you?"

I wanted to cry out that I had not taken her, that she had come; but some shivering remnant of pride saved me from that.

I heard myself gulp, "Oh, well!" and knew that I leaped within my own door, slammed it, locked it; leaned against it, trembling.

Then I heard my own voice whispering, "This can't go on! This can't go on!"

I moved to sit down; moved softly so that Tom Cotter might not hear; caught myself doing it and brought down my heel with one startling thump, unnaturally loud; sat whispering, "This can't go on! This can't go on! This can't go on!"

That frightened me more than ever. Sane men don't sit muttering in an empty room.

The call boy came. Tom Cotter went tramping out. After a safe interval I followed. It frightened me to see how near the dump the face had risen during the day. Surely they didn't expect me to hold it through another shift! It was time, past time to abandon this flume. In their insane haste to push the work before the rainy season they would wreck the dam. I sent for the shift boss; he grinned at my fears, calling me Alice, and went his way.

This couldn't go on! A man can't stand always to be afraid!

A clammy sort of courage, that; more shameful even than the kind that comes from shame, lacking all heat of passion, all moral ground. I said desperately through my teeth that I would hold that dump till hell froze over; that I would fight Tom Cotter and all this hostile world he represented. And by the light of my lantern I scrawled a note, bearing hard with the pencil to hold it firm.

Cotter: We may as well have this out. Wait for me at the pit when you go off shift.

PRESSLEY.

I watched Ygnacio go trotting off along the high gangplank of the flume; saw fateful lanterns move one by one to mark his progress; saw, in the distant cone of light that flooded Tom Cotter's pit, the white stream of Tom Cotter's monitor wag savagely O. K.

And I sat down, shivering in my wet oilskins, on the path at the top of the great upstream face, wondering how it would be to fight a man.

I remember how malignantly, then, the dump began to try to break over the face. Time after time we fought it, turned it within a handsbreadth of the path. And it piled up again, tons and tons of slimy rock thudding down; piling up under that beating cataract until it reached a height where we could break it down—and then, with animate perversity, it broke outward, rushing at the vulnerable face. And Ygnacio—Ygnacio Santellanos, my water boy, eight years old and half as long as his name—Ygnacio, when he could get my ear, babbled cheerful questions concerning the United States.

Imagine that! Dim and improbable it seemed, even to me—the United States; and Milo; and Effie Maring, who was made for such a place. Nothing was real but the slimy, treacherous rush of grinding rock, loneliness and strain and the cold fear of fear.

The night was endless. Time after time I thought my watch had stopped.

The east grayed and the valley rose out of darkness, still cold with the night mist. Now the hands of my watch began to race. Men of the day shift collected in dreary groups about the great slope of the upstream face, huddled in their blankets; then I saw Charley Lucas going down to relieve Tom Cotter—early, I thought with sick resentment, today of all days! Now Tom Cotter was coming along the flume.

Not reasonably, I climbed up to meet him. We couldn't, of course, fight on that narrow plank; but I could no longer endure to stand and wait. I rose before his hard red face.

He grunted, "Want to see me?"

I had thought hot words would come, anything to bring on the fury of combat; but nothing came—nothing. A cold edge of the sun, peeping up, showed me his eyes—still, inquiring, a little tired, blue like the shock of cold water, without menace. What could I say?

"*Jefe! Jefe!*" cried Ygnacio from the path. "Boss! Boss!"

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In the beaten earth at the top of the face, under his pointing finger, a little crack ran crosswise; another; a third; a fourth; hair lines, widening. What did they mean? A seep hole underneath?

I leaped for the ladder, shouting—shouting to my men so that Tom Cotter might know an emergency interrupted us. The ladder, solidly nailed, seemed to move. I fell in mud to my knees; caught at the bank to drag myself out. Where were the cracks?

The cataract had ceased. Where was the flume? Strangely I saw it wilting into the puddle, mud pouring from its broken back a hundred yards away.

Of themselves my arms swung up, signaling to the pit, "Shut off! Shut off!"

But the watchmen who should have relayed the signal were dropping from the flume like flies. Where was Tom Cotter?

The sky reeled. I heard Ygnacio crying, *"Terremoto! Earthquake! Mamá! Mamá!"*

An earthquake? And I on this towering shell of earth with its core of treacherous mud? I began to run. The path broke before me, pouring mud.

I wheeled and ran down the face, shouting to my gang, "This way! This way!"

Ahead and below the flat face buckled. I saw railroad tracks that squirmed like something alive; saw the slope bulge at the water's edge and a red stain in the river. Great monitor pipes, crossing here, burst into wild sheets of flying water, driving us back.

Again I heard Ygnacio crying, *"Mamá! Mamá!"*

He was at my heels, clinging to my oilskin coat, banging against my legs as I ran in great strides up, up the slope.

Now we could go no farther. Here lay the puddle strewn with the wreckage of flumes, beyond which rose a slimy cliff where the level top of the other face had been—rose and rose before my very eyes! To right and left the tilted face had broken, spilling mud like lava. It rose. No! We sank! We fell!

I didn't believe what I saw. Vague, tumbling shapes too big for any sane and waking brain. It wasn't real.

Yonder a flat car, loaded with rock, pitched from a high berg of earth; fell end over end, spilling, and disappeared in mud. I could understand that. The mud! The mud!

Our broken fragment of the face, still mercifully right side up on the oozing slime, was littered with men; some prone, some kneeling, some poised to leap—whither? It broke in two. The lesser half overturned and men were swallowed. Almost under my nose a man fell, clawing at the crumbling earth, slid off and vanished. I could feel a grinding as the berg tilted and broke again; mud sucked at its edge. Three wretches yonder clinging to a bit of flume; it rolled, and there were only ripples in the mud.

No man could keep afloat in that sucking slime. A while this bit of lurching ground under our feet, a very little while; then death. It was outrageously easy, wiping out a man. Ygnacio wailed. If there was any other sound I did not hear it.

One of the monitor pipes still flung up its flying sheet. Down here we were in shadow, but that high spray caught the new sunlight and spread shimmering colors on the air. I heard Ygnacio crying—crying for his mother, the only help he knew; but there was no help.

I tried to soothe him, saying, "*Pobrecito!* Poor little man, do not weep! See the—the ——"

I did not know the word for rainbow. I pointed, but he did not understand: wailed on.

I told him gravely, "One must be a man! See, thy *jefe* is not afraid!"

Curiously, it was true. I knew I was to die, but there was no fear, no horror in it. There was regret, no more; a wistful, humble, not a bitter thought. I almost knew—something. The flying rainbow faded, but its loveliness lived on. I think I never saw the hills so sweet, the sky so deep and clear.

How long a time elapsed—seconds or minutes—I shall never know. Morning was ripped by one vast and horrid screaming, a wail as of a demon shrieking against all peace. A train stood yonder on a trestle; its engineer, emerging from paralysis, hauled madly at the whistle cord, giving the alarm. Alarm? What for? It was done. He could only summon other helpless ones to see us die. The bluffs were lined with them already. No help could reach us.

Ygnacio broke from me, pointing.

"See! Is it not my mother?"

At that distance no eye could be certain; I did not know his mother, but I told him yes.

And he flung up his little arm, shrilling without a tremor, "*Adiós, mamá!*"

It choked me, and I knew my sorrow was not for him. With his brief bit of life he had done manfully. And I?

Dreams had been given me, and years and strength. How had I done with those? I had had my chance. I had seen beauty, splendor, the greatness of the world; but how?

I think I said, "I'm sorry."

The mud was at us now, and still the engine screamed, racking our nerves. It wasn't seemly. Only a little time was left, and if that senseless noise would stop I might know a thing before I died. I had almost known. Now all my peace was gone; there was only a screaming and a mad, revolting struggle with the mud. I fought for foothold, lifting Ygnacio. A man clawed me. I thrust him off, saying, "My legs are no longer than yours."

But I was filled with pity—for these who died, for those helpless ones who watched. Why hadn't that engineer let them sleep, let us die in decent silence?

I sank, fought up again, strangling.

Men who went down in mud did not come up! Water—blessed, reasonable water! The core, pushing out, had dropped us in the river!

I tried to shout "Ygnacio!" and strangled. My heavy boots, hobnailed and mud-clogged, dragged me down. I remembered that drowning men slashed boot laces; I fought up, snatched for the knife in my pocket, lost it, went under. I had never known that water was so thin and yielding. I could not even get out of my coat. Not for an instant could I stop threshing.

Where was the child? I tried to shout, and water filled my mouth and nose. I strangled.

"Here I am, *jefe!*"

He was swimming like a little seal, free in his cotton clothes, barefooted. He seized my collar, tugging, crying, "Now we are all right, *jefe!* Come on, *jefe!*"

His strength was nothing. He became involved in my ponderous labors; I sank, fought terribly up again, gasping "No! Leave me!"

His wet black head bobbed anxiously on, swimming away and back, piping "Come on, *jefe!* This way, *jefe!* Hurry!"

High on a trestle somewhere a foolish engine screamed.

Water in my mouth, my eyes, my lungs; a screaming that stabbed me in chest and brain. The rest of me was already dead. Hands that worried me, small hands, weak hands, very urgent. Effie's? No, Effie wouldn't want me to live and hear that engine screaming.

Mud! I fought back from it.

"No, no! This way, *jefe!*"

Coughing, I sprawled on grass and heard an engine screaming.

"I go now to tell my mother, *jefe.*"

Slowly the sky came back. The gutted dam lay before me, the lofty lower face still standing, its slimy height exposed through an awful gap in the upstream face. Far out in the river a string of little islands stood where none had been, islands where men clung, living; but men had died. I tried to grasp it. It all meant something and I had almost known.

"Yep. That's him!"

Along the bank came Duncan, the superintendent; Kimberly, that dark, tall Englishman, the chief; and old Maring. With queer intensity I wished the old man might have come gamely, chewing gum; but he came like a man who walks asleep, his pajama coat imperfectly tucked into black trousers, his face gray, still, more pitiful even than the faces I would see when I slept. Old Maring was alive; it was only his dream that died.

V

I STRUGGLED up, crying, "Has anybody seen Tom Cotter?"

There was a queer hesitant silence; it came over me that he was dead. Never again to see those honest, vivid eyes; never to hear his solid footsteps in that adjoining room! Poor Tom Cotter!

The chief said, "We've seen him."

"Is he—alive?"

"Quite, thank you."

(Continued on Page 96)

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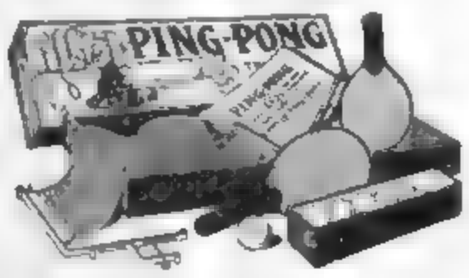

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Continued from Page 94

It was the first time I had seen the chief so close. I remember I admired his coolness; the coolness of a gambler who has played and lost. Lost millions! I wondered why his eyes fixed so keenly on me

"You were on Number Six dump?"

"Yes, sir."

"It broke over?"

All at once I was repaid for that long struggle through the night—just to be able to tell him "No!"

The chief's eyes flicked with significance toward old Maring. Old Maring, speaking with an effort, said, "The truth, please, Alice. It's more important than you know." Staring at me with a pleading I didn't understand, he added, "Tom says he can't swear it didn't."

So that was it!

Having told the truth, I said nothing

"Can you give any clear account of what happened?"

Account? Why not? I told him. I wasn't sure old Maring listened, standing there with his eyes vacant on the ruin of his dream. But when I spoke of the toe of the face buckling at the water line he stopped me, his voice sticking a little in his throat

"You're right, Kimberly. We've simply passed the limits of this type of construction."

Passionately, somehow, I resented that looking on this great thing sprawling disemboweled, this pitiful monument to a dream that failed. The man was quitting!

Passionately I demanded "Why?"

I was aware of the Englishman's supercilious stare; aware that I was nothing but a dump man whose job was gone. I insisted "Why? We're not responsible for earthquakes!"

"It wasn't an earthquake," said old Maring in that lifeless voice; "in the second place it's got to stand earthquakes. The truly wise ones always said the core would burst the face if we built so big."

"Why didn't you make the faces thicker then?"

Duncan snorted and turned away. Old Maring explained as to a child, "The proportion is more or less fixed. You must have clay to handle your rock."

"Well," I said stubbornly, "couldn't you brace the faces separately? Build little dams, say half as high as your main dam, and put the core between 'em? Wouldn't that hold, no matter how high you went?"

Old Maring's hand fumbled absently at his pajama coat where his vest pocket should have been, seeking gum to chew; he murmured, "Alice, you damn fool!"

"Wouldn't it? There must be some way!"

But nobody heard me. They had turned away. Boats were putting off to pick up the survivors and the crowd on the bluffs was straggling everywhere. Tom Cotter was coming along the bank with Effie.

She ran to me, crying, "You're safe? Not hurt at all?"

"Look out!" I warned her. "I'm wet." Of him I inquired coldly, "How did you make out?"

"Oh," said he, stolid as ever, "I had a kind of a ride."

He was extensively muddy, but he was far from dead; he didn't look half so groggy as I felt. He grinned, a special kind of grin. "Oh, yeah, I remember; you had somethin' you wanted to say."

"Rather! If Effie'll excuse us?"

So far I went with deadly serious intention. Now I saw her eyes that went from me to him; saw her touch his arm; and suddenly I wanted to laugh. It was as if a tension had let loose. I didn't hate him at all. He was only a man like myself, doing the best he knew—red and strong and solid, yet a thing that could vanish and leave only ripples in the mud. I didn't stop to think it out; I laughed.

"Effie," I said, "I apologize "

"Hmf!" said Tom Cotter.

" in advance."

And I bent and caught and kissed her, accurately and hard. I was alert for any movement from Tom Cotter, but I didn't know how fast he could move.

Sitting on the ground, I said, "Effie, please run along. I feel that something's going to happen."

"Git up!" said Tom Cotter.

A voice of authority cried "Here, here!"

"Coming right up!"

Maybe he hadn't expected such promptness; his midriff was wide open before my nose as I got up. I slammed it. His red fist lashed at my face, but the constriction in his middle hampered him greatly.

"Want some time?"

He didn't speak; he couldn't; but his manner refused quarter, being an earnest imitation of a mad bull. Once I hit the top of his lowered head; again, more lucky, drove up into his face; felt his head snap up and laughed.

"Oof!" said he, getting his first breath. "Have this one!"

I didn't see that one. It ricocheted off my skull as I went in, driving again for his mid-section—I felt I wasn't going to be able to do much with that hard face of his.

Hands clawed at us, but a cool, quiet voice said, "Let them fight it out."

You've got to say that much for Englishmen, anyway.

The sound of many voices shouting; faces all about us—where did they come from? I didn't care. It was rather fun, fighting, after you got started. I didn't feel it much when he hit me, but a savage satisfaction thrilled me to the heels when I hit him. Once I remember I shouted "Good boy!" though I don't remember why.

I could still hear them shouting, but my view had contracted to a pair of vivid, squinting eyes. Then there was only one. A very blue, very vivid eye, but only one! I remember the feel of shouting, "Where's your other eye?" but I didn't hear anything.

I groaned. I know I groaned, because I heard it. Water in my mouth, my nose, my lungs; desperately I swam. Somebody laughed.

"Cheese it!" said a voice. "You all right, old-timer?"

I knew that voice, that single eye. The other one was closed; his face was cut and swollen, but I was down and he wasn't.

"You must have licked me," I mumbled.

Then my head roared so I had to hold it with my aching hands. Let them laugh! I felt a grin on my own sore face.

"I don't care. I gave you everything I had in the shop."

"My gosh, Alice, why'n't you tell me how much you had in the shop?" said Tom Cotter mournfully, and they howled again.

"Didn't know it myself till I tried, old-timer!"

Getting painfully up, I saw old Maring; and all at once I remembered.

"Tom, you lying hound, what made you tell the old man my dump broke over?"

"Didn't, you crazy galoot! The flume went down so quick I never knew what happened. Come on, le's go home."

"Allison!" said the voice of the chief "If you please!"

I understood he meant me. I wabbled to where they stood.

"Allison, where'd you get this idea? Know hydraulics?"

"No, sir. Is it any good? I know it sounds awfully simple ——"

Somebody must have given old Maring some gum. He was amazingly restored.

"'Mph!" said he, chewing. "Yeah. So simple nobody but a damn fool could have thought of it."

Effie was right beside him, but she wasn't shocked. She wasn't the daughter of a grocer or a banker or a lawyer, that girl. She was the daughter of an engineer. She laughed.

"You're not very angry with me?"

"Don't spoil it! I'm proud of you!" And she called after me, "Howard, don't forget to look in the glass!"

Thoughtfully I went off with Tom Cotter. Some voice threw after me a snatch of song, hazy on most of the words but very strong on "Sweet Alice." I didn't care; I was curiously unconcerned about my stature. I waved my hand, grinned, passed on—thinking.

They were reverent thoughts. At my door I asked Tom Cotter to come in. There was indeed a bottle that had long awaited some comradely occasion; I was grateful as I opened it, albeit absently.

"Tom," I said, "set me straight about you and Effie."

Sitting solidly on my table he shook his head.

"Can't. She's got such a good education and all, and here she goes and takes me ——"

"I thought so." For I had seen her eyes on him—her eyes that saw him given back from the very gates of eternity. Eyes tell the truth at such a time.

"I thought everybody knew that," he said, surprised.

"Nobody told me."

He grinned.

"Well, you never gave anybody a chance to tell you anything much. High-tonin' around! Did you good to get your feet wet. Yeah," he said, fixing me with boyish malice in his one good eye, "I was a dump man then—no better than a bum ——"

So I yanked him off the table. He climbed back undisturbed.

"She's makin' a man out of me, Alice," he said soberly. "Savin' my money for me and all. She's bound I'm goin' to be an engineer like her dad. Funny about women," he mused. "She always wanted to live in the States, but she figures I can do better out here; and me, I do what she says or bust a leg. Well," said he, and lifted his glass, "'there's nothing like hay when you're faint!'"

It took me so unexpectedly that I nearly choked. Tom Cotter quoting the White King!

"Boy," I gurgled, "your education progresses!"

He grinned.

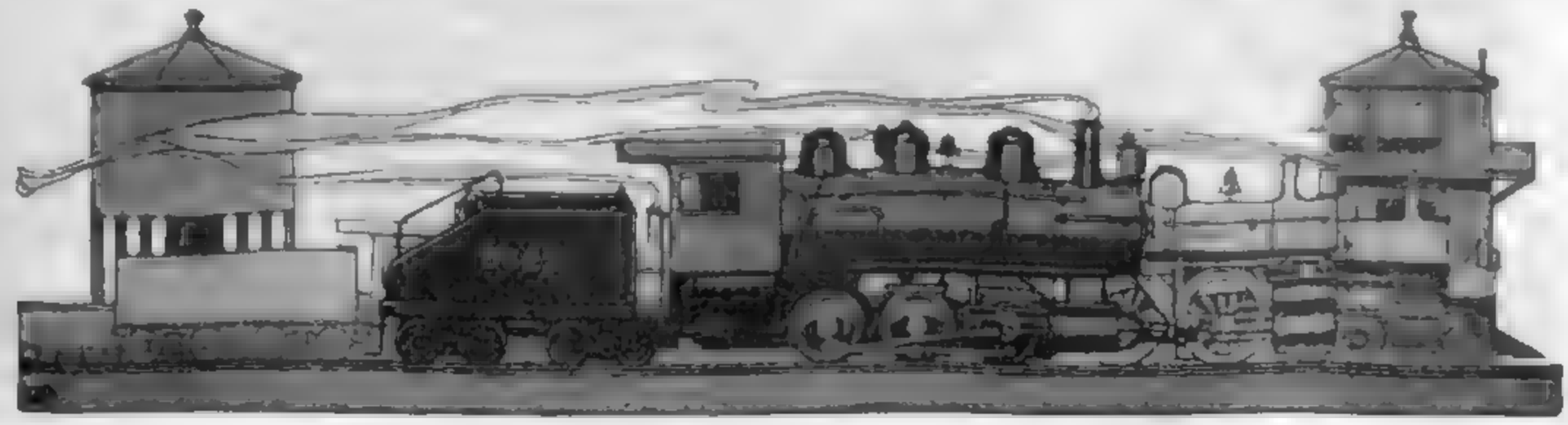
"Say, that is a funny book, ain't it? But about my education, that's no josh. Halfway through calculus now. Maybe that don't seem so much to you," he said diffidently. "I must be rattled, talkin' my head off this way. Here's how!"

"How!" I said, and drank standing—to the daughter of an engineer.

There was no rest that day. When I tried to sleep I saw faces; faces, and then blank ripples in the mud. Yet somewhere there was calm, a quiet thought. Something was bigger than the lives of men. Old Maring with his dream; Tom Cotter plugging through calculus for Effie's sake; Effie, longing all her life for the tranquillity of a little town, dreaming stout dreams for him, her own man. Even I had found one thought of worth, of service—not out of ignorance; out of the very intensity of my need to help.

That night there was no stir upon the dam; but loud and cheerful the supper gong broke out, for life went on. Tom Cotter smoked beside me on the steps. No searchlights flamed against the sky, but there were stars and rest, and work again tomorrow.

Now I knew why, out here, men sometimes spoke of dreams, and not ashamed; for we lived always near that gate whence all dreams come.



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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

he's sick—that looks a little like a Yuma Democrat—but not often. When they get that way they generally die.

A Lady stopped at my Garage the other day. It was hot and so was she. She came from somewhere Back East where they wear clothes, and she was uncomfortable but not because she had so very many on, and she made me uncomfortable. She was "motoring" to Pasadena—she said. She saw a box on the shadiest side of the gas station and sat down to rest while getting filled up with some of our Laughing Gas. The box happened to be one I keep my tame Gila Monster, the Little Screech Owl and the Big Rattlesnake in, for Tourists to ask questions about, but not to sit down on. When she sat down and hid the sun they thought it was night and the snake rattled, the owl screeched and the Gila Monster hissed, but when she got up, which she did, she was not only rattled but she out-screeched the owl and before I knew what she was doing she fainted away and fell over on the box and busted it all to pieces and all my pets got away. Water is scarce and costs money here but I was excited and used up $17 worth before I got her to—and she was so excited she jumped in her "motor" and beat it without paying me for my Gas. All I heard her say as she went down the road towards Los Angeles was: "My God! What a place to Live!"

I was in Los Angeles last week and went into a Place to eat. The same Lady was there—waiting on the table and working like the Devil. I was hot and tired from walking around on stone sidewalks, and I would have give $17 just to sit down on the shady side of my Garage on a box of any kind of reptiles. After I had eaten what I could get I got up and walked out and all I said was, "Lady, you're right."

Money can't mean much to some folks. They come by here in their Glass Eyed Sedans and Crackerjack Limousines with Stone Faced Chauffeurs, acting like they was Mad at themselves, cussing the country and everything in it—until we tell them We Live Here and Like It, and then they hush up—but they Look a Lot. Other folks—Real Folks—come along with their 19 Kids in an old Tin Lizzie and Laugh at Hard Luck when they try to trade us an old watch for a new tube or 7 gals. of Laughing Gas. As long as broke folks can laugh the country ain't gone to hell yet but it would if we all had Limousines with glass doors.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

A Cold

I HAVE a cold.
I'm ninety-nine years old.
My woes are manifold.
My carols free and bold
Are hushed. Nay, do not scold!
I cannot be cajoled
With love or gold
To troll as once I trolled
Of mountain, sea and wold;
Sad, leaden-souled,
My final droll is drolled,
My last sad scroll is scrolled.
Behold!
In ashes rolled,
In sackcloth stoled,
I dream of church bells tolled,
Condolences condoled
And pleasant graveyard mold.
I have a cold

Arthur Guiterman.

Opportunity and the Billboard Man

A BILLBOARD man had gone the way
That every man must go who dies,
And, much delighted, stood one day
Where all was bright, beyond the skies.
He heard the harps divinely played,
He saw the angels come and go,
All beautiful, and all arrayed
In airy garb as white as snow;
And none was ill and none was lame,
And joyously they went and came
In genial pairs, their cheeks aglow.

The billboard man began to scan
The wide and open spaces there,
And to his mind there came a plan,
A wise one, he believed, and fair.
"This place," he said, "appears to me
To offer chances that are fine;
On yonder corner there should be
A large illuminated sign;
Why let Elysium go to waste?
I'll get a brush and paint and paste;
This opportunity is mine!"

He went to work with keen delight,
Nor ever paused to sleep or eat;
His boards began to loom in sight
Beside each glorious golden street.
The angels, passing, read about
The cigarette that satisfied,
The tire that never would wear out,
The figs for which the babies cried,
The heel that gave the walker ease,
The pancakes that were sure to please,
The car that was the owner's pride.

Pills and paint and piston rings,
Collars, razors, oil and gas,
Hats and hose and underthings,
Merchandise of every class,
Praised on billboards everywhere,
And on every wall and dome;
Then the billboard man said, "There!
Now this place looks more like home."
Said a passing angel, "Well,
What's the place you hail from—hell?"
That's the end of this here pome.

S. E. Kiser.

Headwork

STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE

is a good slogan to remember in choosing *his* Christmas cigars.

This attractive package of 25 Cincos has been prepared to give a real Christmas touch to his favorite cigar.

$1.75

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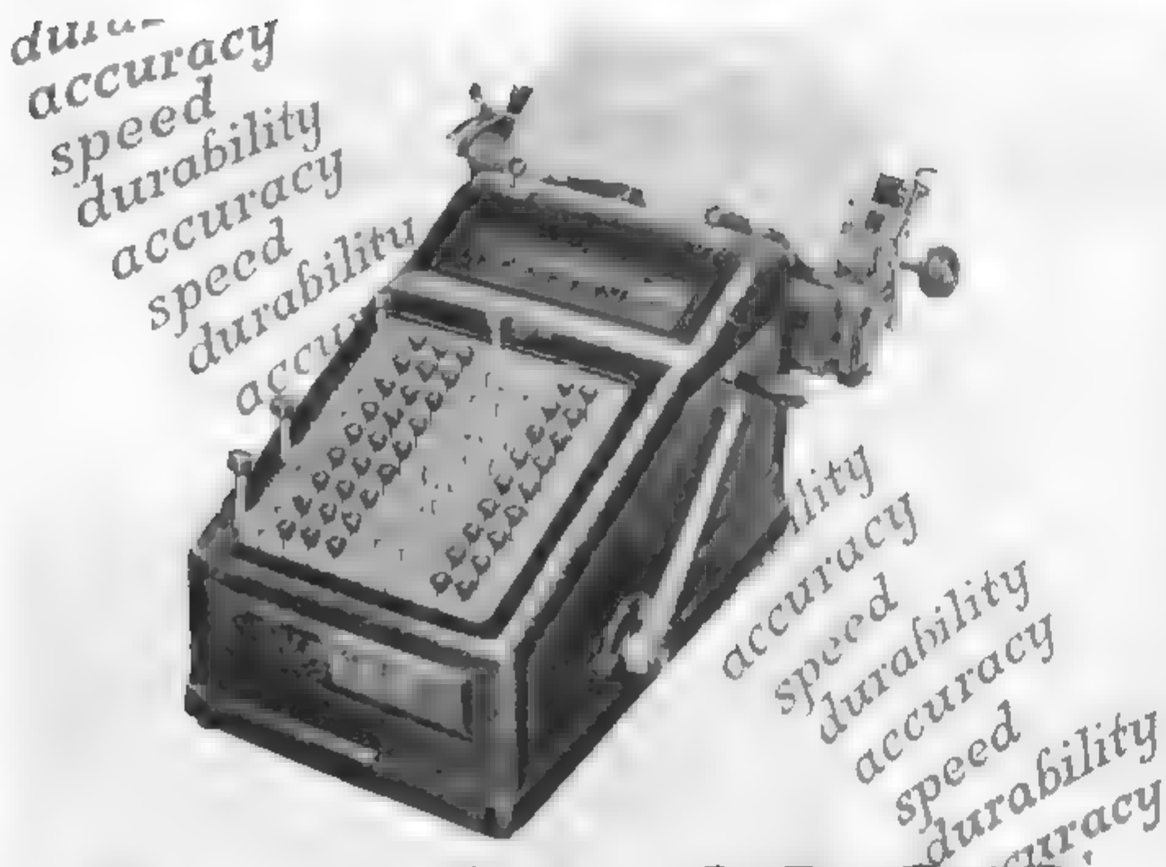

From 1 to 1000 with Woolworth

Accuracy—Speed—Durability Win Confidence for Wales

IN Nov., 1906, F. W. Woolworth purchased their first Wales Machine. On October 1, 1922, our records show that 1012 Wales Machines had been placed in Woolworth service.

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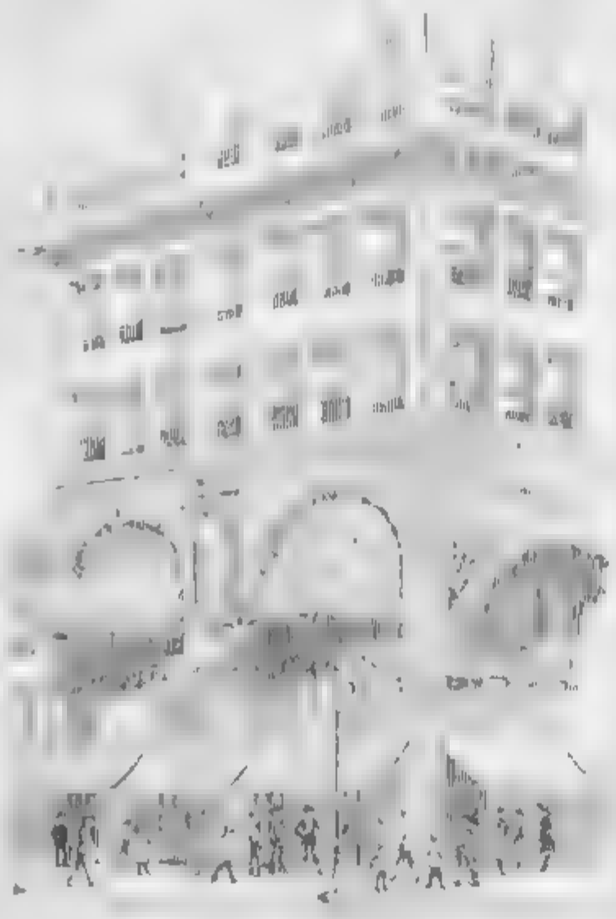
Sixteen years of durability
In a business where *accuracy* is the prime essential,
Where *speed* is a daily requisite.

This record is just one indication of what is true the country over.

Where accuracy, speed and durability are recognized as the prime essentials in Adding Machine Operation—there you will find Wales—in the nation's leading banks, factories, retail stores, mercantile establishments and in thousands of individual offices.



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WALES VISIBLE

ADDING · LISTING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING MACHINES

MA PETTENGILL ARBITRATES

(Continued from Page 4)

more milk. I s'pose the milkers go up to each cow and say 'Good morning! I hope you rested well last night,' and then go over and put on a jazz record that'll make 'em give down faster. But this lady expert don't stop there. Trust a woman to go the limit, no matter what line she starts in. She asks this state board—read it yourself if you think I'm kidding—to put lace curtains in the stables of the state school of agriculture, and she wants porcelain feed boxes, waist-high wainscoting and cream-colored walls. She says nothing about monogrammed doilies or manicure sets, but she may think of them in the next issue, with valets and maids, and so forth."

The tirade languished to an incoherent muttering, and once again I said, "Yes, yes, that's so; but what's all this scandal between doughnuts and ——"

The muttering regained coherence. A fresh grievance was broached.

"And it says in that same newspaper that you mustn't brand your stock any more, but dip their noses in ink and take finger prints of 'em like the detectives do with folks so they can find out in the last act which one murdered the poor old millionaire that everyone was suspected of. Say, if you was an actor, wouldn't you love to play this old boy that gets bumped off in his library ten minutes after the show opens? Then you could wash up and go out to see a good show."

"Yes, yes, of course, I'd like to play that part; but now I want you to give me the absolute low-down on ——"

"Taking nose prints of your stock, hey? Fine business! You'd know it was your stock, but who else would? All I can say is, my animals has got to carry a mark in plain view so other parties will know it as well as I do. Think of Old Safety-First Tummins picking up a stray white-face two-year-old that don't show any mark! Can you see him rushing up and down the valley asking has anyone got its nose print? You cannot. All you can see is Safety-First building a fire to heat up the Lazy-Eight branding iron. No, sir; that system may work with burglars and such, but not with cows that are useful to whoever gets 'em."

My hostess pensively rolled another cigarette and with her thumb nail snapped the head of a match into flame. The exactly right moment approached. I permitted her a summing up—the coda, as it were—of her latest composition. This appraised me that she no longer had any illusions about the cattle business. She was merely keeping on in the fond hope that pretty soon she could get her debts paid off and be able to die an honest woman. Such was the last legitimate ambition this foolish business could leave you with. She sighed heavily.

The period was closed. The iron being hot, I stuck. I said my sincere hope was that her passing might be deferred until she had given me certain information. That if she died tonight—even as an honest woman—before telling me about Fresno and Oliver and doughnuts I should be sorry ever after. Instantly the woman livened, grinning amazedly as I recounted the slender incident.

"You offered doughnuts to them two! And got by with it! Well, fools rush in, and so forth. Of course, they must 'a' been sure you wasn't wise or you'd 'a' had something done to you. All right, here's the actual dirt:

First I got to tell you about them two, Oliver and Fresno. You seen 'em today: but you wouldn't get much, because they've both kind of held in since this pure-food feud I'm telling of. Fresno is winning back some of his vivacity, but Oliver is more of a sensitive plant. He's the one that was here first, working for me off and on for about ten years. You got him enough today to know he's a fattish, good-natured old lummox, with them big, slow, melancholy eyes that always look so wounded if you suggest any little thing to him—like, for instance, that his runty cattle are too often finding breaks in the fence that let 'em in where my good green feed is. It hurts him cruel to think you'd believe his stock can't take down a panel of fence all by itself.

He got him a little place of his own across the flat down here about three miles. Got a shack and a start of hogs and a few head of this stock that acts with human intelligence when seeing a mere fence between it and green feed. One time it not only got through this fence at a weak corner but was thoughtful enough to fix up the break so it would hardly be noticed. Ain't animals wonderful! However, Oliver was often useful when help was short, so I never called him right hard. You can't help feeling soft for the poor coot. It's his prime weakness of mind that he's going to be a cattle king some day, counting his stock by the thousand and having money in every bank. Of course, no sane man that's watched my own struggles could still think there was money in this business. No one but a chucklehead could. But this Oliver, he'll get you in a corner and talk. He'll start modest with a dozen range heifers and one scrub bull, and in twenty minutes he's got a vast herd of pure-breds that bring top prices, with buyers coming miles out of their way to get first pick. Getting 85 per cent calves is a mere nothing to him. And he's going just as strong tonight, if you'll look him up, after ten years of experience that would of made him thoughtful if he had anything to be it with.

The only thing it seems like he ever learned was that he needed a partner. Being full of wise sayings, he told me that two heads was better than one. Of course, he never stopped to think that two heads like his own wouldn't be a bit better than one. Anyway, he got another just as good as his when Fresno drifted along and threw in with him.

You seen that demi-cowboy today. He's sprightlier than Oliver, but that's all. Neither of 'em's got anything much to hang his hat on, both being entirely muscle-bound above the ears. Fresno is compelled by Nature to believe everything he's told, and Oliver tells him aplenty, such as that in a few years, with anything like an even break in the stock business, they'll have the Miller & Lux outfit pushed off the map.

This Fresno kind of seeps onto the place one day and consents to accept employment. He wasn't a bit more than languid about it. A born drifter an' past forty, not cursed with any taint of ambition. His life gatherings was his pinto pony, a guitar, a yellow cat and two plush vests, one blue and one red, same as the seats in a day coach. Oh, yes, and he had long hair when he showed up; but the boys kidded him about that, so after a few days he had it cut—or almost. Anyway, he had it bobbed. But he wasn't so bad as a hand. He didn't fight work with any more bitterness than the rest of my crew. His weak point was animals.

I don't know where he found the cat—it used to ride on his cantle, or mebbe around in front—but he told me about his pony. Somewhere down south one day he come on a Mexican beating it to death because it had bogged down under him in some quicksand or loblolly or something. So Fresno traded his own horse, a fine big roan, he said, for this paint pony that looked like it would die right where it was. But he set down and talked to it and coaxed it and finally got it out and fed it up and it turned out to be a cracking good cow pony—all horse. It used to come to the bunk house here nights or Sundays and listen to Fresno in a plush vest playing the guitar, and he'd feed it sugar he'd swiped from the storehouse. And after getting its sugar and listening to a few tunes it would loaf off and frolic with the cat, which it was very fond of and the cat of it.

Fresno was harmless, which is a lot to say about most men. I figured he'd draw about two months' pay, then get itchy-footed again. You don't see many first-class guitar players with a serious aim in life. Either it's the frivolous ones take it up or else the instrument is weakening. And that's the way it would of been if Fresno and Oliver hadn't took to each other from the start. It seemed to be love at first sight. Here was Oliver gabby about his coming triumphs in the cattle business that would dazzle one and all, only no one had ever listened to him with any patience till Fresno comes. And here's Fresno, that no one had ever talked to as if he was anything but a wishy-wash. So their mutual infatuation is natural. Oliver gabs and Fresno believes. He even believes it when told he's just the man Oliver

needs for this here extensive cattle enterprise. He'd of believed the same, to be sure, if it had been mushroom growing or a sash-and-blind factory. That's him. What them two saw in each other was wonderful. Each was a big man if you'd let the other tell it.

So, after Fresno is hypnotized or inflated or something, he amasses his property from the bunk house and totes it over to Oliver's shack and the partnership is cemented by a document Oliver draws up on drug-store note paper and has me witness, while they both sign it. This document is a regular document, being full of parties of the first part and whereases and now therefores, and Fresno's pittance which he earns from me is cinched to go into the business, together with such knowledge about cattle as he ain't been able to side-step after twenty years of patient striving.

Me? I didn't care what they toyed with in their spare time, long's I could get a fair imitation of a day's work out of 'em when needed. Besides, they was good for many a laugh when they got to dreaming these vast herds of beef cattle on green meadows they also dreamed. For two years and more they led the perfect life; what you'd call idyllic. Fresno the first year had some sharp attacks of get-away, him never having been longer than a couple of months in one place; but he fought 'em off because Oliver depended on him and he was naturally kind to animals. Near as I could make it, Oliver's real need for a partner had been to have someone that would listen to him raise cattle with only the aid of the human voice; nights in the shack Fresno would play soft pieces and listen till Oliver run down. And another thing that held him, he had the most of his pay in the enterprise. Nothing like this had ever happened to him, one month's wages being all he'd ever possessed at once. He was kind of awe-struck at the thought of it. He had a morbid curiosity to know how it would feel to be as rich as Oliver said they was going to be if ever they got an even break.

They had just one little spat before the big one. That was when Fresno kicked Oliver's pet bear. Oliver was kind of soft on animals too. With him every week was Be-Kind-to-Animals Week. And out in the hills one time he found a bear cub that someone had killed the mother of, so he brought it home and fed it on a bottle till he could learn it to drink, and pampered it with delicacies till he'd 'a' had all the bears in the county on his hands if the news had got about. And this cunning pet would get up into Oliver's bunk and crawl under the blankets with him when he went to bed. But pretty soon when it grew bigger it would get over between Oliver and the wall and times in the night it would feel like stretching. And it would stretch with its back against Oliver and its feet against the wall, and its kind-hearted protector would be dumped out on the floor, dreaming that the world had come to its end. So Oliver taught his pet to sleep in the other bunk, and would tuck him in every night, though it took him some time to learn not to get afraid in the dark and go back to Oliver.

And just as he'd been taught which was his bunk Fresno joins the outfit and gets this bunk for himself, and the pet has to learn something new, which is to sleep on a pile of saddle blankets Oliver fixes all nice for him over in a corner. Fresno is tickled fine about the bear, which makes up to him in no time. It took his cat some longer to get chummy with the bear, but they finally hit it off. Only the bear seeing the cat going to bed in Fresno's bunk, just naturally felt it had a right to bed down there itself. So from time to time it would crawl in back of Fresno and dump him on the floor the way it had Oliver.

Fresno took it fine the first dozen or so times, laughing heartily when coming to his senses after being plunked out onto the cold hard floor, and talking gently to the pet while he showed it back to the pile of blankets where it was really and truly to sleep.

But the pet finally got the notion that this was kind of a joke, something it should get a lump of sugar for, and Fresno begun to lose his laugh when he woke up out on the floor. Finally he tells Oliver something has got to be done, because he's not only losing his sleep but is all sore and stiffened up from being pushed over this two-foot cliff every night and sometimes twice a night. Oliver said it was a shame Pettie was such a bad little bear, and he'd have to learn better manners; and he talked sternly to him, but still patiently. He said patience was the only thing you could use with the poor dumb things. I s'pose Oliver was philosophic because Pettie confined all his pranks to Fresno's bunk.

And things went along just the same till, one night when Fresno hit the planks for the second time within an hour, he forgot he was a gentleman. He hauled Pettie out of the bunk by the scruff of his neck, headed him toward his own blanket pile and landed a hearty kick on his rump that helped him well over to it. Oliver had learned to sleep through the mere noise of Fresno hitting the floor, but this time he woke up because there was a new noise. Pettie was making some of it, squalling like a baby, and Fresno was making the rest because when he kicked he forgot he was barefooted.

Oliver was out in no time, with a candle lighted, and when he learned the horrible truth he come near tangling with Fresno right there—the brute that had kicked a poor defenseless baby bear, not yet two years old. But Fresno was just as peevish over the injury to his big toe. He claimed he'd never be able to get a boot on that foot again and said either Pettie or him had to go. This rage of Fresno's took Oliver down a lot, because he'd never seen his partner even irritated before. They sat up till daybreak, quarreling back and forth. They was both truculent till it come breakfast-time; but a couple of shots of coffee put 'em back to normal, and they shook hands after Oliver had thought up a bright idea to protect Fresno. This was to make a gate across the bunk so he could shut himself in. It worked fine, except Oliver had to make another gate for his own bunk next day, on account of Pettie going back to the only one left open. After that they slept fine in their cages. Pettie could stroll around and look through the bars like he was in a zoo, but he couldn't mingle with the exhibits any longer. And once more peace was the house flag.

Then while things was still lovely these two et with the boys here one Sunday noon, and after the meal they got gassing, the way a lot of lazy no-account buckaroos will, about things they like to eat. One would say that a good husky mince pie with a kick to it was about Nature's choicest gift to man, being both food and drink; and another would argue for corn on the cob; and another'd say that such trifling talk would die out quick if ever they set up to a big bowl of genuine clam chowder; and someone else was holding out for terrapin stew; when this Damon and Python couple chip into the orgy with boasts about prime doughnuts. They'd never mentioned doughnuts before, and here it comes out that each one's crazy about 'em. It was another link in friendship's garland. Yes, sir; give 'em all the doughnuts they wished and other parties could have their clams and hog corn and mud turtles.

They begin to recall their happy childhoods when doughnuts was a household word. Oliver reminded himself with tears in his voice that he always stuck in the kitchen when they was cooked, and how he'd grab the holes when they was punched out of the center and drop 'em into the hot grease and pretty soon have some beautiful brown marbles that would melt in the mouth. And Fresno kicks in with fondest recollections of how his mother would cook up a crockful that was the biggest crock ever made by the hand of man—it must of been about the size of a barrel—and you could go into the pantry any time and reach into this crock and grab out half a dozen for a snack; and how they felt all gritty with the sugar sprinkled over 'em, but when you set your teeth in one—here he'd break down and begin all over about the size of this phenomenal crock that was always kept full. It seemed like both households had spent their time cooking up batches of doughnuts for the benefit of these subsequent liars.

Anyway, doughnuts was the only thing named in this sinful competition that was anywhere within their reach, so these other debauched gluttons begin to forget the foreign stuff they'd been touting and take a little notice of something new that wasn't plumb impossible. Why shouldn't they have doughnuts? They called the Chink over and put it to him. He said "Sure!" and begun to gabble freely. It sounded like he was saying doughnuts had been invented in China 6000 B.C., along with firecrackers and tea and other useful articles. But one of the boys caught something from his lecture that made him ask slow, plain questions, and it turned out that the Chink

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Wright's Health Underwear comes in *all pure wool*, in worsted mixtures, in cotton-and-wool mixtures and in weights ranging from light to heavy to suit every climatic condition and personal preference. In union suits and separate garments.

Let us send our booklet entitled "Comfort." When writing, please include your dealer's name. And go to your favorite store and see the underwear itself.

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FOR FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

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thought they was meaning some kind of a nut that grew on trees in his native land. So that let him off. But one and all of this riffraff was now convinced that doughnuts was his fondest childhood memory and must be had pronto if they was going to survive, and was there a cookbook in the house? There was not, because the Chink cooks entirely by ear.

So they catch up some horses and do 'em out of their Sunday rest by scattering up and down the creek after a doughnut recipe. By five o'clock they was back with three, and hung over the table reading loud directions from all of 'em while the Chink mixed dough and het a kettle of lard and tried to catch their general intention. He must of used his good Chink sense, because these directions conflicted here and there, and doughnuts could not of been made from all three at once. But when the first lot is sampled they all go frantic and stand there stuffing their cheap hides as long as the cook will roll out the dough. It was all the supper they had that night, and Oliver and Fresno go off home babbling about the happy days of old long syne that have come again once more.

We suffered a doughnut frenzy for ten days. Then it begun to die out like I knew it would. I'd let 'em go to it, the way they do with girls in candy shops, till they feel pale at the thought of sweet stuff. One by one the doughnut lovers dropped off, taking to chow with vinegar in it or something they could daub mustard on, and Squat Tyler made a big hit one night telling about the joys of the annual kraut festival held in his dear old Pennsylvania home town. But Oliver and Fresno still stuck. They claimed they never yet had had all the doughnuts they craved. Their devotion to this food got to be kind of disgusting to the other help that had gone stale on it, but little they cared. Their time was not yet.

And then the blow-off. Last fall I was sending these two over beyond Horsefly Mountain into the Surprise Valley country. I'd run some stuff over there that didn't seem to of started in yet because the feed was probably staying good. But I didn't want 'em to get snowed in, so these boys was to circulate around over there and start 'em home. It was a two-days' trip over, and maybe a four or five days' trip back because of chasing this stuff out of the brush and shoving it along. And, of course, they'd take their saddle horses and one pack horse for their blanket rolls and grub. And to prove their complete idiocy, this grub was to consist entirely of doughnuts. Yes, sir; doughnuts and a little coffee; a flour sack of doughnuts that would ride easy on top of the pack and sustain 'em at their toil. I heard Oliver orating to the Chink about wanting it—telling him to bake up a washtubful of doughnuts—and the Chink ain't trail wise, but even he said they was crazy in the head. I went in to reason with the besotted profligate, but it was no good, especially after Fresno come in. They both say here is the chance of a lifetime to get all the doughnuts they want, and they'll have a high old revel off where parties can't pass remarks about it that ain't had any chance to know what good living is. I guess they'd been stung considerable by such remarks of a laughable and vulgar character, and they was going to put up a grand front. My opinion is they'd both been feeling a healthy distaste for this food, owing to their heinous excesses of the past ten days; but neither was man enough to admit it to a jeering world. They was going to die game, like a couple of debased sentimentalists.

Anyway, they started airily off with the funniest grub sack that ever went over a trail. Bets was freely made in their hearing by punchers that had come to consider doughnuts harmful, even in moderation, that pretty soon their starved carcasses would be found with half a sack of doughnuts still between 'em. Little them two fuddleheads cared. They wanted the world to know they was still infatuated with doughnuts.

And three days later it looks as if they have survived that long at least, because stock they'd started back begins to show up at the different gates on the east side, and more of it keeps showing every day until a week later, when the two feebs themselves get in behind quite a drove of the stuff. It looked like they'd done a good week's work on doughnuts, and at first nobody noticed anything queer about 'em. But after they put the stuff under fence and had got unsaddled it was seen they was both gaunted something pitiful, being mere subterfuges of the men they once was. And then, just as funny cracks was about to start about the emaciated condition of these famine victims, it was further seen that the relations of the admiring pair had been strained to the limit. They not only wasn't speaking but they wasn't seeing each other, not even when six feet apart. That stopped the funny cracks. It was one of them hideous junctures where the wittiest puncher in the lot knew he'd better mind his own business. No humorous remarks was passed about how two ample-fleshed defectives could go out with all the doughnuts in the known world and come back nothing but bone and gristle. Doughnuts was not named in their presence. But there was plenty of buzzing behind their backs and bets was now made that a grand ruckus would be pulled the minute they got the roses back to their wan cheeks. Squat Tyler offered even money, with no takers, that guns would be used. It looked just that serious.

At the supper table that night the two sufferers set as far as they could from each other, and cramped the table talk something fierce by eating fast and keeping still. The Chink took his life in his hands at the start by asking them how they'd relished the doughnuts, but they only had to look at him once. He's been around their kind long enough to know when he's on thin ice. They would of et longer if it hadn't been that the other hands, getting through first, would of left 'em alone together at the same table. After supper Oliver went home and Fresno turned in down at the bunk house. It looked like the separation was complete.

The next morning I get it. First comes Oliver, looking like he's lasted out a long, hard winter on a bum range. He says do I remember the document of partnership he had drawed up, and I say I do, and he says he wants me now to undraw it. Because why? Well, because he has been grossly deceived in the character of this so-called Fresno, him being the last man on earth to tie to in any enterprise involving probably hundreds of thousands of dollars eventually; a man not only of a weak nature but vindictive. Still, he has something coming out of the business, so give the devil his due, and how about undrawing this document on a fair-and-square basis, even if the skunk don't deserve any such.

Oliver was still highly emotional, so I tried to divert him. I says he looks thin and didn't the doughnuts seem to be nourishing.

"Doughnuts!" he says. "Of course, they was nourishing; but owing to this crazy Fresno freak we lose all our doughnuts the second day out and don't have a bite of anything till last night, exceptin' one lean jack rabbit I knocked over that merely tasted of sagebrush. That's the kind of creature I been involved with; and when he knew the doughnuts was lost for fair, what does he do but lose all control of himself and call me a vile epithet—him that I took out of the gutter, you might say, and set up share and share in a business that some day some of these wisecrackers will wish they hadn't been so smart about. And I'm through. He ain't no partner with me, and I'd like you to arbitrate our mutual belongings."

I tried to get how the doughnuts was lost, but Oliver clams up.

"That's neither here nor there," he says. "Suffice to say that if they hadn't been lost they'd have been fed to that mangy piece of crow bait he rides around on while human beings starved to death in their tracks. All I want is for him to get any little thing that's coming to him and then go our separate ways."

I dropped the doughnuts and said I'd be glad to arbitrate, but first I'd have to know what property there was and how it was to be divided.

"All right," says Oliver. "I knew you'd stand by me. The property is to be cut half and half, because such was our agreement, and I'll go over now and make out an itinerary of it."

He liked this word "itinerary." He used it twice more before he went out.

Then half an hour later Fresno drops in and I get the other side of the sketch. I'd figured that he'd be more chatty than Oliver, and he was, indeed.

"What's all this nonsense about you and Oliver?" I says sternly.

He easily started in high.

"I don't want to say a word against that black-hearted old reprobate," he says; "but he's got less than the sense he was

(Continued on Page 105)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Conserve America's Resources

MOST Americans are proud of their Country's resources — her water-courses — her mines — her forests.

They believe in using these resources to the best possible advantage that they may last for generations to come.

Yet they are throwing away every year a tremendous volume of this national wealth by carelessness in using electric motors of the wrong size or type.

Such a motor wastes power and fuel. It wastes material and human energy. It costs too much for operation every day of its life.

This same electric motor when applied to the right machine would be the most efficient power possible to obtain.

Lincoln Engineers are successfully stopping this waste of resources. They have done away with the old inaccurate method of guessing at the power necessary to drive a machine, then estimating the motor which will take care of it.

Instead they go straight to the machinery maker, actually put the motors on his machines and test them with delicate instruments under all kinds of operating conditions.

When the machines are shipped out with Lincoln Motor attached (or specified) they *are guaranteed* to do the work at the lowest possible power cost.

You can cut your power bills and help conserve America's resources by specifying Lincoln Motors on all machinery.

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"Instantaneously, you can change your glance from Distance.....to Close-up"

The first gray hair: the first eye-blur

THE first gray hair. What absurd attention is paid to it! Its owner, man or woman, doubts the insignificant intruder, plucks it out, examines it, and ponders: "Surely, nobody thinks I am forty."

On the other hand, how little interest is felt over the first age-blur of the eyes. It might be called the "first gray-hair blur," for it comes to everyone at about this same time—around forty. It usually occurs and is first noticed when reading. To pluck out the blur you merely move the page an inch farther away for a moment. A few days or weeks later the blur reappears and again you unconcernedly pluck it out. But no matter how often you pluck it out, it always returns.

This blur is a danger signal that must be heeded. It forces you to get the facts about your eyes. Perhaps, because you are naturally farsighted or nearsighted, you already wear glasses. Whether you do or not, from now on you will need new lenses for close work. Therefore, it is immensely valuable to know that you can have lenses for distance and for reading in one pair of glasses: a combination of two pairs in one. These bifocal lenses are a remarkable device. Instantaneously, you can change your glance from Distance, through one type of lens, to Close-up, through another.

If you had to juggle two pairs of glasses, changing them perhaps a hundred times a day, little work could be accomplished and the nerve wear involved would be heavy. With bifocals of Wellsworth manufacture, however, complete range of vision, far and near, is instantaneous, and this through beautiful inconspicuous lenses.

"There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind," said Lowell. This may be said with perfect truth of bifocal lenses, made under the direction of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff. Benjamin Franklin, that myriad-minded genius, conceived the bifocal, which today the Wellsworth scientists are bringing to ever higher perfection in all its types.

In bifocals, as in every other Wellsworth product, all that Science can give and all that Artistry can add are at your command.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
GLASSES

ESTABLISHED 1833

All that Science can give:
all that Artistry can add

(Continued from Page 102)

born with, and that was only just enough to keep him out of the funny house for a few years."

"That's all right," I says; "but he claims you called him names."

"And why wouldn't I," he wants to know, "when he wished to see that good little hoss of mine starve to death? You take a man that finds pleasure in torturing poor dumb animals ——"

He got stuck, trying to think up something rugged enough to fit such a monster and yet refined enough for a lady to hear.

"Take it easy," I says, and passed him the makings. "Go on, roll a cigarette and take your time doing it, and light up and take a few slow drags on it and count a hundred and try to tell me what come off. Talk slow. Tell me every little thing. If I'm going to umpire between you two fuss budgets I must have details."

So he rolled him the cigarette and got to breathing regular and starts.

"The first night," he says, "we threw down over on Billings Crick and had a bully supper on doughnuts and coffee. That was all we craved, in spite of the funny humorists around this joint. And after we'd et, up comes the little hoss for his usual hand-out, so naturally I passed him some sugar and about three or four, mebbe five or six, of these doughnuts, and he stands there rolling his eyes and chawnking 'em down. But this Oliver breaks out all of a sudden. He's getting weak-minded. He's certainly one crazy package. He says why feed a hoss on doughnuts when the grass is ample and the doughnuts is only enough to last us back without lavishing none on livestock. So I says oh, shucks, that we got a passel of 'em, enough to feed a marching army. He says that no, we ain't, and I say we have too; and I say furthermore that my hoss has always been accustomed to the same grub I get if it's something he likes, and furthermore he's going to get doughnut for doughnut along with me. I says this Oliver knows darned well the little hoss would divide with me, so what kind of a low-down would I be not to divide with him. He says that's neither here nor there, because no matter how kind a hoss' intentions is he never has anything to divide that a human would relish, so what good does it do me; and I says it's the spirit of the thing that counts in this little old world, and all I want to know is the spirit there, because it ain't the doughnuts but the principle of the thing that I'm thinking of; and if the spirit is there all proper, why, any hoss that totes me gets as many doughnuts as I get, rain or shine. He says I'm not only talking idle words but I am trifling with at least one valuable life that would make a name for himself in the stock-raising pursuit if not starved to death by a congenial idiot that tries to make more out of a hoss than what God intended. So I says is that so and he says yes, that's so; and we went to sleep and had breakfast of doughnuts and coffee next morning; and the little hoss had his, you bet; and this miser starts the same line of talk like the night before, and the same thing again that night when we threw down over by that waterhole back of Horsefly. Seemed like he couldn't think of anything else. Only now he lets the devil ride him completely and says, anyway, I can't claim to like animals, because look at the way I kicked a poor defenseless little bear and made it scream with agony, and I said it was me he heard screaming with agony on account of not going to bed with my boots on. And besides, I tell him, no matter how highly I regard this hoss, I anyway don't take him into the parlor where he'll kick the daylights out of an innocent person he's crawled into bed with, because in animals I know where to draw the line. So he looks like he's been insulted, and at last he says that this does settle it, and now he'll have to take measures. And I say I bet he won't take no measures that'll rob my little hoss out of his share of doughnuts, which is the same as my share; and he says is that so; and I say, yes, that's so."

Fresno was going good by this time and I didn't have to poke him up any more. He goes on to say that a good name for one that will torture a horse that way is Jack the Ripper, because such is his nature. Then I get the rest of it.

"And guess what I find next morning," he says. "Why, this fiend has took measures like he said, and foul measures they was. He had the coffee boiling when I woke up, and two piles of doughnuts laid out for us. And while we was eating, cross-like with each other, up comes the little hoss for his morning's morning; and I look around for the sack, and don't see it, and says where is it; and this sidewinder scowls sort of triumphant and says it's where I won't find it soon, because he warned me he was going to take measures and now he has. He says here's his pile of doughnuts and there's mine, and I can divide my pile with a hoss or a polecat or anything I want to, only that's all I get, because the sack is hid out in the brush where I'll never find it.

"That's old snake-in-the-grass for you! Getting up in the night to hide out this grub sack! And calling the little hoss a polecat! Of course, I give him half my stock, because he's learned to like his doughnuts more'n most folks; but I don't speak to this serpent no more, you bet, except telling him then and there certain things I thought about him. And we wasn't to break camp no more, doing all our work from this one. We gathered cattle out of the brush all day, and come nightfall I was right famished account of splitting my breakfast with the little hoss, and I make coffee while this wart hog sneaks out into the brush to the grub sack. Of course, he'd have to pack it next time we moved, and it was then I was going to braid feathers in my hair. I was simply going to have my half or mebbe two-thirds of the whole stock and sleep on 'em for a pillow, and I wouldn't of cared how much violence it took to gain possession, either.

"Well, I squat there by the little fire, waiting and waiting, and thinking this here degenerate must of gone miles off to do his hiding, when at last he shows up around a rocky bulge in the hill. He ain't got no doughnuts for man or beast that I can see; and he seems to be walking aimless and uncertain; and he begins to stand about twenty foot away from the fire, looking as near thoughtful as an animal like him can look. I pay no attention, though here's my little friend waiting for his dessert, and I'm sure wanting my own feed. Pretty soon the snake draws a long breath and comes over and says, like he was wanting to let bygones be bygones, 'Well, Fres,' he says, grinning like an idiot—'Well, Fres, it looks for once like the joke is on me.' But I couldn't see any joke, so I ask him what joke, and he says, why, it's the joke of him going out in the dark last night to hide out that sack of grub, and now not being able to find it on account of the brush looking a different place by daylight. So I look him straight in the eye and I says I don't see but what the joke's on me and a good hoss as much as it's on him; and furthermore, I tell him that after scanning it right close it ain't a joke, nohow. In fact, it ain't got none of the makings of a joke except to some human cull that should be put behind the bars of a madhouse.

"Then he comes closer and grins like a sheep and tries to get on equal terms with me again, saying it's the daylight that throwed him off from going straight to this cache, and, come dark, in about one hour, he'll lay a straight line for it by trusting to his instinct. He says he's often marveled at what a instinct

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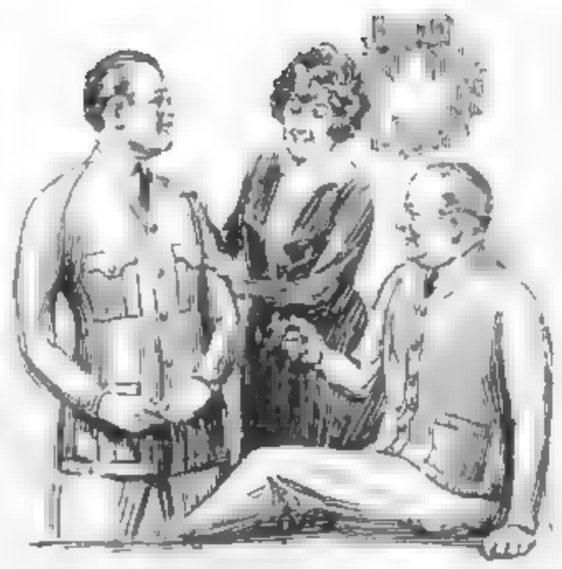

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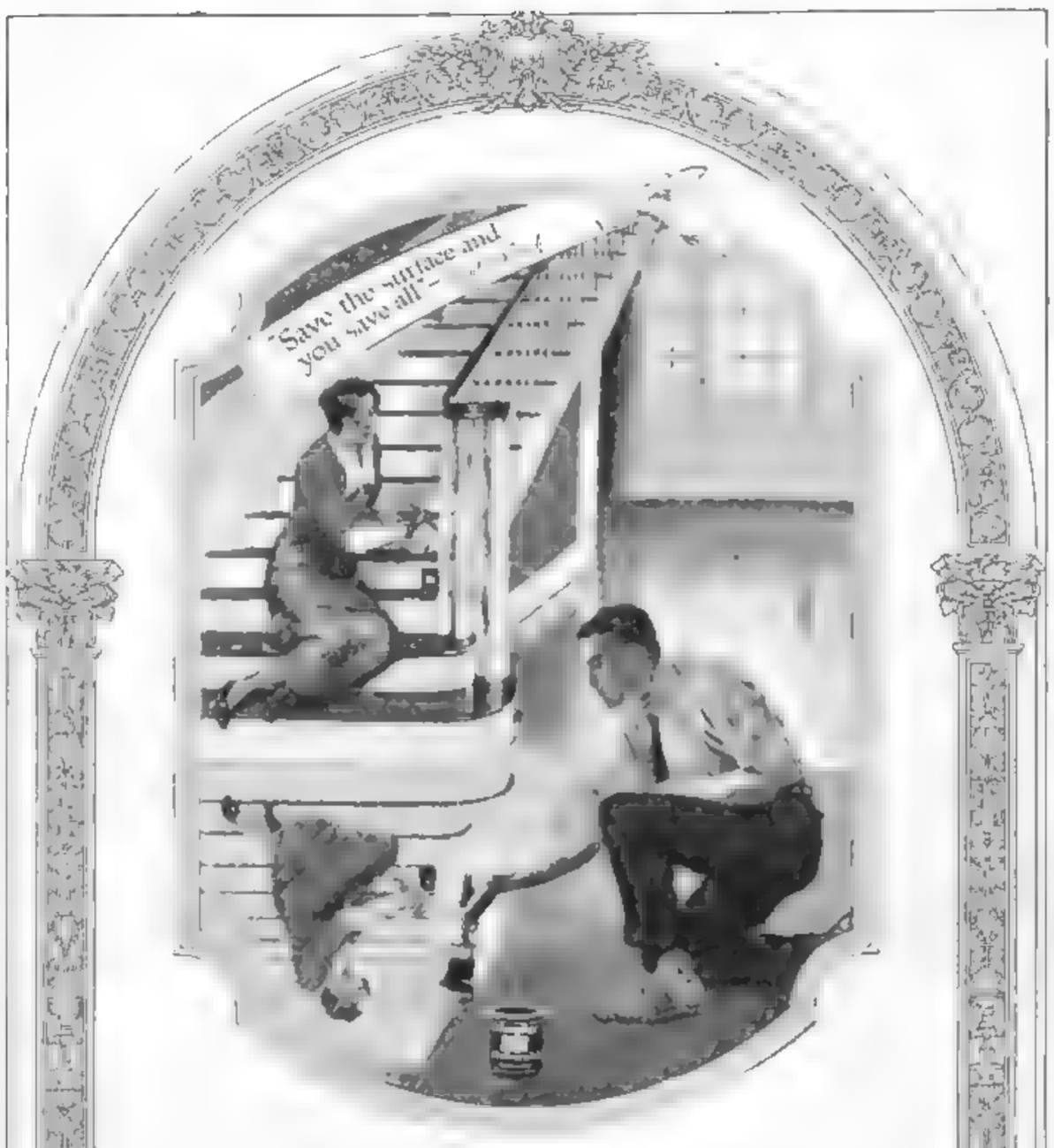

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the "universal" varnish in natural wood colors

All through the house—on floors, stairs, trim, furniture—Murphy Univernish works a miracle in rejuvenation. One coat renews both color and finish.

But even more remarkable is the way Univernish makes things *stay* new—the way it *wears!*

On exteriors, the ravages of rain, snow, sun or cold cannot affect it. On interior surfaces, soap and boiling water and even ammonia won't turn it white or even dull its lustre.

Your painter will be glad to use it on your important work. Use it yourself in general varnishing jobs around the house.

Univernish comes in Mahogany, Light, Dark and Bog Oak, Walnut and Green. Also in clear varnish for surfaces which have not lost color. Excellent for linoleum. Snaps out colors, makes washing much easier, and *it preserves the linoleum!*

Ask your dealer for the Univernish color card.

Murphy Da-cote

for your motor car

It's surprising what results you can get in an afternoon with Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel. No skill required. No worry about brush marks—they melt away as you paint! Dries overnight. In 24 hours the surface is like polished glass. Almost good as new! Da-cote is also fine for enamelling porch furniture, baby carriages and a variety of wood and metal surfaces—interior or exterior—wonderfully durable. Ask your dealer for color card, showing black and white and ten popular colors.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

he's gifted with for going straight to anything in the dark, and I mustn't be sullen because our supper was a mite delayed. Then he tries to bring up other topics and enter into a conversation with me, like he was nervous and not trusting this instinct of his so much as he let on. But I wasn't going to be on equal terms with him after such raw behavior to the little hoss.

"When it got dark enough for his good old instinct to work he starts out again. He said, mark his words, he'd have the sack there in five minutes. But I only says 'Bah!' at him, feeling pretty scornful. 'Bah!' jest like that. And he ain't back in five minutes nor in twenty-five, so I go out to help him hunt. By this time he's plenty rattled, because his instinct has played him false. Seems like he ain't got an idea where this sack is except that it's kind of between a clump of buck brush and a rock that are close together. And we was surrounded for miles by millions of such identical places. We spent the night poking into a lot of 'em, with this nit-wit going back to camp every half hour to get the right direction. His babbling was something pitiful. And he never did find that cache; no, ma'am, them doughnuts are still there. We even put the little hoss on the trail next morning, thinking he might scent 'em out; but I'd never claimed he was more than a hoss; I never said he was a bloodhound.

"So we et nothing but coffee till we get in last night, except a skinny old jack rabbit that tasted like fiddle strings. And I naturally quit speaking to this person that was with me except now and then; if I thought of something good he reminded me of I'd yell it at him. He got right bitter when he'd heard one of these, or mebbe two or three. He says I got no complaint, because there's my hoss ready to divide with me some of the best grass he ever saw at this time of year. He thought that was a laughable saying. And here the last night when I was plumb starved and perishing, and we're a good thirty miles from there, what does this human compass do but wake me out of a feverish sleep; and he's all excited and babbling that he's had a dream and seen the exact place in this dream, and if he was back there now he could go to that cache without one false step, and ain't dreams wonderful. Well, at that, naturally, I wanted to kill him; but I knew it would only cause trouble, so I didn't even call him anything much. Nothing to make a fuss about. And mebbe I ain't glad to be free of him! Why, say, I might 'a' wrecked my whole future by tying up with that foodle-do!"

That seemed to conclude Fresno's part of the entertainment. He went out talking frankly to himself about his late partner. He was going to get his cat and his plush vests and his guitar and bring 'em over here. Then later in the day comes Oliver again, all puffed out with importance and bringing his itinerary of the partnership property. He still called it an itinerary and it listed everything they owned. And he's still bitter about Fresno calling him epithets, and so forth, and now I must divide their stuff.

Well, I did some quick but deep thinking. Here was two big, hairy men, both past forty, yet acting like a couple of twelve-year-olds. They had aggravated their natural childishness by too much doughnut diet in the first place, and had then starved for five days, so no wonder they had become sore vexed with each other. And looking over Fresno's itinerary, it come to me that I ought to be some kind of a Queen Solomon. So I call in Fresno. Him and Oliver look over each other's heads and set down in far corners, and I say that if I arbitrate this rumpus they must agree to accept my decision with no back talk, and they both say they will. Then I ask which is the oldest, and Oliver says he is; and I tell him then he's the one that by rights ought to have the privilege of dividing up this property in a fair manner. Fresno is shocked by this favoritism. He don't say a word, but he squirms in his chair with great eloquence, showing his conviction that he's in for nothing but the short end of anything Oliver divides. And Oliver glows with righteousness and chews his pencil a while, and then begins to check off things that's to be his and things that's to be Fresno's. But you could see he wasn't going to give himself the worst of it in no shape nor manner. He figures for a good half hour, so many head of stock, dry cows, yearlings, and so forth; so many hogs, plows, horses, sets of harness, a reaper, and a wagon they had inherited from me two years before by borrowing it one day. Pretty soon he has the stuff cut into two lists and hands 'em to me. He says he's been very conscientious, and nobody else in the room at that time, animal or human, will ever be able to say he didn't get a square deal.

I took the lists, but never give 'em a look. I said this was a very serious moment; and how sad to think that two grown men, big-hearted men, with big minds, should allow a few careless words, prob'ly spoke in jest, to divide their lives; and that in my opinion the original guilty cause was too many doughnuts eaten to excess the same as if the eaters was mental cripples instead of two of the brightest minds that ever promised to show what the cattle business could really be made into. Having touched this spot lightly—I saw it wasn't going well with Fresno, because he set there convinced that Oliver had groundsluiced him in this division—I took up the lists and says to Oliver, "Now, you're sure you made a fair division, fifty-fifty, of this property," and he says his conscience has ruled on every single item. So right there Queen Solomon lands her punch.

"You bet no one in this room will have a complaint coming," I says to Oliver. "I'm going to make that impossible. You've been conscientious about splitting fair, so you can't complain, and Fresno certainly can't, because now I'm going to give him first choice of these two lots of stuff."

With that I handed both lists to Fresno and swept grandly from the room, taking just time to notice that Oliver was trying to turn pale under his tan while Fresno is blooming like a flower.

So that's why you noticed something today when you said doughnuts. I guess it's the first time either one has heard the naughty word for a year.

Ma Pettengill moistened the brown paper of her last cigarette and relighted it with a sigh of weariness.

"But what happened after you left the room?"

"Nobody ever found out, exactly. Kissed and made up, I s'pose. Anyway, they was shut in there for one hour and the room wasn't wrecked. Mebbe I'd managed to give 'em a line on their foolishness."

The speaker sighed again and drew heavily on the diminishing cigarette.

"You take any genuine, born bachelor," she remarked, "and the minute he's past forty he begins to act like a woman. Though of course in a mix like I been telling you of women would of shown more sense."

The cigarette burned down and was tossed into the dying fire. Ma Pettengill yawned honestly, with almost no pretense of patting it. She recovered from this gracious convulsion to say that she had lived out one more day of her punishment for unknown sins, and, with kindest personal regards, she would now lead an ideal life for eight good hours.

Why not use Upson Board in the first place?

For the finest home or the modest cottage, it builds walls and ceilings of enduring charm

HERE IS a wall material which is *really* permanent—which is neither brittle nor absorbent, and which eliminates all nail marks and expensive priming.

Upson Board is a wall material that cannot crack or fall. It is stiff—*strong*—ENDURING. It sets a new standard of beauty and permanence for walls and ceilings in nearly every kind of building, new or old.

Upson Board is simply refined lumber built up into big, flawless panels that your *carpenter* can nail right to the studs or joists of new construction—or over old shabby plaster which you know can never be satisfactorily repaired.

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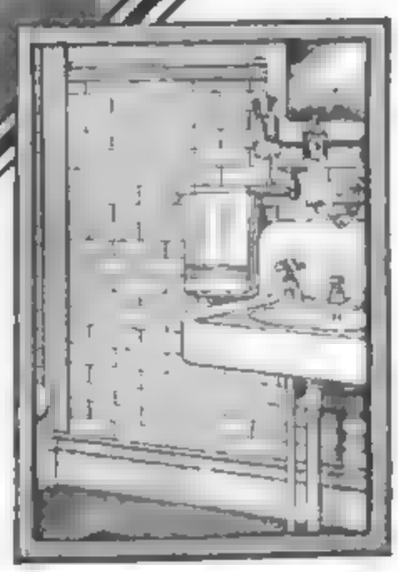

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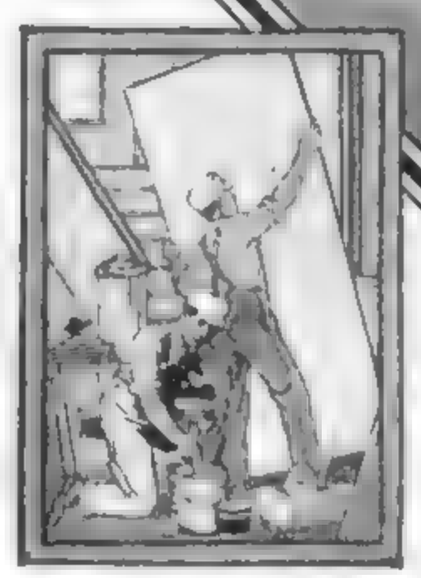

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It may be conservatively stated that the United States has won back to a position of economic soundness and growing prosperity.

Crops are favorable, there is little unemployment, the volume of manufacturing is approaching normal, prices are more stable and earnings are improving. Banking conditions are excellent and there are no obstacles to the financing of sound enterprise.

Beyond the borders of our country, much of the world is yet struggling slowly and painfully from the depths of economic chaos.

The business of the United States cannot ignore the rest of the world. There is the alternative of a modest, insular prosperity foreign to the spirit of progress which has made America great, or a full recognition of world influence, opportunities and responsibilities.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that the future of American business will be guided by a vision which embraces world conditions and needs, and that a real prosperity commensurate with our strength and genius will result.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 15

"I'm going to show you two boys something in the way of betting that you'll remember for many a day."

Again he touched the button, and when the attendant appeared said, "Ask Mr. Steiner to please step in here for a minute."

When the manager had come Moran said, "Here is forty-four thousand dollars, Mr. Steiner, which I want to bet on a horse in this race."

"That's quite all right, Mr. Moran," Steiner answered briskly; "that's what we're here for—the sky is the limit. I may say that we couldn't run a club like this for the benefit of pikers. It wouldn't pay, and we're not out for our health."

"Quite so," Moran remarked. "But I also want to bet a marker on this race."

"I fancy that would be all right. How much, may I ask?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

Steiner's nostrils drew in a little as he took a deep breath at this announcement.

"It's quite a marker," he declared presently. "Not that we haven't accepted bets of the same kind before from well-known plungers; but I'm only a manager here, and must have some sort of guaranty. It's difficult to collect a betting debt—in fact, there is no recourse at law. You would have to give me a note indorsed and made out as the ratification of a financial transaction. If you will do that I will call up headquarters, and if they O. K. it you can make the bet, providing that you bet the forty-four thousand cash."

"I get you," Moran said, rubbing a big hand over the top of his head. "You call up headquarters and I think they will advise you that I can make good that amount if it is lost." He pursed his heavy lips as he uttered the word "lost," and Hiram realized that it was simply a sneer.

While Steiner was out Moran slipped one of the note forms from a pigeonhole and made out a note payable to the Consolidated Turf Club, and said, "You two gentlemen indorse this, and in about ten minutes we will be dividing up on this table some real money."

Rowe signed the note. Hiram, pen in hand, examined it with slight trepidation. It was signed D. W. Moran, Commissioner for John Ralston. Hiram inked his name on the note. Why throw away a chance through weak-heartedness? There on the table was forty-four thousand dollars absolutely the property of Moran, and Moran was no man's fool. He wasn't going to shovel that forty-four thousand dollars into the coffers of the club unless he had a certainty. It was the chance of a lifetime.

The door pushed softly open and Steiner entered, saying: "Headquarters advises me to accept the marker if it is in legal form and you bet the forty-four thousand dollars cash. They say that you are a member in good standing; but at this short notice they have no way of ascertaining whether you could make the amount good should you happen to lose it; so I have got to ask you can you make this amount good, supposing you lose the bet?"

"Certainly I can—twice over."

"Well, I will instruct my man to accept the marker," Steiner said, bowing and withdrawing.

"Now, boys," Moran said, "we don't want to get shut out; we'll get busy. All this money goes down on Mad Hatter. It is all arranged. Ralston won the other race, and now it's Hilton's turn. This forty thousand is Ralston's money, bet on Hilton's horse; the four thousand is mine—and yours. The marker is where I cop a little nest egg for myself, and you two boys have been pretty decent, so there is twenty-five thousand to split between you when Mad Hatter wins. Not a bad day's work, eh, boys? When I call it easy money it isn't easy money, it's big money, but it isn't easy. A man's got to have nerve and then some; he's got to have brains and he's got to be honest, or he never gets a chance. Now go to it. Rowe, you bet it as money, but listen to what I tell you. It's got to be bet separate because of the marker; it's got to be put down just so. Go out there and bet the forty-four thousand cash on Mad Hatter at 2 to 1. When you've got your ticket hand in the note for the hundred thousand on Mad Hatter, and get a separate ticket. Do you understand?"

"Ye-e-es," Rowe answered, and his voice trembled with the excitement of the big undertaking.

"On your way! There's none too much time—we mustn't miss it," Moran commanded. "You go along with him, Clay," he added.

And the two, gathering up the sheaves of notes, hurried out.

At the wicket there was a queue of five men, all betting on the Ralston entry. A portly gentleman said excitedly as he reached the wicket, "I went in the hole for ten thousand that last race, but here's where I get even; twenty thousand on the Ralston entry, Sir Barton, to start."

A voice from within the inclosure now said, "Gentlemen, they're going to the post."

This announcement increased Rowe's excitement; his hands were quivering with the intensity of the gigantic gamble. He grabbed the bank notes Hiram carried, shoved them and the note all together through the wicket, saying in a voice husked by excitement, "A hundred and forty-four thousand dollars on Mad Hatter to win."

"I'm sorry, sir," the man answered, "but I'm loaded up; I can't take any more."

Steiner, who was seated just beyond the ticket writer, said, "Jack, that's all right. I've O. K.'d the note."

"But we're overlaying this one, sir," the man argued.

"Lay it off," snapped Steiner. He grabbed up a telephone himself, and Clay heard him call, first, "Atlantic Highlands"; then, "Fifty thousand on Mad Hatter. All right? Good!" Then another. Steiner turned to the ticket writer saying, "Take it. I've laid it all off!"

A pasteboard was shoved through the wicket, reading, "$288,000 to $144,000—Mad Hatter to win."

Then the two returned to the little room and Rowe handed Moran the ticket, saying, "Had a little difficulty getting it on; rather a stiffish bet, you know."

"Hell! You—oh, good heavens!"

"What's wrong?" Rowe asked timidly.

"Wrong! I told you to bet the forty-four thousand separate and get a ticket for it; to bet the marker separate and get a ticket for that. That's what's wrong!"

"There was a lot of confusion at the wicket, Mr. Moran," Rowe expostulated, "and I had trouble getting the bet taken at all; guess I got kind of confused."

Suddenly the big man calmed; he growled: "I guess it's all right, anyway. Mad Hatter'll win, and they've got to pay; but it's a lot of money, and I'd just as leave have that $132,000 cash separate."

There was a little hush—a waiting, something of the magnitude of the venture took possession of Hiram.

He smacked his thin lips as though he had tossed off a glass of champagne. The shuffle of his palms was like the soft rustle of grasshopper wings. By gad, he was living!

Curiously, all doubts of the result had vanished. Earlier he had been tensioned by the hazard, but here was a miracle machine. Chance had been manacled to a car that drove irresistibly, relentlessly on. When Mad Hatter had won they would sit there at that table the color of deep ox blood and divide up almost half a million—of course they would; the obese god, Moran, was infallible. Hiram's share would be twelve thousand five hundred dollars; and he had come there to spend money, not make it. Indeed life was a complex thing.

Through the door lisped the buzzing tongue of an electric bell. The big man cocked his ear, and rising from his chair said: "They're off! Let's go out and watch the fun. We'll get it foot for foot, for old Steiner'll be sitting there beside the operator at the direct wire from the track."

As the three emerged from their little room a voice was heard drawling: "At the quarter: Sir Barton first—by three lengths; Billy Kelly second; Mad Hatter third; Sennings Park lapped on Mad Hatter. At the half: Sir Barton a length; Mad Hatter second; Billy Kelly third."

Hiram's fingers were digging into his breeches on his thighs; clawing till the bottoms of his trousers were lifted grotesquely above the tops of his boots. His arms were shaking, quivering; his tongue thrust in and out between dry lips, and his thin nostrils were cleaving together as if cement were hardening the inner surface.

Men stood shoulders drooped forward, their staring eyes glued on the blackboard

with its chalk lines as though they visualized the stupendous struggle, as though to their ears came the eager pound of hoofs hundreds of miles away

The fat man who had bet twenty thousand dollars on Sir Barton was rolling a pencil between his thumb and fingers until it rasped from the pressure.

Like a parrot, the knight of the chalk sat on his high stool, his face craned up to the board, a slim girlish hand smoothing the black plastic hair on his head. Now the voice floated out on the ghastly silence: "In the stretch ——" Then a soul-racking silence save for the clickety-click, clickety-click—a devilish tattoo of the receiver. Men held their breath, ceased to breathe

Clay put a hand to the wall to steady himself. His lips were strips of flannel As if fascinated, his eyes were glued on the heavy face of the stolid Moran. They read nothing; it was the face of a Buddha sitting in placid content with hands folded across his lap. Hiram quivered as the voice, sounding in his ears like the call of a night bird deep in the forest, again broke the hush:

"In the stretch: Mad Hatter by a length; Billy Kelly second—coming fast; Sir Barton third, and driving"

Again the terrible suspension of existence. Even the clattering tongue of the devilish instrument had hushed. It was Pompeii, and the lava of Vesavius had inundated the room, and they stood there petrified beings; stood there as though they had stood for a thousand years, dead to the world. Hiram tried to move an arm—he couldn't.

How grotesque the huge mummy that had been Moran looked! The eyes still wore the glassy fish stare they had carried when he glared at Rowe because of the mistake in the bet.

Now the telegraph instrument was hammering out a wake-up, and the voice was drooling: "Give you the winner in a minute." Then: "Mad Hatter wins—by a length; Billy Kelly second; Sir Barton third."

The Tower of Pisa crashed to earth. The men that were in the room, brought out of the death chamber, became drunken on the wine of relief. The fat man threw his pencil across the room as though he hurled a javelin, took his hat off and fanned his face that had gone purple, and muttered: "Oh, hell! The damn crooks! Sir Barton a dead un. Never again! Never again! I'm through!"

He pulled his betting ticket from his pocket, tore it viciously in two, and then put the two pieces together and shoved them back in his pocket, crying out, "By gad, that's not right! Sir Barton third—beaten off? What're they givin' us? Old Steiner's puttin' one over. I wouldn't sell this ticket for twenty-five thousand." A sickly grin of bravado twisted his thick lips.

The boy with his chalk had made a little island of Mad Hatter's name, a ghostly white river wound around the letters, and they looked like an inscription on a monument.

Moran's heavy voice rumbled: "Clay, you and Rowe get the kale when the 'All right' comes over the wire, and bring it into the room; then we'll tote back to the hotel. I'm done for today."

Clay swaggered to the cashier's wicket and put his chest flat against the opening, a tremendous sense of importance thrilling his being. At the wicket he put in hours; but in about three minutes he heard the voice of the manager saying, "All right! Pay out on Mad Hatter."

The cashier glanced diffidently at the ticket Hiram pushed through the wicket, took a twitch at his tie, arranged with deliberate method some betting slips on a shelf beside the wicket, picked up the ticket, wrote on a slip of paper "$288,000" and beneath "$144,000," added the figures, and said: "Four hundred and thirty-two thousand coming—correct?"

"Ye-e-es." It was as if Hiram cleared his throat of iron filings.

The cashier tore the corner off the ticket, turned to the safe behind him and stacked in front of Clay three bundles of thousand-dollar bills, saying casually, "Three hundred thousand." Then, "Four hundred thousand." From a pile of loose bills the cashier made up the face value of the ticket, and pushing it toward Hiram said, "Four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars."

Hiram gathered the packets in his hands, tottered into the room, and dumped, as if it were garbage, the bills of nobility on the mahogany table.

"There it is, Mr. Moran," he cried, standing up to take a deep breath of relief. "Four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars!"

Moran shoved his big hand amongst the bales, tumbling them here and there as if he toyed with poker chips, and said: "This is the end of a perfect day—you can't beat it. I like my work, and when the thing goes right it makes me hungry. There ain't nothing left but a good dinner. We won't bother counting this over, we'll straighten out the account and beat it while the going's good. I've got to send for that note and pay it—I thought Steiner would pay it out as cash."

This very thought had been in Hiram's mind: his name was on that note.

"There's twenty-five thousand of this to split between you two boys," Moran was adding.

Hiram rubbed his thin hands together and said, "Mr. Moran, you're a prince. I ——"

A gentle knock interrupted Hiram's tribute; the door was pushed open and Mr. Steiner—calm, placid, the devilishly dignified Mr. Steiner—stood before them, a paper in his hand.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said. "I have just received from headquarters a telephone message stating that Mr. Moran, the maker of the note for a hundred thousand dollars, has not that amount to his credit with the Consolidated."

"That's right," Moran answered briskly; "I haven't I didn't say I had. What I stated was that I could make good for the amount"

"How make good—what do you mean, sir?"

"I meant that I could show a credit at the bank for that amount, but now that's unnecessary. Bring the note in and I'll pay it from this money right here on the table"

"That won't do, Mr. Moran," Steiner objected. "You know the ethics of betting. Don't misunderstand me, gentlemen, I'm not putting up a kick; the Consolidated doesn't do business that way; we don't welsh. You've won the money fairly, and it's yours—I'm not going to take it away from you. But headquarters declares that you must prove to us that in case you had lost this bet you could have made good. It isn't a question of money at all, for we lose nothing; in fact, we made seventeen thousand dollars on the lay-off."

"But I bet forty-four thousand dollars in cash, which gives me here one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars—take it out of that," Moran objected.

A patient smile flitted over Steiner's face

"You don't get me yet, I see," he said. "This was all one bet, and I simply want you to make good; and take the money away."

"What do you want me to do then?" Moran asked.

"Simply this: That you have at the First National Bank in Atlantic City by twelve o'clock tomorrow a credit of one hundred thousand dollars that would cover your note," Steiner answered decisively; "just have the manager of the bank assure me that you have a credit there for that amount; then you can come out and take this money away—for it's yours—and we'll all be happy. I'll give you a receipt and lock the money in the safe."

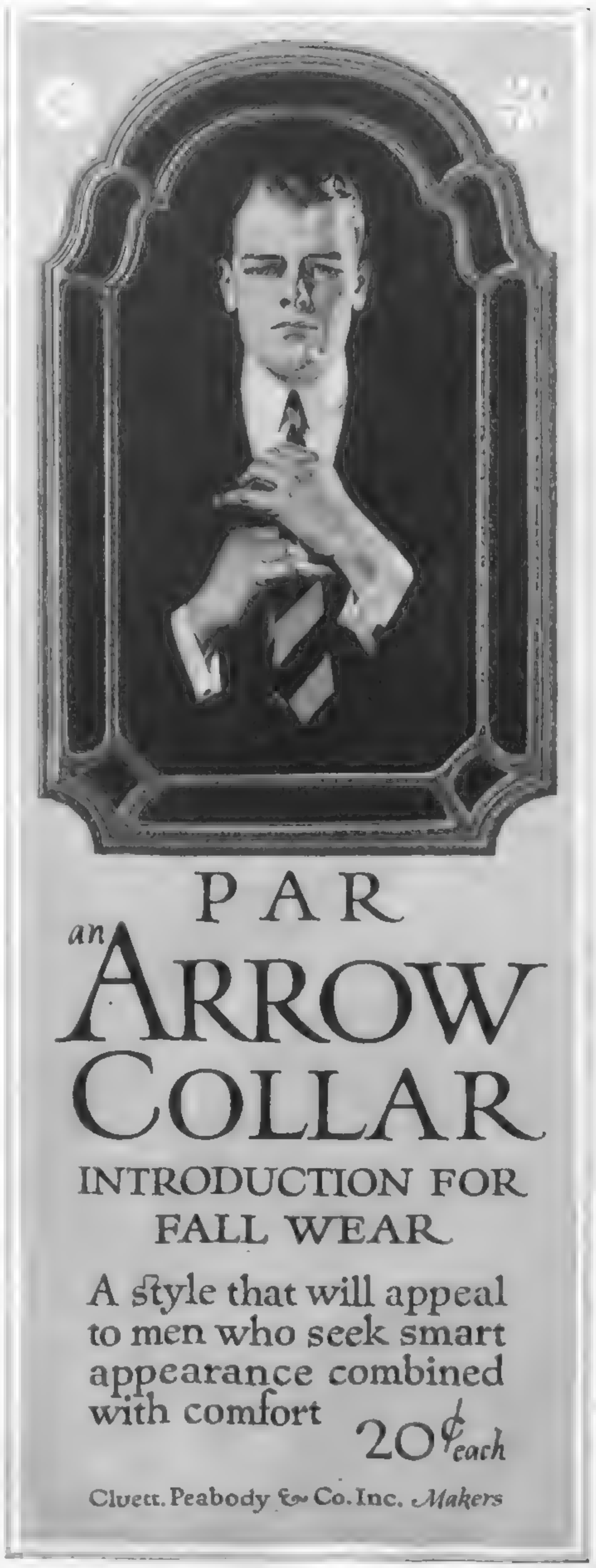
"I don't see the force of this argument," Moran objected gloomily. "I've got the money right here to cash that note. What the devil more do you want?"

Steiner drooped tiredly into a chair.

"Let me elucidate," he said. "Suppose you walked into a broker's office and said to him, 'Buy me a hundred thousand bushels of wheat,' and gave him a ten-thousand-dollar check to cover margin; that day wheat aviates; you phone your broker and order him to sell and you make a profit of three thousand. Next morning you walk into the broker's office and ask for thirteen thousand dollars. Will the broker give it to you? Hardly! He'll say, 'Your check will have to go through the clearing house, and when I know that it has made good I'll pay you thirteen thousand dollars.' That's the case in a nutshell. You've simply got to prove that you were not playing us with our own money."

"You ought to have made this kick before you took the note," Moran growled.

"I took it to oblige you, Mr. Moran; there wasn't time to do anything—you'd have missed your play; and I judged that you, being a member in good standing in



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the Consolidated, wouldn't overplay your hand."

"Well," Moran answered, "give me the receipt for the money and I'll be here at noon tomorrow for it."

The smooth Mr. Steiner wrote out a receipt, handed it to the dour Mr. Moran and rubbed his two palms together, a benign look of angelic beneficence on his face as if he were saying, "This hurts me more than it does you."

Back at the Pall Mall the three men of wealth that was still over the garden wall talked the new entanglement over. Moran had returned to his ferocious arraignment of Rowe.

"I told you, young man," he said, "to make two separate bets. If you had done so I'd have had one hundred and thirty-two thousand without a string to it, and would have paid that note."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Moran," Rowe answered. "I now see what you meant; at the time I didn't think it so vital and got mixed."

"We'll fix it up," Moran declared. "I'll work the wires tonight. I'll meet you two chaps here at 11:30 tomorrow; we'll go up to that shark's shop, get our money, and you two boys will get your share."

Moran, when he met the two pursuers of easy money next day, drew a telegram from his pocket, saying: "It's all right, boys. I got my friend Judge Kelly on long distance last night and explained the situation. I've just had this wire from him. Read it, Rowe." Rowe complied, reading:

"D. W. MORAN, Atlantic City:

"Continuing our conversation over the phone last night, I have wired to the First National Bank, Atlantic City, fifty thousand credit in your name. I am sorry just at this moment not to be able to send you the full amount, as I have recently invested most of my money in first mortgages and could not convert them for at least thirty days. This Mr. Rowe of whom you spoke over the phone is the son of my most intimate friend. For my sake treat him with your kindest consideration.

"A. J. KELLY."

Hiram scratched his head and wrinkled his brows. He was a business man, and half a loaf was not a whole loaf by any means. He couldn't understand the look of triumphant satisfaction that cast a glamour of good humor over the large plastic face of the Buddha, Moran.

"Seems this is only the half-mile post, Mr. Moran," and he grinned deprecatingly.

"Bosh!" and the capitalist pursed his lips. "We'll go up to the club, show this to Steiner, have him phone the bank, and he'll realize that I'm a man of substance. If I can produce fifty thousand in a few hours he can't figure me as a panhandler, can he? Come on, boys."

At the club they were shown into the little room of tremendous potentiality. Almost immediately the suave Mr. Steiner appeared, a leather bag in his hand—a long bag such as bank messengers use.

Hiram was possessed of a grotesque fancy that the bag was not unlike a dachshund with the legs cut off. He also thought how wondrous like a head waiter Steiner was. There was a dignified deference; it was an absolute atmosphere—his eyes, his face, the fold of his two hands as he clapped the palms together; probably he had been first a waiter, then a croupier, and so on.

Steiner opened the leather bag, and with smooth celerity took from its maw bale after bale of bills, building them into an architectural pile with a sweet manipulation of his fingers that suggested years of tuition in the stacking of ivory chips.

"There, gentlemen," he said, "is your money in full, four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars."

He placed delicately a sheet of paper in front of Moran upon which was typed a complete account of the transaction. A letterhead graced this sheet; lithographed on it was the picture of a race track, grand stand, even a nose-and-nose finish between three horses. The typed matter was the work of an expert accountant. The wager, the odds, the winnings, the note—everything was there.

"Now then, gentlemen," Steiner chirped cheerily, "that is my part of the contract. I've no doubt that your part is also O. K."

Moran, putting on a bold front, said, "Mister Manager, if you call up the First National Bank you will find there a credit of fifty thousand dollars to the account of D. W. Moran."

"Fifty thousand? That wouldn't liquidate the note!"

Moran's eyes, much like the eyes of a tiger, grew red with a sullen smothered anger; but he answered, "No, it wouldn't, if you want your pound of flesh."

Hiram saw the handsome aquiline face of Steiner, that was of the tone of ivory, blanch a little at this thrust that he was akin to the rapacious Jew of Venice; but Moran was saying:

"This is Saturday—but a half banking day—and I think I've done pretty well."

"You have," acquiesced Steiner; "you are undoubtedly a man of means, but no cashier in a bank would cash a check for a hundred thousand dollars drawn on an account that only showed a balance of fifty thousand."

As Steiner talked in suave silky tones he had been placing the bills back in the bag that was so like a dachshund. He turned a key in the strong lock on the bag, saying: "I'll have to turn this money back into the defunct funds of the Consolidated Turf Club. The club would have had to make good for the money we laid off if Mad Hatter had lost."

Clay's eyes had gone wide; his mouth was open. One minute half a million dollars was theirs to divide; the next instant it was in the leather bag and a moratorium had been declared—it was nobody's money.

Moran's heavy face had stiffened into sullen lines, much like the hardening of concrete.

"Look here, Steiner," he bellowed, "give me an extension of time. If you don't I'll pull this damn roof down about your ears. I know you've got 'em fixed here," and Moran's fat finger jerked over his shoulder in the direction of the city; "but if I go to Bayne up in Philly he'll send down a strong-arm squad that'll put you on the blink—get me, Steiner? We're playing table stakes, and I've got to have a show-down for my money. These two honest boys're in this, and they've got to have a square deal—get me?"

Perhaps Steiner felt either the mastery or the plea for decency.

"How much time do you want, Mr. Moran?"

"Till Thursday noon," Moran snapped.

"Betting debts are always settled the next day—that is, when they're made on the finger," Steiner declared; "but I'll call up headquarters and see what they say."

He departed, and with him went the bag so like a dachshund. Presently Steiner returned.

"The president says that I can give you till next Thursday noon to meet this note. You can take this statement of the bet with you."

"It's like this, Mr. Steiner," Moran said as they rose to leave: "These two gentlemen are in on this bet with me, and under no circumstance is this money to be paid out unless the three of us are present. Get it?"

"I understand," Steiner answered.

Back at the hotel Moran said: "My owners have got a big stake coming to them out of this money, and I've got to remit pretty quick or get in wrong with them. I've won, personally, two hundred thousand dollars on that note—that's mine. I've got a credit of fifty thousand dollars now from Judge Kelly. Rowe, if you can help out on this bulk credit business I'll give you two dollars for every dollar of credit you supply. I'm not going to let that man Steiner hook me for two hundred thousand dollars. I can see it all now. I thought he was too damn complacent. If we lost—which he thought we would—he figured it was a certainty for Sir Barton he would've got after me for the amount; he knew my job was worth more than that. And as we've won, he's springing this quick stuff on us, probably meaning to compromise by letting me take down the cash bet and let the other run for Sweeny."

"I've got thirty-five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds locked up in a deposit box in a bank in Worcester," Rowe declared. "I could slip up to Worcester and either sell or use the bonds to establish a credit here of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars."

"If you do that," Moran said, "and I can make up the balance, you can go home Thursday with a profit of fifty thousand dollars."

The big man raked his bald head with his heavy fingers.

"If it wasn't for this cash bet where Ralston's money is tied up I could wire him to send me twenty-five thou—he'd do it

(Continued on Page 112)

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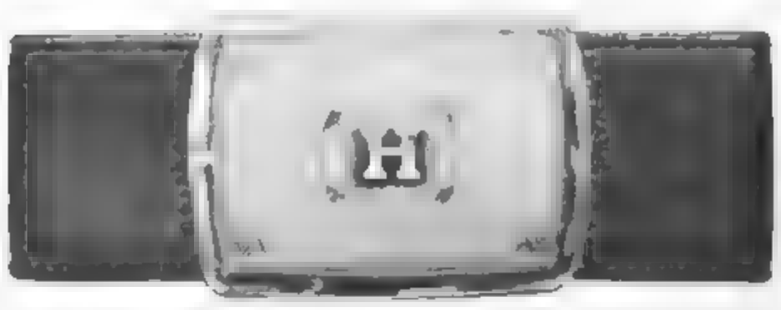

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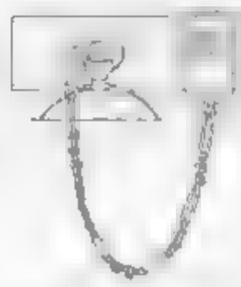

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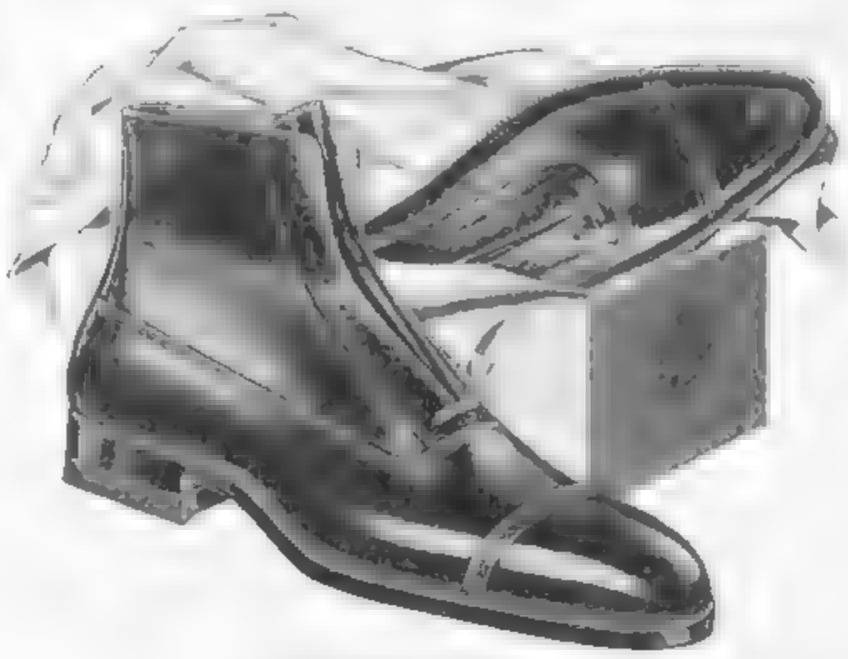

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(Continued from Page 110)

like a shot." He slapped the back of his neck heavily.

"What about you, Clay?" Rowe said in an undertone. "Could you help the old man out? I'd like to finger that fifty thousand dollars, I can tell you."

"Mr. Moran"—Hiram almost jumped at the sound of his own voice; curious these devilish promptings to act impetuously—"Mr. Moran, I fancy I could establish a credit for the remaining twenty-five thousand dollars here in the bank," he said.

Moran held out his big paw; appreciation, gratitude, softened the pugilistic eyes.

"Blood will tell!" he commented. "I knew you was a gentleman soon's I clapped eyes on you. I never made a wrong guess in my life about a man; I know 'em. You two boys can each have fifty thousand dollars out of this pool; that'll leave me with one hundred thousand."

Rowe also shook hands with Hiram, saying softly, "Good boy! Here's where we crucify that cuss. I'm going to jump a train and toddle up to Worcester."

"And I'm going to New York," Clay added. "There I can arrange to have a credit of twenty-five thou sent on from Toronto."

"Remember, gentlemen," Moran interposed, "in telegrams don't mention the word 'bet'; it's illegal; and for 'money,' a thousand dollars, use the word 'car.' If you were sending twenty-five thousand dollars, for instance, you'd best wire, 'Shipping twenty-five cars.'"

Rowe traveled as far as New York with Clay, as it was on his way to Worcester. The essay for wealth had welded them into a brotherhood; Clay was Hiram, and Rowe Dick. Of course they smoked Hiram's fine cigars.

It had come as an inspiration to Clay as he shaved Sunday morning that Ross Roberts, the broker, was the man to help him get twenty-five thousand dollars speedily from Toronto. And as they sat at lunch Hiram was saying to the tall, athletic Roberts, "Ross, my dear boy, I'm in a deal, with a clean-up of several thousands."

"But to pull a man out of bed of a Sunday ——"

"I know, Ross, but I've got to get all set today for action tomorrow. You've got a private wire to your office in Toronto?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got to have twenty-five thou here quick, and I thought I'd get one of my people into your office in Toronto tomorrow, and I'd be in your office here, and that we could do it up right smart. Then he could pay the money in there and you could give me a check here at once—see?"

"Sure, Hiram; I can do all that. What's the deal—or is it under your hat?"

Clay had a habit of rubbing his fingers upward over his chin, his eyes above the finger tips, giving one the impression that they peeped over a hedge. He did this now, and Roberts said, "Listen, Hiram, though I'm a broker, I'm not going to jump in and swamp your deal—keep it to yourself."

There was a tantalizing smile of self-satisfaction on Clay's lips as the hand came down. He was really just dying to tell Roberts of the easy money. He rubbed his palms together and chuckled.

"I took a little flutter in R. H.," he said.

"R. H.? I don't know that stock. What is it—oils?"

"Race horses, Ross," and Hiram nodded complacently.

A look of enlightenment spread over the broker's face.

"I get you, man from the silent places, man from the north; and the deal is still pending?"

"It is, Ross; therefore the private wire."

"Hiram, look me straight in the eye while I read your fortune. You met a couple of Broadway beach combers; they put you on to a good thing; the good thing ran out at the turn or the jock threw the race; but the horse is in a soft spot Tuesday, and you are to bet this twenty-five thousand dollars on him and clean up a million, put the wicked bookies on the hog."

"I suppose," Hiram drawled, "that all the really clever men are in Broad Street and the periwinkles are scattered about country towns like Toronto."

"Not wishing to flatter myself—but have I called the turn?"

"You have not. The horse did not run out, but won four of them, and we won a big wad."

Roberts stared.

"Tell me about it," he said. "What horses?"

"Pitter-Patter ——"

"Pitter-Patter Friday?"

"Yes."

"That's funny! He was in the first race at Pim; I got closed out. Clopton owns him, and Bill Chinn plays in the back yard with Clopton. They slide down old Grimes' cellar door together. When I got back to my office from lunch, Friday, there was a wire on Pitter-Patter from Bill. When I phoned Red Eagan a thousand on Pitter-Patter he wanted to know how I got that way, wanting to bet them after they had won. It was then two o'clock and they went to the post at 1:45."

"What are you talking about, Ross? They didn't go to the post till 2:15. Eagan just didn't want to take your bet."

"Nothing doing, Hiram! They don't refuse sucker money in New York any more; and almost any bet is a sucker bet."

"I know you're wrong, Ross," Hiram asserted.

Ross raised a hand and twiddled his fingers. When the captain of waiters had slipped quietly to the table he said, "Get me a Saturday morning's paper that carries a chart of Friday's races."

"Now, Hiram," he said, as he passed the paper, opened at the sporting page, across the table, "you will see from this that the horses went to the post at Pimlico at 1:45 and were off at 1:46. Now that that little dispute is settled, let's get on with what you were going to tell me."

Roberts stared curiously at Clay. The paper had slid to the floor, and Hiram's fingers were beating a nervous tattoo on the tablecloth; his face was the face of a man far out on the Atlantic with a heavy sea on. He had slumped down in his chair, all the jauntiness gone; the coat that had seemed so well cut hung loose and baggy about his shoulders—it was a bad fit.

"What's the matter, Hiram?" Roberts asked.

There was a curious tangent to Clay's answer. "Have you ever read the Koran?" he asked.

"I have not."

"Well, in it Mohammed is always getting revelations, and I've got one now; I've been stung!"

"Stung—what do you mean? What has this got to do with ——"

"Just this, Ross: We parlayed thousands on four horses, but it was 2:15 when I hit that clubhouse—I looked at my watch. I see it all now. It was a frame-up, and we were running half an hour behind time, betting on horses that had already won."

Then Hiram rapidly related his experiences at the club.

"I get it," Roberts declared. "Steiner would put some mark on that slip of paper carrying the betting odds that would tell Moran which horse had already won, then he would get busy. Did they get any money out of you?"

"No; Moran wouldn't let me bet the six hundred dollars in express checks I had, and I don't understand that."

"I do—it wasn't enough. It's the cleverest game that I've ever heard of. If you'd got your twenty-five thousand dollars down here as security ——"

"But it was to be deposited in the bank as credit," Hiram objected.

Roberts laughed.

"There are only four aces in a pack, but these boys can play five. You'd have had the green-goods shift worked on you; they'd have palmed your money. You're devilish lucky. You don't get your fifty thousand, but you don't lose your twenty-five thousand. The whole thing was a set-up—club and all; not for you alone, but for the daily arrival who is one of the tribe of every-minute birth."

"I fancy you're right, Ross. The Reverend Doctor Gore ——"

"He was the introducer. He must have been a good actor."

"I believe even the clerk that put me at that table was in on it."

"The evidence points that way; but you're devilish lucky."

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 11)

attempt to restore reaction, failed miserably because the unionized workers went on a general strike and paralyzed output and communication. By the same token, communism has been scotched every time its head was lifted. Thus the two political extremes have fared badly.

The political backbone of Germany, therefore, has been the Socialist strength. Until recently the ranks were split. A feud between the Majority Socialists and the Independents had existed since 1915, when the former voted enormous war credits. This friction frustrated the full development of trade-unionism because it prevented the general Socialist body from presenting a solid front. Likewise, it enabled a certain section to fall victims to Soviet rubles and bring about the Spartacus demonstrations which flew the red flag.

All this is now changed. On September twenty-fourth last, at Nuremberg, the Majority Socialists and the Independents buried the hatchet, thereby making the Socialists the dominant party in Germany. It not only puts more than 8,000,000 workers squarely behind the republican government but also gives the Socialists 180 seats in the Reichstag, and consequently a predominant place in the Cabinet.

This welding of the Socialists means a great deal more than a guaranty of the integrity of the republican form of government. First of all, it is a definite setback to communism. Until a few months ago the Soviet Foreign Office has really been located in the old Russian embassy on the Unter den Linden in Berlin. Its function was mainly political, because it was the clearing house for the Moscow gold expended to incite the German proletariat to revolt. Now that the German Socialists are united and have hurled their defy at Moscow, the vicarious Russian Foreign Office is devoting itself exclusively to the manufacture of a capitalistic life-saver for the wrecked Soviet economic hope. Mr. Tchitcherin spends half his time in Berlin, trying to restore relations with alien and exiled corporations which had interests in Russia and were driven out when the red day dawned. The deal with Leslie Urquhart for the restoration of the rights of the Asiatic Development Company was concluded just before I reached Germany. All the negotiations took place in Berlin.

In the second place, since the Independent Socialists came into existence to combat the German militarists, it seems safe to assume that the Ludendorff faction, which is almost the sole remaining militaristic group, will have to postpone indefinitely the struggle for monarchial restoration. It would be absurd to say that all hope of the German monarchists has fled.

Royalist Movements

As an American, long resident in Berlin, put it to me: "Sometime within the next five or ten years there may be another and final effort to establish a constitutional monarchy, but it will only be done to get the idea finally out of the militaristic system."

There is still a Crown Prince Party, a Son of the Crown Prince Party, and a Ruprecht of Bavaria Party in Germany. Their numbers, however, are trifling compared with the strength of the Socialists. Pride rather than power keeps them alive. Incidentally, it is worth adding that when Mr. William Hohenzollern announced his intention to marry a second time he killed the last remote chance he had to come back.

Monarchy's one best bet lies with Bavaria, which is still a hotbed of royalist hopes and the center of a strong agitation for union with Austria and a separation from the republican government of which Berlin is the head. The Bavarian monarchists have organized a political party with the frank aim of restoring the Wittelsbach dynasty, which is the ancient and hereditary royal house of Bavaria, and which contributed three kings and many margraves to old Germany. Bavaria, like every other section of Germany, is a paradox, because it has also been the hub of a fierce and bloodthirsty communistic faction. Until recently the Munich communists had the best organized and most efficient murder gangs to be found anywhere.

Thirdly, having brought about the socialization of industry and introduced the eight-hour day, the Socialists are now in a better position than ever before to realize whatever additional social ideals they may have. It is doubtful if they will go to the extreme of taking over the machinery of production. Already—through factory councils—the conduct of plants has been taken out of the hands of the owners. Most of the German toilers with whom I talked prefer to work for Stinnes, Thyssen or any of the other big industrialists and let them worry about orders and raw materials. State supervision of output also carries with it the menace of unemployment, and the Socialists do not want to take a chance on that.

The labor element has proved its strength on more than one occasion. Not only did it put the Kapp Putch completely out of business but when Rathenau was killed it ordered a twenty-four-hour cessation of all work as a rebuke to the reactionaries who instigated the deed. Moreover, it is no secret that if the French had invaded the Ruhr a general strike would have been called. Hence it is obvious that, whatever fate may befall the mark and the markers, the German Republic, as such, is likely to continue.

The Real Barometer

From politics to the people is a logical step. We now reach the real barometer of Germany, because, when all is said and done, the fate of a nation lies in the hands of its populace. What are the great mass of Germans thinking about, and how do they view the future? When I asked a certain eminent Berlin publicist these two questions his reply was.

"The German people are not thinking. If they did indulge in the luxury of thinking they would go mad. For more than a year they have been told that matters could not possibly become worse, yet they have grown worse. The great middle class of salaried people, composed of officials, clerks, salesmen, pensioners and others of the same kind, are in a state of desperation that has made them immune to further anxiety. Many members of formerly well-to-do families have sold all their belongings and are merely drifting toward an uncertain fate."

This man really summed up the situation so far as the salaried class is concerned. Not even in Vienna have I witnessed such despair as exists in the big cities of Germany among the people with fixed incomes. The factory worker, for example, has a union to fight his battles for wage increase and better working conditions. The stenographer, the bank clerk, the public official and the pensioner have no such mattress to fall upon. They are single and isolated targets for the ravenous advance in every living cost. Even where, under municipal decree, their wages are increased according to the index figure, the advance is not sufficient to bridge the ever-widening gap between income and the cost of existence. As has happened elsewhere, the rich have become poor and the poor rich.

In the next article I shall try to tell the whole story of the human and economic aspects of the mark collapse, and shall only deal here with those phases which fit into the general survey of Germany and give some picture of the state of the people.

Take, for example, the all-important item of coal. Where formerly Germany had the largest coal reserves of Europe and was able to export some 35,000,000 tons of it each year, she is now required to import 1,500,000 tons every month. The result is that the price of fuel is already prohibitive and getting worse all the time. In less than twelve months bituminous coal has increased from 1500 to 5500 marks a ton; anthracite from 1500 to 6800 marks a ton; while coke has advanced from 2230 to 7200 marks a ton. Briquettes, which sold at 2300 marks a ton in August, 1921, brought 6200 marks this year. While I was in Berlin the first chilly spell sent the retail price soaring. Coal is no longer sold by the ton to the small consumer. It is so valuable that it is reckoned in terms of pieces. On September twenty-fifth the rate was 400 marks for fifty small lumps.

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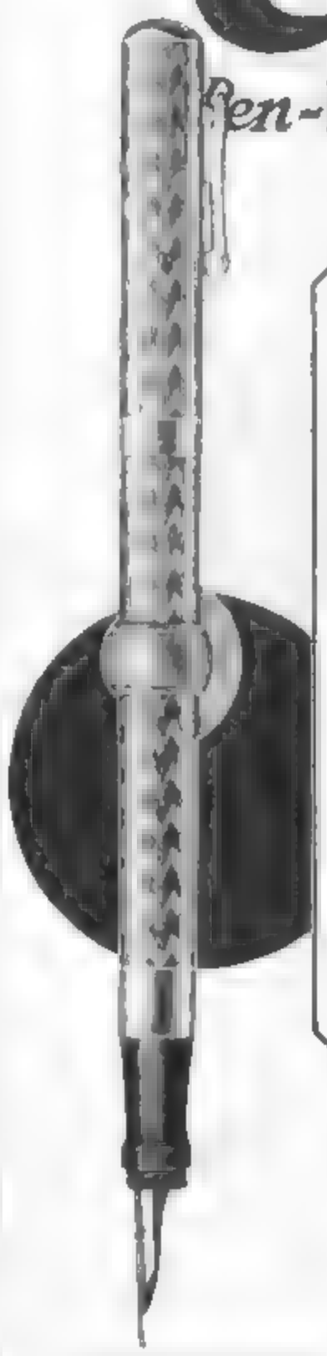

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Germany faces a fuelless winter, with all the attendant hardships. The plight of apartment-house dwellers in Berlin will illustrate what the people are up against. Berlin has become a city of flat dwellers. Last winter was comparatively mild and the mark had not entirely collapsed. A little heat was therefore available for tenants. This year, however, the outlook is bleak. After a careful investigation I was unable to discover a single apartment house in Berlin whose owner had laid in a supply of coal.

The usual procedure now is something like this: The landlord calls a meeting of his tenants and tells them that on account of the high price of coal and the likelihood of a further increase it is impossible for him to provide steam. He invites the victims, therefore, to pool their funds and buy coal for their own comfort. Since many of the individuals who reside in apartments live on salaries, they will probably have to spend most of their time at home this winter, in bed. A merciful dispensation is that every well-appointed German downy couch is literally one, for it is equipped with at least two feather beds.

A member of the American official family in Berlin had the following experience: He lives in a sixteen-apartment house. When the first chill blasts of autumn began to nip he went to the landlord and asked if there would be steam. He got the usual reply, that on account of the high price of coal there would be no heat this winter, but that he could have steam if he bought the coal. A new baby had recently arrived in his family, so it was important to have the house warm. At this juncture his fifteen fellow tenants, realizing that the American was paid his salary in dollars, called on him in a body and asked him to lend them the money with which to buy coal. In self-defense he advanced 120,000 marks, which was only sufficient to buy a month's supply. Such was the situation when I left.

The same thing is true of most office buildings. I called on the correspondent of a well-known American newspaper, who has two rooms in a building on the Jaegerstrasse in Berlin. Although it was only September, he wore his overcoat and was shivering. I asked him why he did not have some steam, whereupon he said, "There is not a pound of coal in this building, and whatever heat I have this winter I will have to generate out of my own body, or buy the coal."

The one slight antidote to this winter of shivers is that the rent hog is still held in abeyance. One of the few statutes rigidly enforced prevents the landlord from profiteering. In the first year after the Armistice there was a slight increase in rents. This increase held good until last summer, when another trivial advance was permitted.

The Housing Shortage

Though everybody ordinarily sympathizes with the tenant, it must be said that the German landlord is up against it hard. Not only is he prevented from getting an increased income in proportion to the fall of the mark but he is unable to keep his property in anything like decent repair, owing to the high cost of building material. More than one apartment-house owner has simply turned his establishment over to the tenants.

Like the rest of Europe, Germany has a serious housing shortage. Since the beginning of the war very little building has been done both in town and country. Owing to the increase of population because of the influx of foreigners, especially Russians, there has been much overcrowding; and by reason of rent control and the exploitation of the unhappy landlord the average German now only spends about 2 per cent of his total expenditure for rent, as compared to about 18 per cent before the war. The surplus, however, is absorbed by the relatively greater increases in other items of the family budget. Even before the war the German worker laid less stress on housing than on his food standards, and the average flat of this type of individual consisted of one room and a kitchen. Today the demand for apartments all over Germany so exceeds the supply that in many cases two workers' families are forced to share a flat. Last winter only one room was heated. It is doubtful if even this can be duplicated during the next three months.

The discrepancy between rent and the new price of coal is striking. It also discloses another one of the many vagaries in German domestic life. A business man in Berlin told me that although he paid only 20,000 marks a year for rent, his coal bill for this winter aggregated 50,000 marks. Needless to say, he lives in an apartment house with steam-heating equipment and has been compelled to install stoves and provide his own fuel. This man can afford to have heat, but there are millions who are compelled to scratch hard to get food and clothing. For them the winter will be such a continuous horror that what little patriotism remains will be wholly congealed.

Coal constitutes only one item in the German schedule of trouble. Our old friend the high cost of living is a companion terror. The average price of commodities in August was exactly 289 times the prewar figures. Food was 292 times more expensive, textiles 364 times; mineral products, including coal, 426 times. Industrial products were only 194 times more expensive. This is due, however, to the cheap labor in Germany. Look at the other side of the picture and you find that, despite the constant increases due to the fall of the mark, wages are only from sixty to 100 times more than before the war.

These figures really do not tell the whole story. The German mark is so depreciated that it is less valuable than a cigar-store coupon. One article of food will serve to show the almost complete upset in conditions. Before the war sugar was cheap, because Germany was a great sugar-producing country. Today it is almost as scarce as coal. There are two interesting reasons. One is that immense sugar-beet areas were converted into potato fields during the war and are still growing this necessary edible. The other is that the bulk of the sugar produced is exported to countries like Sweden, Holland and Switzerland, which pay for it in good money. To add to the severity of natural conditions, the German crops this year, with the exception of potatoes, are all under par. This is especially true of grain, which is exactly 20 per cent below the yield of 1921.

The Hole in the West

So acute is the food situation that when I left Germany late in September a scheme of rationing, which would put Germany back on a war basis, was being considered. In Berlin I heard serious talk of reviving the Zentral Einkauf Gesellschaft, which means Central Purchasing Company, and which was more commonly known during the war as the Z. E. G. This organization was formed in 1915 at the instigation of the labor unions to prevent profiteering in food. It not only established a rigid censorship of imports of luxuries, like chocolate and cocoa, but drastically supervised the price and distribution of flour, milk, butter, wheat, lard, fats and oils. There was a good deal of what the Germans call *Schleichhandel*, which means smuggling, and the *Schieber*—that is, the profiteers—reaped a rich harvest, although they took long chances.

Though nearly everybody in Germany believes that the Z. E. G. is essential to anything like a bare living condition this winter, officials maintain that it will be well-high impossible to operate it successfully. During the war it was easy to clamp the lid down on imports and exports, because Germany had a continuous and closely guarded frontier. The integrity of that border line is now badly broken, because in the south and west are Armies of Occupation. Germany's armed forces only number 100,000 men, who are mainly employed for police duty. It is a notorious fact that what is called the Hole in the West—the occupied area—is a hotbed for smuggling of luxuries. Another breach in the customs wall now exists on the Polish and Silesian frontiers. In the end, Germany will probably have to follow Italy's recent ruling and go back to war bread. Thus, four years after the Armistice, one phase of the great struggle still obtains. It is an illuminating commentary on European progress.

The natural effect of all this hardship is that Germany, for the first time in thirty years, has a diminishing birth rate. For the whole republic the rate has fallen from twenty-nine to 25.6 per 1000, while the death rate has risen. Before the war Germany recouped her population each year by approximately 900,000 births. During the past twelve months the number was 660,000. In Berlin alone the surplus of deaths over births during the six months

(Continued on Page 117)

Are You the Ten-pin or the Ball?

WHEN a championship contest is impending, the athlete who trains spasmodically, or who refuses to train at all, is regarded by his team-mates with contempt. His self-indulgence is never a subject for joking—it is nothing short of treachery.

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To overcome the obstacles that every man must face who hopes to attain executive responsibility requires earnestness of purpose; and beyond a doubt the unusual success of LaSalle-trained men is due, in considerable measure, to the inherent pluck and determination which gave them the urge to make the start.

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THE Dort Six has been received with such whole-hearted enthusiasm everywhere that the public response to this remarkable new car can be interpreted as nothing less than national approval. Everywhere there is the same unanimous praise and admiration for its graceful new body lines and powerful new motor and the same prevailing opinion that Dort *has* cut straight through accepted values and established an entirely new standard for six-cylinder motor cars.

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DORT SIX HARVARD SEDAN, $1495
(Spare tire extra)

QUALITY GOES CLEAR THROUGH

(Continued from Page 114)

ending August thirty-first was nearly 40 per cent. Experts maintain that this decline is due to the impoverishment of the middle classes, on whom the burden of mark depreciation has fallen.

Now we come to an astonishing inconsistency, and one of the many paradoxes of Germany. With the currency shot to pieces, and with poverty stalking about, there is practically no unemployment. On September fifteenth the number of unemployed was exactly 11,000, which means that in a country of 60,000,000 everybody is at work.

Like everything else in the Teutonic republic, this unemployment merely represents another phase of inflation. It is almost entirely due to the strenuous efforts made by the government to minimize idleness. This is largely done through a subsidized industry. In addition, many industries are maintaining larger staffs than would be required were there no governmental restrictions. An industrial depression might render it easier to procure laborers, but the German skilled-labor shortage which now exists is bound to continue for some time to come, because the apprentice system practically collapsed during the war and has been dislocated ever since. At the present time untrained boys are employed to do the work of trained mechanics, and the effects are being observed in the German output.

Under such provocations as I have just described—for 100 per cent employment in Germany does not necessarily mean an adequate income for every worker—the questions arise, How long can this go on? and Will there be a revolt?

No one need be told that from time immemorial the empty stomach is the inciter of revolution. It also had as much to do with the ending of the Great War as the combined Allied offensive, because Germany broke down on the home front before she collapsed on the fighting line. Prophecy is always a dangerous business, but my observation leads me to believe that, although Germany is bound to have sporadic bread riots throughout the winter, there is little likelihood of any organized revolution.

Germany's Business Bubble

A revolution requires both leader and organization, and neither of these institutions now exists. The Socialists are satisfied with their control of industry, and further realize that little can be gained through bloodshed. Behind this effective preventative is the larger fact that the rank and file of Germans today are so apathetic and depressed that it is doubtful if they can be prodded into action.

Turn to German industry and you also find it dogged by the Nemesis of inflation. Ever since the industrial boom which began at the end of 1919 I have repeatedly maintained in articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that the bulk of German business was a bubble. Although it has reached tremendous volume, it is based on a fundamentally uneconomic principle. That principle is an abnormally low overhead cost, due to the collapse of the mark. The low mark is an undeniable asset for the German manufacturer, and that is why the big industrialists do not view stabilization with optimistic emotions. They have sold goods in China, Japan, South America and elsewhere in terms of foreign money, and they have kept that money out of Germany instead of bringing it back home and using it for a sound, legitimate and permanent expansion.

During the past eight months I have been around the world, and, though I have seen German goods everywhere, especially in the Orient, I have almost invariably discovered that they were sold under cost, merely to break into the market. Here you have an additional economically unsound feature which cannot continue indefinitely. With a stabilized mark Germany will be in a sharp and equal competition with the rest of the world.

Then, too, German output is under normal because of an almost inflexible eight-hour day. Coupled with this is the diminished capacity for labor of the worker, due in many cases to malnutrition and general indifference. The one hope of German industry lies in overtime in every factory. Incidentally it is the only way that the reparations can be paid. Hugo Stinnes is already grappling with this situation, as was disclosed in my interview with him.

While the average German wrestles with vicissitude as a result of the mark smash, the big employer capitalizes it to the fullest extent. There are two separate and distinct values for the mark. One is the internal purchasing power, whether for material or labor at home, and upon which manufacturing costs in Germany depend. The other is the exchange value of the mark abroad. Whenever the mark shows even temporary stability the tendency of these two values is to approach each other. This eliminates the export advantage.

The fact that these two mark values have spread far apart is largely due to the direct and indirect subsidies which the German Government gives to industry. These subsidies cannot go on, and the time will inevitably arrive when production will be on its own and a costly readjustment must ensue. Despite the incessant artificial bolstering up of business and traffic, the German balance sheet is cluttered up with deficits. The railway deficit for the financial year ending March, 1922, was estimated to be 35,000,000,000 marks; the postal-and-telegraph deficit for the same period was 5,000,000,000 marks; while the shortage on account of the grain subsidy was nearly 10,000,000,000 marks. With the exception of bread, the government has long ceased to subsidize food products. In the effort to put the railroads and other means of communication on a self-sustaining basis, freight rates have been increased until they are now at sixty-five times their prewar level. Germany is approaching the same dilemma that now confronts Japan, where too much government support brought the country to the verge of a panic. It is the usual result of purely artificial values.

Industrial Handicaps

There are many German manufacturers who seriously believe that a real panic—not the hysterical flurry such as obtains every time the mark collapses—would clear the air and, despite the cost, bring about something like the much-needed deflation. They maintain that though the low mark is good business for the industrialist, it is a hardship for the merchant who must revise his stock prices every day, so wild is the fluctuation in currency values.

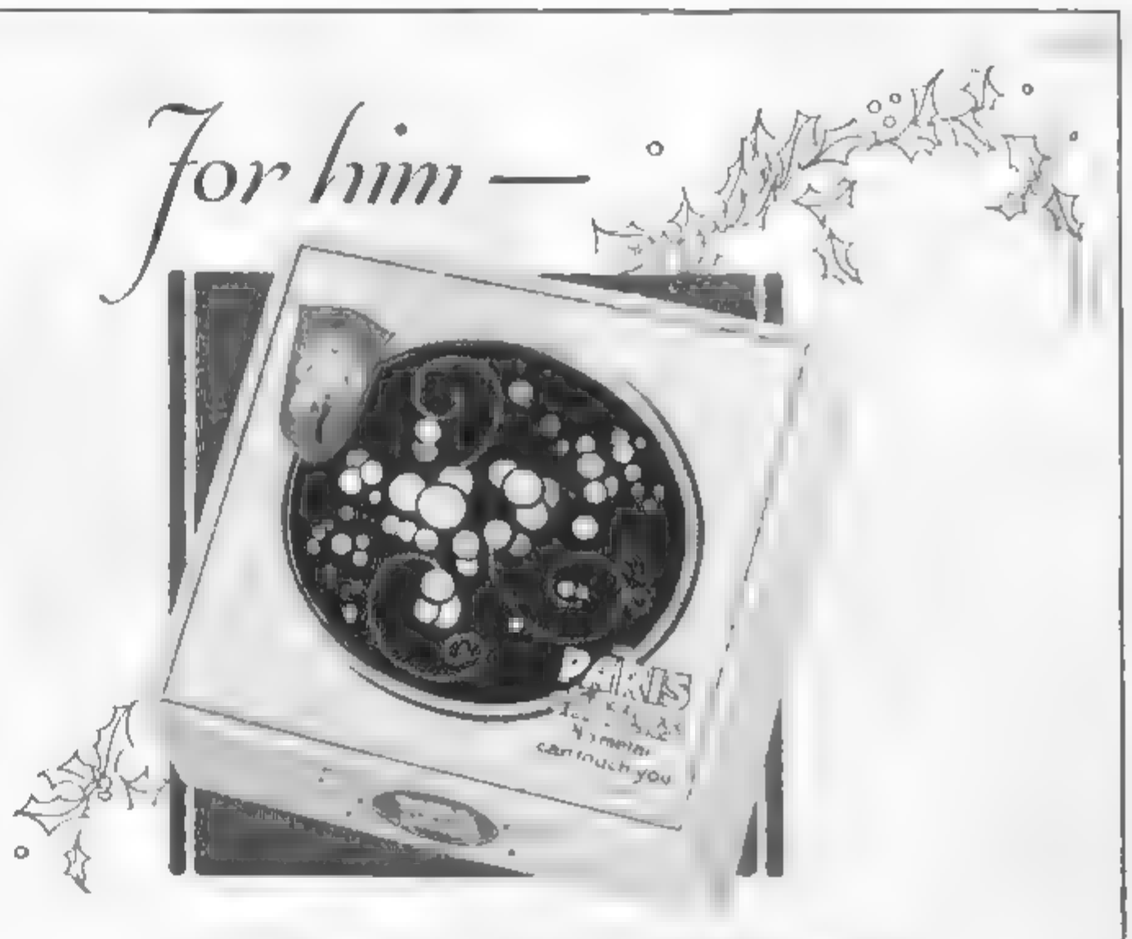
A striking light is thrown upon the effects of the mark plunging by the bankruptcy records. During 1921 the number of failures was 2975, which was exactly double the number for the preceding year. The casualty roll for 1922 has not been prepared, but it will not be pleasant reading.

Viewing German industry as a whole, you find that it is 60 per cent normal. In iron-and-steel production it has reached 65 per cent of the prewar amount. The German textile industry is operating 8,000,000 spindles out of an approximate capacity of 9,500,000. These two activities are typical of what is going on everywhere. The obstacles to output are shortage of raw material, fuel and skilled labor.

Still another handicap to industrial development requires a paragraph all to itself. I refer to the shrinkage of credit. While I was in Berlin the Reichsbank discount rate was shoved up to 8 per cent. This, however, is not an index to the real situation. Money is not only tight but private loans bring all the way from 20 to 50 per cent interest. Since my return from Europe a New York international banker told me that a well-known German firm had offered his house 85 per cent interest on a short-term loan! There are, of course, various reasons for these high interest rates. One is that the mark fluctuates so rapidly that banks are almost unable to keep books. Another grows out of the fact that banking capital has not been increased in proportion to the expanded volume of marks.

In spite of the many advantages that the German manufacturer has when he enjoys the full benefit of the low mark, German export has not grown correspondingly. It is estimated that during 1921 Germany exported only approximately 40 per cent of the total registered in 1913. This year it shows some improvement. These figures, of course, do not include shipments of coal and the immense amounts of fuel, building material, dyes and machinery sent to France and Belgium as reparations in kind.

This matter of exports brings to mind a significant check to sound industrial expansion. It is the failure to capitalize the



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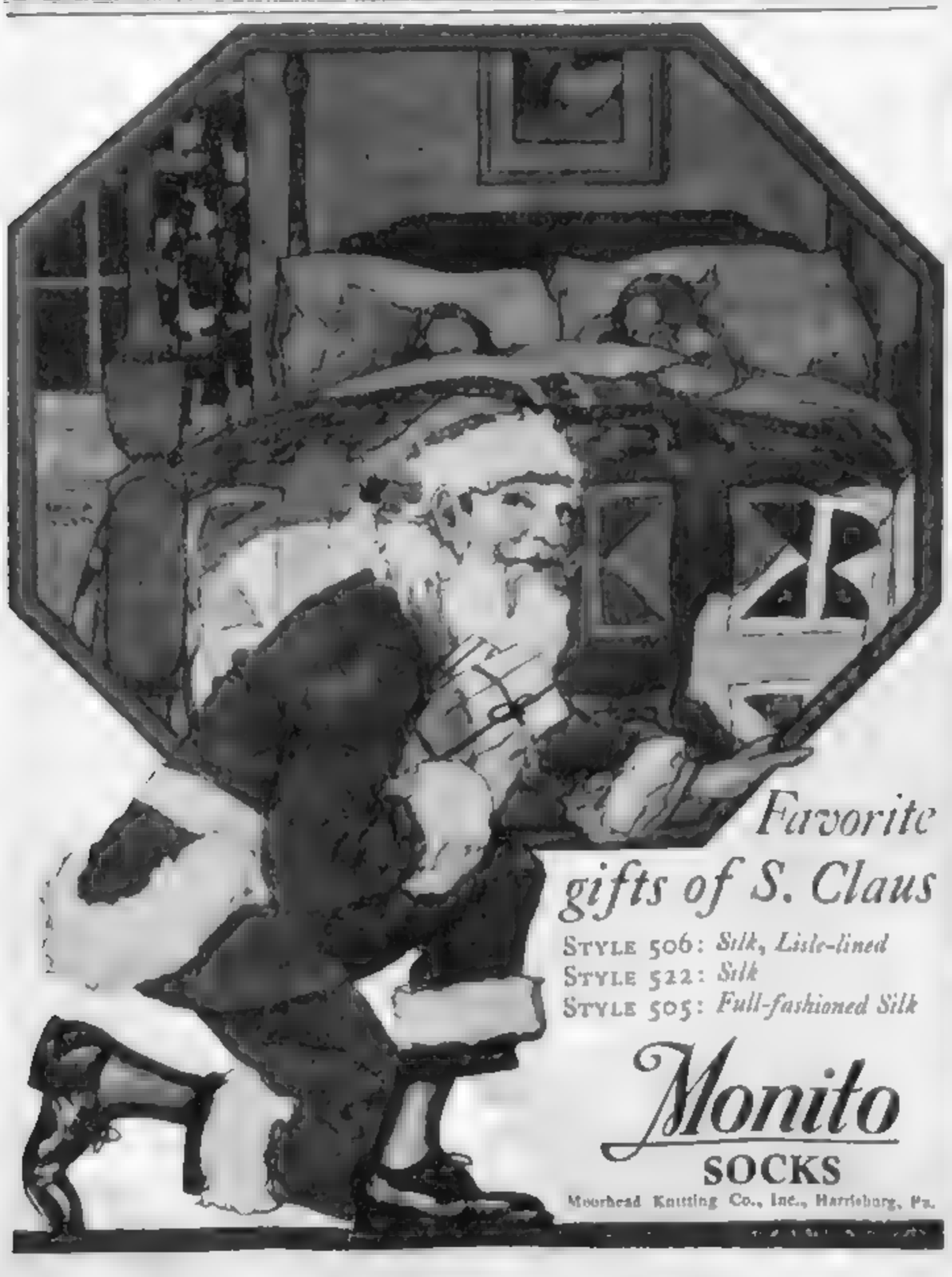

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opportunity in Russia, and has resulted from a lack of working capital. A year ago every industrialist with whom I talked based his optimism on the certainty that Germany would be the economic regenerator of the vast Slav domain. This year it was a painful subject.

Wherever you turn in trade you find the process of inflation going at full tilt. Considerable capital has been made by superficial observers of the immense turnover of internal business. No one can deny that the gross volume is immense, but the real reason for it is that people buy recklessly because they attach no value to the currency and want to get rid of it. Such an attitude aims at the very root of the thrift idea.

In the attempt to conserve industry the German Government has established a rigid control of foreign trade through a system of import-and-export licenses. Save for food, fodder and raw materials, every article brought into the country is subject to license, which is granted when the article is indispensable to industry and can only be obtained abroad. The machinery is nominally under the supervision of the Ministry of Economics, but any question of importance must go to the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Finance and the Economic Council. The latter body is composed of leading industrialists. This means that the importation, let us say, of American typewriters into Germany is passed upon by German typewriter manufacturers. Now you can see why our exports to Germany have not realized expectations.

These drastic restrictions have lately been applied to exports as well. The enthusiastic Americans who flocked to Germany last summer, expecting to buy out the whole country with cheap marks bought with dollars, got a rude jolt when they discovered that no article of value can be taken out of Germany without a license and that these licenses were not always available.

In connection with the restriction of imports into Germany is an amusing story. The German agent for an American manufacturer of false teeth made an application to the Government Commission for Import and Export Permits to bring in 5,000,000 false teeth. In support of the request he showed letters from several hundred German dentists who were clamoring for the American article. Despite these impressive documents in evidence, the import license was refused, whereupon the agent had to resort to a previous system of smuggling the teeth in through the occupied area. They were shipped to Düsseldorf, and then packed in suitcases and taken across the border. The German customs control is more or less of a joke—nearly every official has his price—and the long-suffering German mouths eventually received their full quota of American molars

Amid all the confusion that I have described, it is fortunate for the United States that her ambassador to Germany, Alanson B. Houghton, happens to be endowed with poise and good sense. A business man of long and successful experience and a former member of Congress, he has brought to a difficult post the qualities of tact and discretion that were highly needed.

In the last analysis all conjecture about the German future must get back to reparations. Much of the mark disintegration and a considerable part of the general depression are due to it. So long as the bugbear of a 132,000,000,000-mark payment looms before them they will be indifferent to their fate. Once the capacity to pay is fixed, there seems no doubt but that something like stability will begin. That capacity to pay, as a famous European economist put it to me, "lies somewhere between one and 132,000,000,000 marks." More than one well-informed person believes that it is about 60,000,000,000 gold marks.

The Stinnes-Lubursac agreement for reparation in kind has pointed the way to the one constructive solution of the muddle which has paralyzed European initiative since the Armistice. If this process is permitted to supersede the disturbing cash payments, all that Germany needs to put her house in order is an international loan or a long moratorium, which will enable her to balance her budget.

On the other hand, if the periodical crises over cash payments persist, the mark will continue to march towards zero. No one, however, expects such a contingency. Behind all the doubt and despair you have that ultimate and unshakable bulwark of any nation which is embodied in its sober, trained and industrious folk. Their stake in the future is too great to admit of complete and impotent surrender to circumstance Moreover, the necessity for stabilization in France will probably dictate acquiescence to a reparation policy more in accord with legitimate capacity and production than with revenge. It is not a question of emotion or sympathy but of plain, everyday self-preservation.

The present situation, however, is one of utter demoralization. The fundamental difference between good and bad times is merely the difference between extravagance and saving. If the German people ceased buying luxuries and saved their money, Germany would easily be able to pay a reasonable indemnity in gold, as luxuries are purchased outside of the country in gold. At the moment, however, no German saves, as he fears that his money will be of constantly diminishing value. Therefore he employs it on articles that he could well dispense with. It is merely part of the national hysteria

To recapitulate, conditions in Germany will probably become worse before they are better; but the situation, though desperate, is not hopeless.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Germany The next will be devoted to the mark

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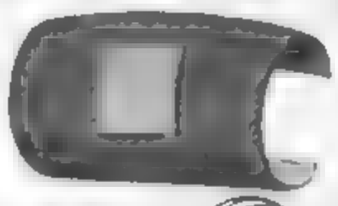

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TAKING ORGY OUT OF ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page 20)

True understanding of cost figures has wrought wonders, why not organize and endow a cost-research foundation? Why not an association to promote export trade, another to take care of legislation, another to work for adequate tariff protection?

The get-together spirit is heady stuff. One drink invites another. Eventually that industry will be so thoroughly organized with interlocking associations that its leading men are busy at least one day a week with organization activities, and thousands of dollars are spent for dues, expenses, assessments, subscriptions, endowments.

But there is a morning after eventually. Organization inflates in good times, like everything else, and deflates in bad. In cutting down expenses, big business concerns chop off organization dues as an item in retrenchment, while smaller concerns drop out because they haven't the money to pay them. In prosperity, everybody goes along with the crowd, feeling that organization is a good thing for the industry generally, and dues come to headquarters as a matter of routine. In depression, members check up last year's contributions against the tangible things the organization has done for them.

One of the difficulties in running an association is to make the individual member feel that he is getting something for his money. His hundred dollars a year may be bringing him indirect benefits, such as the promotion of desired legislation. But he wants something that he can hold in his hand. Therefore, the associations and foundations try to give it to him. They publish bulletins, make reports and offer him technical information, urge him to make himself at home in their offices when he comes to Chicago, New York, Washington. When times are hard he cannot remember one specific thing the association did for him last year, and therefore sends his resignation instead of a check.

Vast Sums Frittered Away

Deflation is as good for organization as anything else. Revenue shrinks, activities are abandoned, staffs of investigators, experts and compilers are cut down, some organizations go out of existence. Then big men in each industry and trade who realize the value of organization and team work rally to separate and save the necessary from the unnecessary.

Enter the red-headed Westerner.

"First thing we did," says that gentleman, "was to take an inventory of organization. Every branch of our industry had its association, and every section of the country. Nearly every association had a big program of activities. Each activity was on the program of maybe half a dozen other organizations—and probably being neglected at that. The inventory showed us what was being done, what neglected, what ought to be done and what was unnecessary. Then we assigned each association a few definite things to do; in some cases only one. That stopped the scattered work on a multitude of things. Next year we will take another inventory to find out what has actually been accomplished. If a certain organization fails to show progress on its assigned job, that job will be handed to another organization that is delivering the goods. It won't take more than a couple of years to find out which organizations are necessary and which unnecessary. Then the latter can be merged with live ones, or will simply die for lack of support."

The difference between the necessary and unnecessary organization is very simple. One has definite work cut out, and is doing it. It was probably formed in an emergency. Old Man Trouble came along and dumped a problem in the industry's front yard—a problem of prices, costs, transportation rates, competition, legislation, taxation, wages or what not—a real live, threatening emergency that had to be tackled to prevent injury to everybody. So everybody got together to deal with that emergency, and the organization is effective because its members are busy on the job themselves.

The unnecessary organization, on the other hand, is often formed just to have an organization.

"See what their association has done for those fellows!" says the professional organizer to people in some unorganized line of business, and forms an association which may be kept going by a few paid officials chiefly for their own benefit.

Then a big man in business will often have his pet organization run by henchmen, just as his wife has her pet charity, to express his beliefs, promote his policies or for personal publicity. Again, the effective organization, solving its problem and with no other job in sight, may have run to seed. Or the effective organization grows so big that it is unwieldy.

Last summer, sitting on the sand at the ocean resort where his industry held its biggest convention, the red-headed Westerner made some interesting estimates. There were nearly 5000 men attending that convention. Their salaries were figured at only $300 a month, ten dollars a day, though any number of them are paid $15,000 to $50,000 a year. Their time going to the convention, attending its meetings and going home was figured in with railroad fares and hotel expenses. At the very moderate estimate of $300 as each delegate's expenses and salary, that convention cost $1,500,000, not counting direct expenses, such as hall rentals, entertainment, printing and the like.

Unwieldy Conventions

"Take your association's budget as direct expense," he says. "This particular association has $500,000 a year in dues and assessments. Multiply that by ten and you will have the lowest real cost of your association. Business concerns pay the other nine-tenths in salaries and expenses. If they got the whole thing in a bill from the association they'd begin to think about cutting down the high cost of organization."

It is the convention and the committee that make organization expensive. They are both very popular in the business world, because they mean junkets for the delegate and committeeman, and the boss pays the bills. The convention must be taken back to the town-meeting idea and the committee reformed out of existence.

Not long ago 10,000 business men attended a convention in New York City. There is no assembling place in New York large enough to hold that many people; and if there were, a speaker could not be heard by them without loud-speaking telephone equipment. More than one student of the high cost of organization remarked the coincidence that this particular meeting fell in the same week that the championship baseball games began.

"But these big conventions are split up into sections that hold separate meetings and discuss different interests," protests the believer in organization.

"Then why hold them all together in the same place at the same time?" argues the red-headed Westerner.

The big convention separates those who attend it instead of bringing them together. It is so big that the average man cannot be heard. Only speakers of national and international reputation get the floor. The average man is overlooked, stepped on, squelched and has no opportunity to make his views known. The sectional meetings might be held nearer home and oftener, at moderate expense in time and travel, and the national convention could be held once in five years. With such a set-up, an association could work out a five-year program instead of holding a monster yearly circus. The average man would not only be heard but have more opportunities to get acquainted, which is, after all, the purpose of organization and the big value of getting together. It often happens that men living in the same town meet each other for the first time at a big convention. Far from proving that big conventions are beneficial, this shows that something is wrong with local organization.

Up in Canada a railroad company is building a convention hall. It will cost $3,000,000 but hold only 300 people. That is about the right number for an executive working convention. The trend of the times is toward gatherings of about that size, or smaller. The hall has been cut to fit the ideal convention—and, of course,

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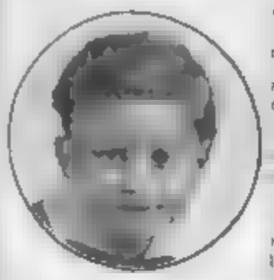

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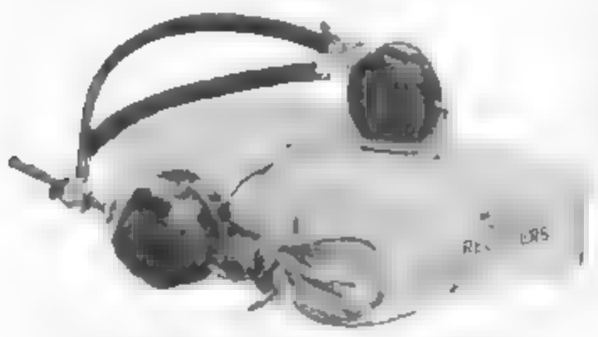

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there are also a great many more moderate-size conventions than overgrown ones. Quite apart from the expense of big meetings, business men who value organization are becoming dissatisfied with monster conventions. To give them interest and boost the attendance, more and more circus attractions seem to be necessary, and the more circus the less real convening. If the average delegate goes to participate he is usually lost in the shuffle. So he goes to have a good time, with the outcome that for each delegate attending the sessions or doing committee work there may be ten or twenty seeing the sights.

Smaller meetings, nearer home, oftener, and with well-planned programs, are beginning to replace the big costly convention. The program is especially important. Where several hundred delegates simply get together in a hall they talk at random, bring up irrelevant questions, raise objections, pick proposals to pieces, demonstrate that things cannot be done.

A story is told of E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill. Mr. Harriman's organization had designed a standard box car. He generously offered the plans to Mr. Hill as a gift. To his astonishment, Hill refused the present. Harriman was indignant until Hill told him why.

"Your standard car," he said, "was designed by master mechanics in conference. Each man had his pet axle, journal, draft gear or brake. So your car is a composite of master mechanics' hobbies, not a truly standardized car evolved to meet conditions. I've got a standard box car that weighs 1500 pounds less than yours, costs less to build and saves enough on operating expense to pay interest on the investment. But you bet it wasn't designed in a conference!"

A three-day convention is in session about 1000 minutes, all told. Figure in salaries, railroad fare, hotel bills and other indirect expenses, and it costs at least $300 a minute for every 1000 delegates. Some blockhead cannot understand a point that is perfectly plain to everybody else—it costs six or seven hundred dollars to explain and get him seated again, satisfied. Another delegate makes a motion or proposal that is out of order—at expense of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars in time. Two delegates develop personal animosity for each other on sight, and during a three-day convention their clashes may cost anywhere from $5000 to $10,000.

When Every Minute Counts

A new type of convention that gets results has begun to attract attention. A corporation calls a convention of its sales people, branch managers or dealers who handle its product. The company pays all expenses, knows what that gathering is going to cost per minute and arranges beforehand to make every minute count.

It runs on a time-table. The program is laid out to cover definite subjects and accomplish definite things. Speakers are assigned subjects and required to write out their speeches or papers in advance. The chairman knows virtually every word that is to be said at the sessions. No time is allowed for discussion or questions, which eliminates hairsplitting and dunderheaded debate. Discussion takes place outside in the lobby after the session is over; or if a little of it is desirable, the chairman assigns in advance certain points to men able to bring out the essentials. That sort of convention gets somewhere and is worth what it costs, because it is constructive, educational, inspiring.

There may be a little circus in it too. Lately, such an intercorporation convention is frequently enlivened by the staging of a play that emphasizes outstanding points in salesmanship, merchandising, public relations, and the like. Last year the general sales manager of an Eastern corporation wrote a three-act sales play, had it staged by professional actors and played at regular theaters in New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Vancouver, so sales people and merchants from territory roundabout could come and see it—an ingenious application of the sectional-meeting idea.

The red-headed Westerner is working on a scheme that ought to eliminate most of the useless discussion and waste motion in conventions. People do not know what is proper business for a convention and what isn't. So he is making a chart by which any question arising in his own industry can be classified.

First, there are a lot of questions purely individual, for personal decision. What sort of necktie a man wears is nobody's business but his own, and it would be foolish to bring such a problem before a board of directors deciding company problems. Yet questions just about as personal in character are brought before boards of directors every day, and conventions too. Next come matters that cannot be decided by an individual. Where shall the company locate a factory or branch office? These must be settled by all the individuals having authority in a single business concern. Still other questions pass beyond that stage and must be settled by groups of business concerns in the same line—retail questions by the retailers and factory questions by the manufacturers. The retailers, manufacturers and other groups in turn must get together to pass upon still other questions that affect their whole industry. When this chart is finished it will be possible to lay upon it almost any problem raised in a convention or committee and decide who ought to discuss and settle it an individual, a board of directors, the retailers' or manufacturers' organizations, or the local or national association.

Junketing Committees

Committees eat up more money than conventions. There are more of them. They meet oftener and are constantly nibbling at the money bags, where the convention makes one huge meal every year. The expense is even more thoroughly concealed. For after appointing half a dozen members to deal with some particular question the association lets them pay their own expenses, or the railroad and hotel bills are paid by their employers. Committee work is popular because meetings can be called almost any time and anywhere. If Jones, Brown and Smith, belonging to a committee, decide that they need a trip, what is easier than calling a committee meeting at Hot Springs? If they want to drop down to New York and see a big football game or boat race at the Old Man's expense, the committee meeting is the perfect way to do it. Committees are supposed to be working for the good of the industry, and the Old Man puts his O. K. on the expense bills with a feeling of right-doing. But some of these days he will begin to check results against the cost of the committee per minute.

It is a mighty cheap committee meeting that costs less than two or three dollars a minute, if all the indirect expenses are honestly figured in.

Even so, committees might be worth what they cost, says the red-headed Westerner, if they did the jobs assigned to them. But a committee is not a good business tool. It is usually a discussional body. Many a likely proposal is talked to death, and even when the committee's decision is favorable, and it decides to go ahead, it can only make a report. For committees in association work are almost always investigatory and advisory, and have no executive power or machinery for acting upon their conclusions. The right association set-up, he maintains, is one with only a single executive committee, a board of directors and a manager to do their bidding.

"If I were an autocrat in any industry," says the red-headed Westerner, "with absolute power, the Great I Am, I'd compel every executive in that business to join his proper association. Every engineer belongs to his professional association. Membership is a rating of his ability, recognition that he can be intrusted with engineering projects. Membership in business associations, as yet, is voluntary, and carries no such rating. But why shouldn't membership in a business association be an assurance that a man came up to a certain standard of ability, and also a decent level of honesty and fair dealing?

"The cost of organization is enormous. Yet it is worth every cent it costs for the sake of contacts and acquaintance. Wrong things may be discussed in conventions, and nothing done about the right things by committees. There is junketing and waste. Yet it is worth all it costs to bring men together to exchange ideas and take broad views of their affairs. We are overorganized on the wrong lines, but underorganized on the right ones. In the benefits of organization we have overlooked its high price. Now we are beginning to see that the price can be cut by more organization, simpler, better."

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ALL FOUR YEARS ARE THE HARDEST

(Continued from Page 5)

business in a minor way, such as helping to get jobs, and so on, and the President was tolerant. He was a good fellow and an old friend. And so on.

Then, one day, this representative tried his hand at a little representing that did not come within the scope of the presidential and good-natured toleration. He overplayed his hand. The President sent for him.

"I hear," said the President, "that you are doing and saying thus and so." There was no cordiality in this greeting. It was hard-boiled stuff. The man tried to deny and justify. "Stop it," said the President. "I know you are lying. You get out of here, and go down to the station and take the first train out of it, and don't you dare to come back here while I am President. Not once. Get out!"

He got out, and he has never been back since, and he will not be back, either, because he was well convinced that, so far as he is concerned, the President is indeed hard-boiled.

Other presumptuous individuals have learned that there are limits to affability and toleration. Likewise, certain groups of persons, presumptuous, it may be; political, no doubt; partisan, as it happened, and, there is cause to believe, failing to distinguish between an adroit expediency and a continuing policy—seeking to sneak something across with the aid of the presidential glad hand, urging a program or a plan or a process that did not agree with presidential ideas, and thinking that his good nature would prevail over his good judgment, have gone out from him convinced that he is not only hard-boiled but hard-shelled. A glad hand can be doubled into an angry fist. It is not always old-home week for the party at the White House these days. Sometimes the tenant isn't standing at the doorway with the welcoming smile, and the joyous "Put her there." *Oui.* Sometimes he is standing at the door with the glassy eye and the expelling boot.

Learning to Say "No"

You see, the natural and temperamental desire of the President to be pleasant, agreeable, polite, cordial and kindly is not a final or invariable reason that he must be all these hearty and cheering things continually, nor that he will be, especially after a couple of years, or almost that, of experience as to the tendency of his fellow citizens to impose on those attributes and try to use them and utilize them for little or big schemes of their particular own. It doesn't always follow because a man is sympathetic that he is a slob, and a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen who have had that idea have been disabused of it with emphasis ranging from a polite but conclusive "No" to a not particularly polite but equally conclusive invitation to proceed in the most direct manner to Lafayette Square and take the air where there is a liberal but in the circumstances not particularly sustaining quantity to be obtained.

The fact of it is that the Hon. W. G. Harding, of Marion, Ohio, placarded far and wide as the soul of amenability and the syncretizer of all political discordances and divergences, has displayed and does now, on occasion, display a tendency to do what he wants to do rather than what he is wanted to do that is discouraging and disconcerting to various designing gentlemen who figured that courtesy and consideration, cordiality and a pleasant smile make the possessor thereof an easy mark. It has been impressed on these and sundry others that there are times when the President isn't so durned *simpatico* as he might be upon occasion, and that though he undeniably and regularly is G-O-P-ish in his tendencies, demonstrations and decisions, he is no bigot; nor is he any boob.

It is fair to say that any expert analysis of the President when he came into office in 1921, any skillful and understanding separation of him into his various political, economic and philosophical constituents, any careful diagnostic determination of his beliefs and the bases of them would have set him down as a conservative. There was nothing about his politics or his principles that was not regular and reactionary. He was of the Old Guard. There was no tinge of radicalism about him; nor is there any yet, in the extreme sense of the word; but since he has been in the White House those who are close to him have observed, and are observing now, a certain progress towards an intelligent, useful and patriotic liberalism, and a growth in vision and appreciation of the new conditions that exist.

To put it in a paragraph: The President knows that the old order is changing, but that the new order is not yet apparent save in its most vague and symptomatic form. A more conservative man would deny this shifting, and a more radical one would seek to accelerate it. He conceives it to be his part to do what he can to maintain the equilibrium between the disappearing old and the dawning new; to hold things on an even keel so far as he is able; to reconstruct wherever may be, but not to advance destruction for the mere purposes of giving employment to the amateur and theoretical and fanatic architects and builders who feel they have a mission to plan and build whether they have the ability or the experience, or not.

More Liberal Views

The inherent and natural tendency of the President is to play safe. He is no passionate protagonist to rush out and grasp the standard of a new order; nor is he so closely welded to the old order as to bar the way to the new one when it comes with popular credentials and knocks for admission at the national door. The change in his personal considerations and convictions as to the demands of the present on the fixtures and processes of the past has come gradually, and is due to the widening of his contacts since he has been in the White House. He is still an old-line Republican, but the line isn't the rigid one it formerly was. There are fluctuations in it. It doesn't run straight across the chart from normalcy of the date of 1896 to normalcy of the date of 1920, or what he thought was the 1920 brand when he was elected, both about the same in texture and operation.

The line on the Harding chart of the last months of 1922 spurts up to the points marked "more liberal views," "broader aspects," "present trend of political and economic events" and "wider horizon." And it sags back in places, also. It would be going beyond the facts to do more than combine the opposites of political designations in speaking of him and call him a progressive conservative, or a conservative progressive. It may be only a temporary fluctuation, or these may be only temporary fluctuations. Events will prove that. I am in no way trying to show that President Harding is a progressive, a liberal, a radical or anything that he is not. What he is or what he will come to be, he will show himself.

The point is that, at the time of writing, far along in the second year of his term, the President has stepped a few paces to the front of his Old Guard colleagues—not very far, perhaps, but a few paces—and that it may turn out that he will continue stepping to the front rather than falling back to the rear. The future will tell. And those in his confidence know that he does not hold it to be his part to advance in any welcoming attitude to whatever of liberalism may develop, any more than he considers it his duty to try to stop that advance. Moreover, if we could have a referendum on it, it is quite likely that this position is held by the majority of our people to be not only a sane and a moderate attitude but exactly the most useful position for a President of the United States at this time.

Criticism of a President of the United States, which is one of our most popular epistolary and vocal sports, is most virulent when it comes from either of two sources. The first is that body of the public that is too far behind the President and wants to drag him back to them. The second is from that body of the public that is too far ahead of him and wants to haul him up to them. There is no deprecation equal in severity to that of those citizens who think the President is going too fast save that of those who

(Continued on Page 124)

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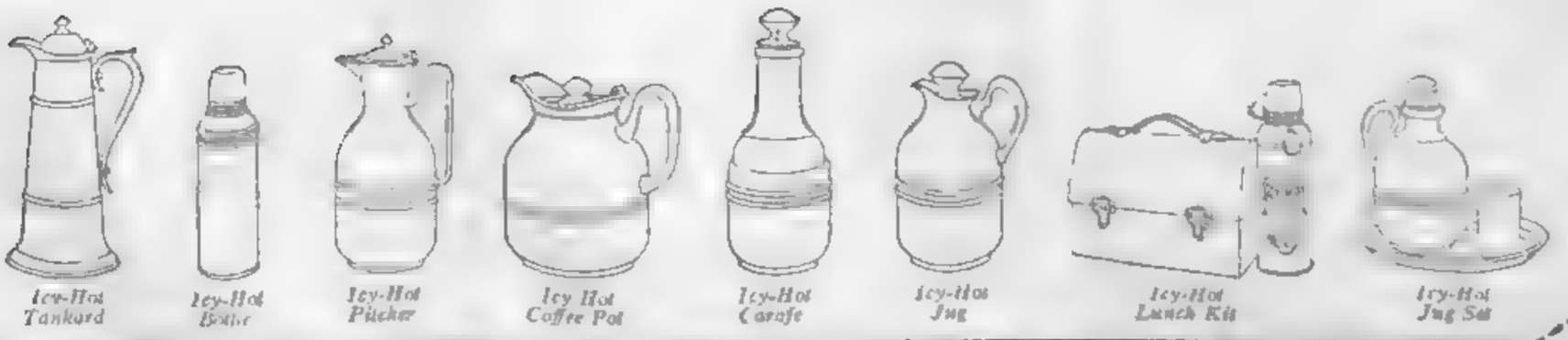

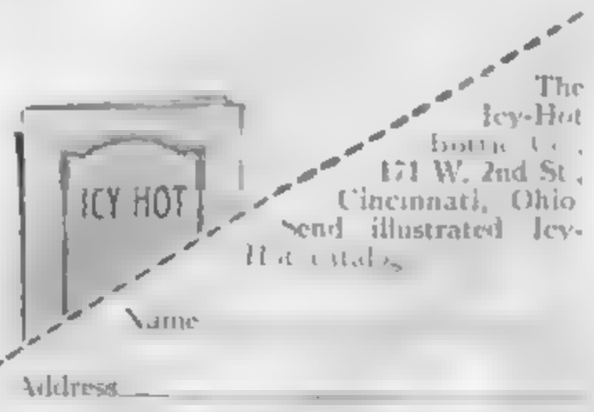

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(Continued from Page 122

think he is going too slowly. Wherefore the wise President chooses his own gait, knowing that it will not please those ahead or those behind, but taking a chance that it will keep reasonably in step with the great mass of the people, who are gaited about as he is.

Harding is a medium-gaited man. And so are most of his countrymen medium-gaited men. He undoubtedly knows his own limitations, which, on the one hand, are not so great as many of his critics would have us believe, and, on the other, not so few as the sycophantic chorus obsequiously insists. The first twenty months of the forty-eight he is to have under his 1920 election have developed characteristics that have not been useful, and have, also, shown some that have been useful, and are: Exhibitions of courage—insistence on his own ideas—a stubbornness that has, on occasion, worked to the popular advantage—a widening of his horizon—a closer approximation to the demands of the times than he had—a growth from the partisan editor and the Old Guard senator towards a grasp of the obligations, opportunities and powers of his position—an occasional demonstration of superiority to partisanship.

To go to his favorite exercise and relaxation—golf—for an illustration of his progress: The President has played the first nine holes of his term fairly well, has made a couple of pars, but has been in the rough considerably, and has missed a few important putts. However, his form is improving, he is keeping his eye on the ball more closely, more of his shots are staying on the fairway, and he has a good chance to win his game in his second nine.

All of which considerations of the President concern him as President, as the Hon. Warren G. Harding, Chief Executive of the nation. It is easy to be detached and impersonal and judicial concerning the official sides of Presidents—the ordinary run of the mill—especially after one has seen a considerable number of Presidents come and go, watched them bloom and wither, stood on the sidelines while they marched in, marched around and marched out. And there have been Presidents concerning whom it has been equally easy to be detached and impersonal regarding the human side of them - Presidents, indeed, who didn't seem to have any side that was obtrusively or even apparently human. It is different with Harding. He's so human that there's no way of being detached and impersonal about that phase of him. If you know him you probably will like him.

Instinctive Good Nature

"I'm getting hard-boiled," he says, slamming his fist down on his desk; and then some old chap comes in and the President sits him down by the presidential desk and listens to the doleful story of his life with sympathy and patience, and does what he can to help him. The men about the White House whose duty it is to fend off from the President this vast visitation of those with sad verses in their personal songs say that the President has listened to more mournful tales welling tearfully from hearts borne down with grief and woe than all other Presidents since the days when his Grand Old Party was a Grand Young Party. He has the undisputed record for giving attentive and sympathetic ear to more stories of lives, uniformly sad and uniformly told with the ardent hope of succor and surcease at his kindly hands, than any other President. Legions of fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses have fallen and are falling day by day on his compassionate bosom to sob out the scenarios of their trials and troubles and urge a happy ending for themselves, to be provided by the President.

The outward and visible signs of the contacts of a President with the people are the daily visitations to the White House by all sorts of men and women on all sorts of missions. The professional criticism of President Harding in these contacts is that he is sticky. By professional criticism I mean the comment of the cold-eyed young men about the White House who look upon all visitors as bores, which most of them are, and whose cynical attitude towards the proletariat is that not one out of a hundred of them deserves more than thirty seconds of presidential time, which view is not without merit. They know the inordinate demands upon the President, how his time is claimed by important things, and they fail to appreciate why John J. Beegin, of Beeginsville, Ohio, or any other Beegin, should be allowed to gum up the White House works as many Beegins do.

We used to write stories about how President Roosevelt ran the crowd through the presidential chute, and all this and that, and how President Wilson succinctly settled the hash of his visitors with a few well-chosen words; and these examples have been held up to Harding, but without avail. The President is of gregarious temperament, and not all the examples of the expert Roosevelt or the concise Wilson can change one whit of it.

Probably, on his morning way to his office he says to himself: "Now, today, I shall hustle them through. Efficiency in dealing with the visitors is my watchword from now on."

And then his old friend Colonel William Q. Magusalem comes in, and he has a lot of troubles, and it's all off. The President, kindly, courteous and sympathetic, listens, and outside the cold-eyed young men rage, but to no avail.

A Sagacious Animal

A human being, this Harding, with a sense of humor. In came a United States senator at a time when the Senate was lower than usual in esteem in the public mind. The presidential dog was about, and he sniffed suspiciously at the senatorial legs, sniffed and bristled and growled.

"Warren," said the senator, "what the devil is the matter with this dog?"

"Well," the President answered magisterially, "judging from his actions I think he must know you are a member of the Senate."

Soon after his election there came to him a pompous, inflated, pretentious New Yorker, who said: "Mister President, I come to announce that I shall be willing to accept the position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I will accept that post at your hands."

"That is very gratifying," said Harding, "but I fear that it is my misfortune to be unable to avail myself of this generous proffer of your services. The fact is that I fear there are certain commitments that will make it impossible for me to appoint you, greatly as I should be honored in so doing. However," he continued, thinking to let down his visitor lightly, after his custom, "I shall take the matter under advisement."

The visitor strutted out. A week later he came again, and said: "I have been revolving this matter of the ambassadorship over in my mind and feel that if you have made commitments I will step aside and not embarrass you, provided you will reserve the post of Secretary of State for me."

At that moment it is probable that the average President-elect would have summoned the official chucker-out and had this person deposited on the asphalt. Did Harding do that? Not at all. He smiled, bowed, was most agreeable, and, some months after he was inaugurated, gave the pompous New Yorker a minor place in one of the departments.

There are people who say the President would be a better President if he was not so genial and so considerate. They say he is imposed upon. It may be so, but there is this to be said for the Harding method: It certainly makes a hit with the great and common people, of whom there are very considerable numbers scattered about the republic.

He demonstrates this temperament in other ways—as to letters, for example. The presidential mail is large. Bushels of letters come in from all parts of the country—letters that rebuke the President, advise him, caution him, instruct him, patronize him, condemn him, insult him, praise him and have a postscript wanting a favor, flatter him and have postscripts wanting two favors, warn him, threaten him, cajole him and cudgel him—letters from sycophants and slanderers, letters from friends and foes, letters from reformers and reactionaries, letters from ax grinders, casuists, uplifters, cranks, fanatics, cultists, inventors, informers, intriguers and insects—letters.

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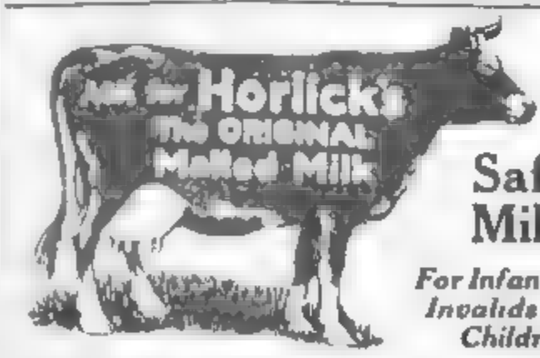

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epistolographers in case there are any vacancies on the pay roll; screeds that begin: "I don't want anything at your hands and therefore can be frank" and think impudence is frankness; missives from sickened souls who observe the quick progress to perdition of the Grand Old Party unless what they advocate is done, and speedily—letters!

Now there exists at the White House a very well devised system of form letters, covering about all the ordinary topics that are written of by presidential correspondents, and suitable for the intellects of those who write; and satisfactory. These form letters are the fruits of many years of presidential correspondence, and are passed along as part of the White House equipment by the retiring incumbent and for the benefit of the new tenant. Naturally they are added to or subtracted from by each secretarial force, but the backbone of them remains, and they are skillfully used. There is no coarse work with duplicated copies and writing in the name. When a letter is marked by the person who handles it "Form 37" a typist takes that form and writes the letter as if it was an original letter. A considerable force of White House typists peck away at this work week in and week out.

Well, right here in this matter of correspondence the President again demonstrates his difference from the usual White House occupant, albeit two of them of late years, Roosevelt and Wilson, wrote a good many letters themselves. The difference between Wilson and Roosevelt, and Harding, is this: Wilson and Roosevelt wrote letters, and Harding writes replies to letters; not that a good portion of the Wilsonian and the Rooseveltian correspondence was not of the reply sort, but that the persons to whom the replies were made were hand-picked and assorted—personal friends and confidants, and so on.

But take Harding: A letter comes in from some person out in Nebraska, say, or California, or New Hampshire, who is genuinely concerned about something, who doesn't understand why this has been done or that, who seeks information and seeks it legitimately, who is puzzled or indignant or has come to a conclusion based on a wrong interpretation or on misinformation. Likely as not the President answers that letter himself. Likely as not he says: "This man is all wrong, but he is honest in his position, and I'll straighten him out," and laboriously and at length, courteously and with great tact and pains, the President points out to this correspondent, who may be a farmer or a business man or a preacher or a manufacturer, just where, in the presidential view, the conclusions the writer has reached are not in consonance with the facts, and sets forth the facts as they exist.

Why Grudge Him His Golf?

"That's it," say his critics. "He uses a lot of time on such nonessentials—seeing so many people, and writing letters to unknown persons, and so on. That's unimportant detail."

It all depends on how you look at it. If the President is to be a man who sits in seclusion, thinking great thoughts on great issues, and appearing only occasionally to allow his people to have a look at him and hear his transcendent conclusions, it is unimportant detail to see as many of his countrymen as he can and to write to them about things that perplex them; but if the President is supposed to be of the people as well as over them, and has a good sense of politics, which, at the bottom, is the basis of all government, then it may not be so unimportant as the critics say. Furthermore, there are those who think that it doesn't show such a feeble conception of the job and the obligations of it as it might, to allow Mr. Hughes, say, to think out problems that have to do with foreign affairs, or to allow Mr. Mellon to think out problems relating to finance, and pass on them when thought out, with the benefit of their thinking, instead of trying to do all this thinking himself and using Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hughes, say, as the mere instrumentalities for administration. As I recall the facts, that method of being President received no very enthusiastic indorsement from the people upon a recent electoral occasion.

Republics are not only notoriously ungrateful, but egregiously critical. The Presidency is no place for a sensitive person. It is our pleasing popular pastime to alibi our own lack of understanding or information with generalizations that are as condemnatory as they are sweeping; especially as regards our public men. And as the President is the most public of our public men the generalizations about him are most sweeping and most numerous. Consequently, when a man who is temperamentally sensitive gets the place he is likely to have a tough time of it personally, until he becomes indurated. Wherefore Mr. Harding had a tough time for a space, and he isn't completely indurated yet.

He had been in politics too long to let stuff like the too-much-Ohio uproar bother him much. That was to be expected. He, coming from Ohio, and having the opportunity, passed along quite a number of good jobs and such to the boys back in the old home state. Whereupon, when the gang began to bear down on him and howl that Ohio isn't the only state in the Union, and inquire, pointedly, what was the matter with their own old home states that a few crumbs shouldn't fall within the borders of those imperial commonwealths, and was he President of the U. S. A., in toto, or of the State of Ohio exclusively, he took it all in good part and widened his sphere of distribution; but when the letter writers began to weigh in with shrill cries of amazement, reprobation and disgust that he, President of the United States of America, should waste any of his precious time on the plutocratic, undemocratic, puffing, debasing and demoralizing game of golf, which, as was well understood by the common people, is the resort of the idle rich, the pastime of the multimillionaire, and the hall mark of the loafer, the nonproducer, the loathsome upper classes and the robbers of Wall Street, he was worried. That got to him.

The Horse Show Episode

He must have physical exercise, and there was ample precedent for it. Taft played something that high respect for his office led people to say was golf, and so did Wilson, of about the same brand. He, Harding, a man of full habit, couldn't stick at his desk all day and all night, no matter if the commonalty did think he should.

So, knowing that he couldn't possibly stand the strain without exercise, and plenty of it, he cast about for a golf substitute, and presently we had pictures of the President on horseback—the President riding his favorite charger—the favorite charger—and so on.

That idol of the masses, T. Roosevelt, rode horseback. Maybe the letter writers would lay off that. However, he isn't much of a horseman, nor is he fond of horseback riding. So he went back to golf, and determined to bear up under the burden of disapproval as best he can. Meantime, the horse is in the stable.

That is, the horse is generally in the stable. On one auspicious day it was in the ring at the annual Washington Horse Show, whereby we come to an illustration of the prevailing characteristic of the President, which is kindliness, the desire to help if he can, to push things along. It shows everywhere. Look at his photographic record, for example. The photographic squad, for the picture services, the movie news reels, and so on, bases on the White House. The President likes the men who get the news at the White House, and they are a likable lot. Also, the picture men. Whereupon he was good-natured and obliging with them, and had his picture taken six hundred times during the first four months of his Administration. It wasn't because he likes to have his picture taken, but because he wanted to oblige the picture takers.

But to come back to the horse. The Washington Horse Show was about to begin. This is a local sporting and social event of consequence. Of course its importance would be enhanced if the President would attend. Hence a committee came to the White House to invite him. The spokesman said his little say—they would be highly honored if he would bestow his presence on their show—and all that.

"Sure," said the President heartily. "I'll come. I'll do more than that. I'll enter my horse and show him."

The committee expressed proper sentiments of delight over this unexpected participation by the President, and went out. When they reached the sidewalk the spokesman gathered them around him and put to them this excited question: "Now, what the hell are we going to do?"

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"What can we do?" was the unilluminating response.

"We've got to do something," continued the chairman. "I know that horse of the President's, and so do you, and if it gets into the ring with the class of horses in the saddle events there will be a dozen there that will make it look like a Newfoundland dog. It's a good enough saddler as saddlers go, but it's no show horse—not a-tall."

"Well?" said the others, aghast over the idea of the impending social and sporting calamity of having the President sitting in the presidential box at the show, and seeing his horse not come within a mile of a prize.

"Got to rig up a class for that horse that he will be sure to win in," said the chairman briskly. "I'll figure it out."

So he figured out the class, which was this: Saddle Horses Owned by Presidents.

At first consideration that class would seem to make it a cinch for the White House horse, because there is only one President and he owns but one saddle horse, but the work of the committee was not so coarse as that. They showed a certain finesse. "Presidents" the class designation said; not "Presidents of the United States." That, naturally, made other presidents eligible. So the countryside was scoured, and a horse was entered by the president of a gas company, the president of an ice company, a steamship company, and by various other presidents, the proper care being taken to make sure that the horses entered by these presidents were not too good—just good enough to show.

Wherefore, after a close season of judging, and much deliberation, against other presidential competition, the horse belonging to the President of the United States was awarded the plate and the blue ribbon, a social, official and sporting contretemps was saved, and the kindly and helpful impulse of the President was suitably rewarded.

Still, it is not always so. There was that impulse he had to help Harry New, in Indiana. That was due to friendship. The President likes Harry New, and so do all who know him—as likable a man as you would find in a day's travel. The President lets his friendship and his kindliness outweigh his political advice, and he backed New. He threw his Administration in behind New, and supported him in the senatorial primary campaign. New was beaten, and the President decided that that experience was sufficient. No more primary fights for him. So he kept hands off in Iowa, in Pennsylvania, in Wisconsin and elsewhere where he had good Administration reasons for opposing certain of the candidates. He played safe.

Well, Brookhart won in Iowa, and Brookhart was not the candidate of Harding's friends or of the Iowans in his Administration. Still, there he was, and it was realized that Brookhart made the sort of campaign that he felt would win, that he did win, and that if he got into the Senate at the November elections the politic thing for the President to do was to let Nature take its course, and hope for the best. Then, one morning, at breakfast, the President picked up his paper and saw staring at him a few remarks that his esteemed father, Doctor Harding, had made, to the broad general effect that Brookhart is a socialist, and similar and sundry. The President's esteemed and voluble father had come marching to the front as volunteer spokesman for his silent son, and had spilled a pretty fair quantity of beans for him.

And so it goes. This job of being President of the United States looks attractive from the outside, but it certainly has disadvantages when observed from the inside, especially when the incumbent is gregarious and genial. Still, it is quite some time since we had a President who was either genial or gregarious, and things seem to be moving along fairly well under such a dispensation.

In the present state of national and international affairs a President who feels it his duty to play safe instead of playing fast and loose is considerably more of an asset than a liability. There is some merit in knowing where you are going before you start.

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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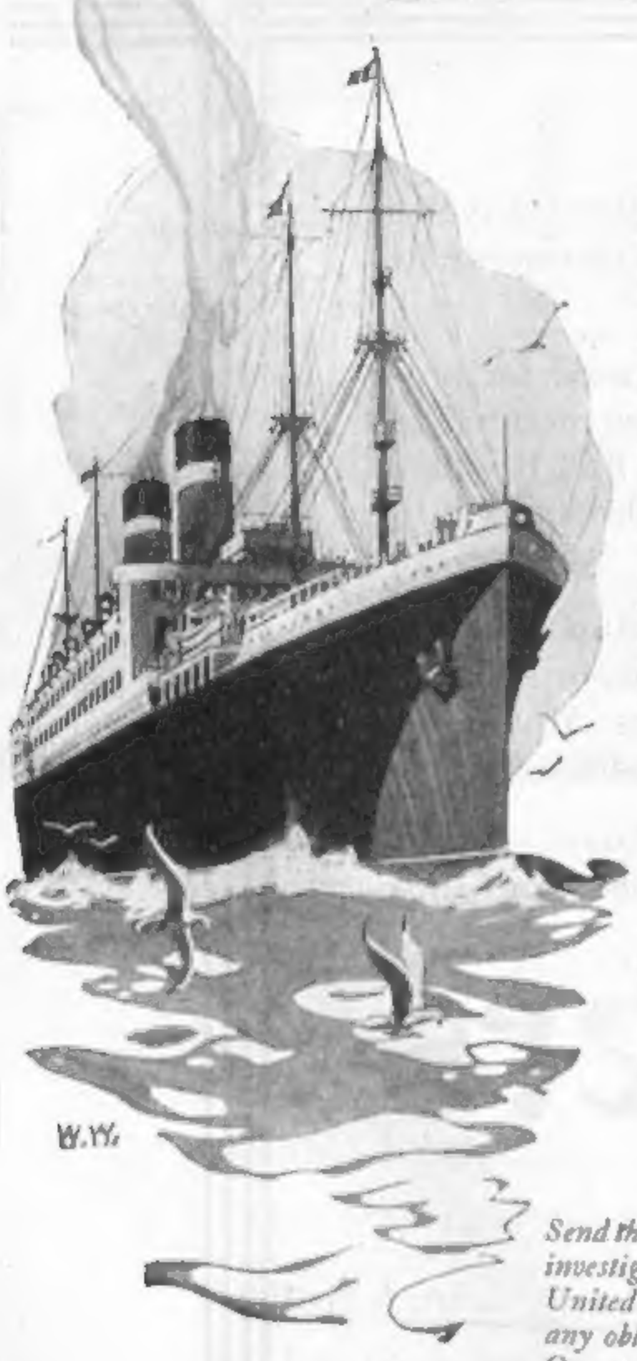

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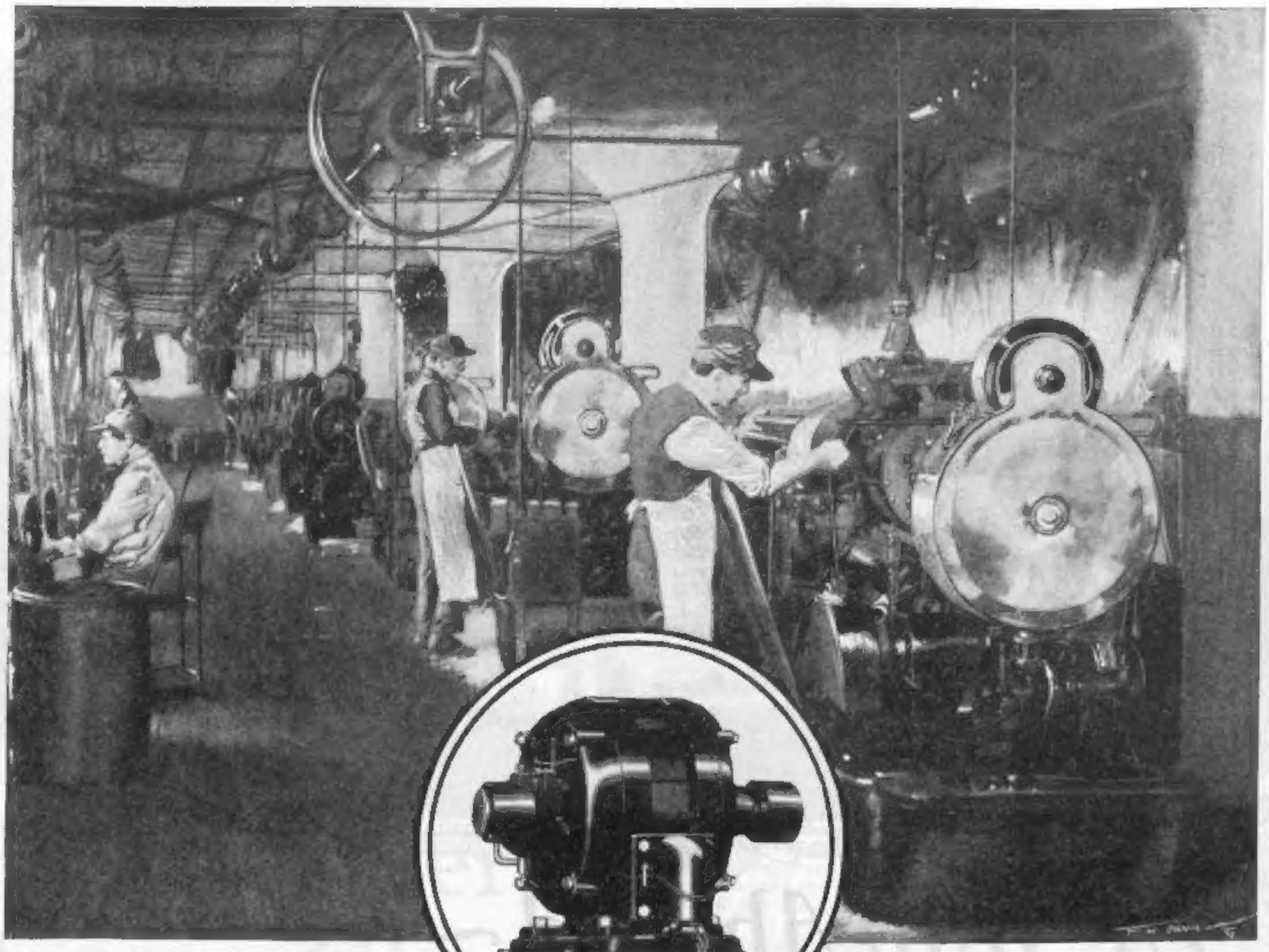

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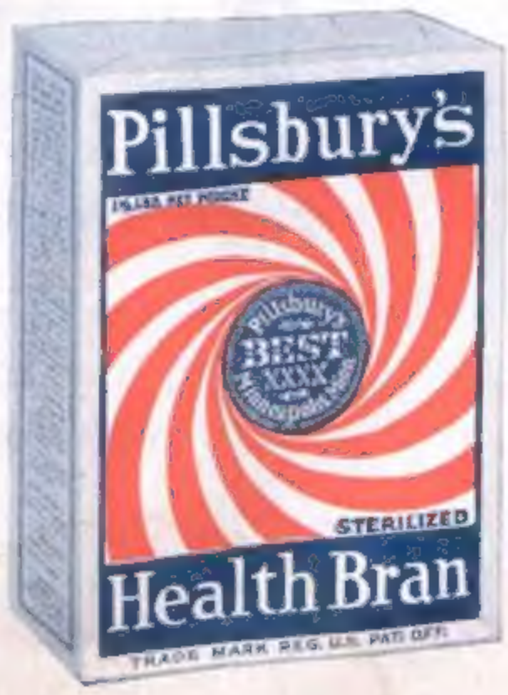
Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Durum Flour
Farina